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TO

MR. PULTENEY.

SIR,

THE greateſt honour of human life is to live well with men of merit; and I hope you will pardon me the vanity of publiſhing, by this means, my happineſs in being able to name you among my friends. The converſation of a gentleman that has a refined taſte of letters, and a diſpoſition in which thoſe letters found nothing to correct, but very much to exert, is a good fortune too uncommon to be enjoyed in ſilence. In others, the greateſt buſineſs of learning is to weed the ſoil; in you it had nothing elſe to do but to bring forth fruit. Affability, complacency, and generoſity of heart, which are natural to you, wanted nothing from literature but to refine and direct the application of them. After I have boaſted I had ſome ſhare in your familiarity, I know not how to do you the juſtice of celebrating you for the choice of an elegant and worthy acquaintance, with whom you live in the happy communication of generous ſentiments, which contribute not only to your own mutual entertainment and improvement,

provement, but to the honour and ſervice of your country. Zeal for the public good is the characteriſtic of a man of honour and a gentleman, and muſt take place of pleaſures, profits, and all other private gratifications. Whoever wants this motive, is an open enemy, or an inglorious neuter to mankind, in proportion to the miſapplied, with which nature and fortune have bleſſed him. But you have a ſoul animated with nobler views, and know that the diſtinction of wealth and plenteous circumſtances is a tax upon an honeſt mind to endeavour, as much as the occurrences of life will give him leave, to guard the properties of others, and to be vigilant for the good of his fellow-ſubjects.

This generous inclination no man poſſeſſes in a warmer degree than yourſelf; which that Heaven would reward with long poſſeſſion of that reputation into which you have made ſo early an entrance, the reputation of a man of ſenſe, a good citizen, an agreeable companion, a diſintereſted friend, and an unbiaſſed patriot, is the hearty prayer of,

SIR,

Your moſt obliged
and moſt obedient humble ſervant,

The GUARDIAN.

THE GUARDIAN.

No 1. Thurſday, March 12, 1713.

——Ille quem requiris. *Mart. Epig.* 2. *l.* 1. *v.* 1.
He whom ye ſeek.

THERE is no paſſion ſo univerſal, however diverſified or diſguiſed under different forms and appearances, as the vanity of being known to the reſt of mankind, and communicating a man's parts, virtues, or qualifications, to the world. This is ſo ſtrong upon men of great genius, that they have a reſtleſs fondneſs for ſatisfying the world in the miſtakes they might poſſibly be under, with relation even to their phyſiognomy. Mr. Airs, that excellent penman, has taken care to affix his own image oppoſite to the title-page of his learned treatiſe, wherein he inſtructs the youth of this nation to arrive at a flouriſhing hand. The author of the Key to Intereſt, both ſimple and compound, containing practical rules, plainly expreſſed in words at length, for all rates of intereſt and times of payment, for what time ſoever, makes up to us the misfortune of his living at Cheſter, by following the example of the above-mentioned Airs, and coming up to town, over-againſt his title-page, in a very becoming periwig, and a flowing robe or mantle, incloſed in a circle of foliages. Below his portraiture, for our farther ſatisfaction as to the age of that uſeful writer, is ſubſcribed *Johannes Ward de civitat. Ceſtriæ, ætat. ſuæ* 58. *An. Dom.* 1706. The ſerene aſpect of theſe writers, joined with the great encouragement I obſerve is given to another, or, what is indeed to be ſuſpected, in which he indulges himſelf, confirmed me in the notion

I have of the prevalence of ambition this way. The author whom I hint at, ſhall be nameleſs; but his countenance is communicated to the public in ſeveral views and aſpects, drawn by the moſt eminent painters, and forwarded by engravers, artiſts by way of Metzotinto, etchers, and the like. There was, I remember, ſome years ago, one John Gale, a fellow that played upon a pipe, and diverted the multitude, by dancing in a ring they made about him; whoſe face became generally known, and the artiſts employed their ſkill in delineating his features, becauſe every man was judge of the ſimilitude of them. There is little elſe than what this John Gale arrived at in the advantages men enjoy from common fame; yet do I fear it has always a part in moving us to exert ourſelves in ſuch things as ought to derive their beginnings from nobler conſiderations. But I think it is no great matter to the public, what is the incentive which makes men beſtow time in their ſervice, provided there be any thing uſeful in what they produce: I ſhall proceed therefore to give an account of my intended labours, not without ſome hope of having my vanity, at the end of them, indulged in the ſort above-mentioned.

I ſhould not have aſſumed the title of Guardian, had I not maturely conſidered, that the qualities neceſſary for doing the duties of that character, proceed from the integrity of the mind, more than the excellency of the underſtanding. The former of theſe qualifications it is in the power of every man to arrive at; and the more he endeavours that way, the leſs will he want the advantages of the latter. To be faithful, to be honeſt, to be juſt is what you will demand in the choice of your guardian; or if you find added to this, that he is pleaſant, ingenious, and agreeable, there will overflow ſatisfactions which make for the ornament, if not ſo immediately to the uſe of your life. As to the diverting part of this paper, by what aſſiſtance I ſhall be capacitated for that, as well as what proofs I have given of my behaviour as to integrity in former life, will appear from

from my hiſtory, to be delivered in enſuing diſcourſes. The main purpoſe of the work ſhall be, to protect the modeſt, the induſtrious; to celebrate the wiſe, the valiant; to encourage the good, the pious; to confront the impudent, the idle; to contemn the vain, the cowardly; and to diſappoint the wicked and profane. This work cannot be carried on but by preſerving a ſtrick regard, not only to the duties, but civilities of life, with the utmoſt impartiality towards things and perſons. The unjuſt application of the advantages of breeding and fortune, is the ſource of all calamity, both public and private; the correction therefore, or rather admonition of a guardian, in all the occurrences of a various being, if given with a benevolent ſpirit, would certainly be of general ſervice.

In order to contribute as far as I am able to it, I ſhall publiſh, in reſpective papers, whatever I think may conduce to the advancement of the converſation of gentlemen, the improvement of ladies, the wealth of traders, and the encouragement of artificers. The circumſtance relating to thoſe who excel in mechanics, ſhall be conſidered with particular application. It is not to be immediately conceived by ſuch as have not turned themſelves to reflections of that kind, that Providence, to inforce and endear the neceſſity of ſocial life, has given one man hands to another man's head; and the carpenter, the ſmith, and the joiner, are as immediately neceſſary to the mathematician as my amanuenſis will be to me, to write much fairer than I can myſelf. I am ſo well convinced of this truth, that I ſhall have a particular regard to mechanics; and to ſhow my honour for them, I ſhall place at their head the painter. This gentleman is, as to the execution of his work, a mechanic; but as to his conception, his ſpirit and deſign, he is hardly below even the poet, in liberal art. It will be from theſe conſiderations uſeful to make the world ſee the affinity between all works which are beneficial to mankind, is much nearer than the illiberal arrogance of ſcholars will, at all times, allow. But I am from

experience convinced of the importance of mechanic heads; and ſhall therefore take them all into my care, from Rowley, who is improving the globes of the earth and heavens in Fleet-ſtreet, to Bat. Pidgeon the hair-cutter in the Strand.

But it will be objected, upon what pretenſions I take upon me to put in for the *prochain ami*, or neareſt friend of all the world. How my head is accompliſhed for this employment towards the public, from the long exerciſe of it in a private capacity, will appear by reading me the two or three next days with diligence and attention. There is no other paper in being which tends to this purpoſe. They are moſt of them hiſtories, or advices of public tranſactions; but as thoſe repreſentations affect the paſſions of my readers, I ſhall ſometimes take care, the day after a foreign mail, to give them an account of what it has brought. The parties amongſt us are too violent to make it poſſible to paſs them by without obſervation. As to theſe maters, I ſhall be impartial, though I cannot be neuter. I am, with relation to the government of the church, a Tory; with regard to the ſtate, a Whig.

The charge of intelligence, the pain in compiling and digeſting my thoughts in proper ſtyle, and the like, oblige me to value my paper an halfpenny above all other half ſheets: and all perſons who have any thing to communicate to me, are deſired to direct their letters (poſtage paid) to Neſtor Ironſide, Eſq; at Mr. Tonſon's in the Strand. I declare beforehand, that I will at no time be converſed with any other ways than by letter: for as I am an ancient man, I ſhall find enough to do to give orders proper for their ſervice, to whom I am by will of their parents guardian, though I take that to be too narrow a ſcene for me to paſs my whole life in. But I have got my wards ſo well off my hands, and they are ſo able to act for themſelves, that I have little to do but give an hint, and all that I deſire to be amended, is altered accordingly.

My

My deſign, upon the whole, is no leſs, than to make the pulpit, the bar, and the ſtage, all act in concert in the care of piety, juſtice, and virtue: for I am paſt all the regards of this life; and have nothing to manage with any perſon or party, but to deliver myſelf as becomes an old man, with one foot in the grave, and one who thinks he is paſſing to eternity. All ſorrows which can arrive at me, are comprehended in the ſenſe of guilt and pain. If I can keep clear of theſe two evils, I ſhall not be apprehenſive of any other. Ambition, luſt, envy, and revenge, are excreſcences of the mind which I have cut off long ago; but as they are excreſcences which do not only deform, but alſo torment thoſe on whom they grow, I ſhall do all I can to perſuade all others to take the ſame meaſures for their cure which I have.

No 2. Friday, March 13.

THE readieſt way to proceed in my great undertaking, is to explain who I am myſelf that promiſe to give the town a daily half-ſheet. I ſhall therefore enter into my own hiſtory, without loſing any time in preamble. I was born in the year 1642, at a lone houſe, within half a mile of the town of Brentford, in the county of Middleſex. My parents were of ability to beſtow upon me a liberal education, and of an humour to think that a great happineſs, even in a fortune which was but juſt enough to keep me above want. In my ſixteenth year, I was admitted a commoner of Magdalen-hall in Oxford. It is one great advantage, among many more, which men educated at our univerſities do uſually enjoy above others, that they often contract friendſhips there, which are of ſervice to them in all the parts of their future life. This good fortune happened to me; for, during the time of my being an under-graduate, I became intimately acquainted with Mr. Ambroſe Lizard, who was a fellow-commoner of the neighbouring college. I have the honour to be well

known to Mr. Joſeph Pullen, of our hall above-mentioned; and attribute the florid old age I now enjoy, to my conſtant morning-walks up Hedington-hill in his chearful company. If the gentleman be ſtill living, I hereby give him my humble ſervice. But as I was going to ſay, I contracted in my early youth an intimate friendſhip with young Mr. Lizard of Northamptonſhire. He was ſent for, a little before he was of batchelor's ſtanding, to be married to Mrs. Jane Lizard, an heireſs, whoſe father would have it ſo for the ſake of the name. Mr. Ambroſe knew nothing of it till he came to Lizard-hall on the Saturday night, ſaw the young lady at dinner the next day, and was married, by order of his father Sir Ambroſe, between eleven and twelve the Tueſday following. Some years after, when my friend came to be Sir Ambroſe himſelf, and finding, upon proof of her, that he had lighted upon a good wife, he gave the curate who joined their hands the parſonage of Welt, not far off Wellingborough. My friend was married in the year 62; and every year following, for eighteen years together, I left the college (except that year wherein I was choſen fellow of Lincoln,) and ſojourned at Sir Ambroſe's for the months of June, July, and Auguſt. I remember very well, that it was on the fourth of July, in the year 1674, that I was reading in an arbour to my friend, and ſtopped of a ſudden, obſerving he did not attend. 'Lay by your book,' ſaid he, 'and let us take a turn in 'the graſs-walk; for I have ſomething to ſay to you.' After a ſilence for above forty yards walking, both of us with our eyes downward, one big to hear, the other to ſpeak a matter of great importance, Sir Ambroſe expreſſed himſelf to this effect: 'My good friend, ſaid he, 'you may have obſerved, that from the firſt moment I 'was in your company at Mr. Willis's chambers at Uni-'verſity college, I ever after ſought and courted you. 'That inclination towards you, has improved from ſi-'militude of manners, if I may ſo ſay, when I tell you, 'I have not obſerved in any man a greater candour and 'ſimplicity of mind than in yourſelf. You are a man 'that are not inclined to launch into the world, but

'prefer

'prefer ſecurity and eaſe in a collegiate or ſingle life,
'to going into the cares which neceſſarily attend a pub-
'lic character, or that of a maſter of a family. You
'ſee within my ſon Marmaduke, my only child: I have
'a thouſand anxieties upon me concerning him; the
'greater part of which I would transfer to you; and
'when I do ſo, I would make it in plain Engliſh, worth
'your while.' He would not let me ſpeak; but proceeded to inform me, that he had laid the whole ſcheme of his affairs upon that foundation. As ſoon as we went into the houſe, he gave me a bill upon his goldſmith in London of two thouſand pounds, and told me, with that he had purchaſed me, with all the talents I was maſter of, to be of his family, to educate his ſon, and to do all that ſhould ever lie in my power for the ſervice of him and his to my life's end, according to ſuch powers, truſts, and inſtructions as I ſhould hereafter receive.

The reader will here make many ſpeeches for me, and without doubt ſuppoſe I told my friend, he had retained me with a fortune to do that which I ſhould have thought myſelf obliged to by friendſhip. But as he was a prudent man, and acted upon rules of life, which were leaſt liable to the variation of humour, time, or ſeaſon, I was contented to be obliged by him his own way; and believed I ſhould never enter into any alliance which ſhould divert me from purſuing the intereſts of his family, of which I ſhould hereafter underſtand myſelf a member. Sir Ambroſe told me, he ſhould lay no injunction upon me, which ſhould be inconſiſtent with any inclination I might have hereafter to change my condition. All he meant, was in general to inſure his family from that peſt of great eſtates, the mercenary men of buſineſs who act for them, and in a few years become creditors to their maſters in greater ſums than half the income of their lands amount to; though it is viſible all which gave riſe to their wealth was a ſlight ſalary, for turning all the reſt, both eſtate and credit of that eſtate, to the uſe of their principals. To this purpoſe we had a very long conference that evening; the chief point of which

which was, that his only child Marmaduke was from that hour under my care, and I was engaged to turn all my thoughts to the ſervice of the child in particular, and all the concerns of the family in general. My moſt excellent friend was ſo well ſatisfied with my behaviour, that he made me his executor, and guardian to his ſon. My own conduct during that time, and my manner of educating his ſon Marmaduke to manhood, and the intereſt I had in him to the time of his death alſo, with my preſent conduct towards the numerous deſcendents of my old friend, will make, poſſibly, a ſeries of hiſtory of common life, as uſeful as the relations of the more pompous paſſages in the lives of princes and ſtateſmen. The widow of Sir Ambroſe, and the no leſs worthy relict of Sir Marmaduke, are both living at this time.

I am to let the reader know, that his chief entertainment will ariſe from what paſſes at the tea-table of my Lady Lizard. That lady is now in the forty-ſixth year of her age; was married in the beginning of her ſixteenth, is bleſſed with a numerous offspring of each ſex, no leſs than four ſons, and five daughters. She was the mother of this large family before ſhe arrived at her thirtieth year; about which time ſhe loſt her huſband Sir Marmaduke Lizard, a gentleman of great virtue and generoſity. He left behind him an improved paternal eſtate of ſix thouſand pounds a-year to his eldeſt ſon, and one year's revenue in ready money as a portion to each younger child. My Lady's Chriſtian name is Aſpaſia; and as it may give a certain dignity to our ſtyle to mention her by that name, we beg leave, at diſcretion, to ſay Lady Lizard or Aſpaſia, according to the matter we ſhall treat of. When ſhe ſhall be conſulting about her caſh, her rents, her houſehold affairs, we will uſe the more familiar name; and when ſhe is employed in the forming the minds and ſentiments of her children, exerting herſelf in the acts of charity, or ſpeaking of matters of religion or piety, for the elevation of ſtyle we will uſe the word Aſpaſia. Aſpaſia is a lady of a great underſtanding and noble ſpirit. She has paſſed ſeveral years in widow-

dow-hood, with that abſtinent enjoyment of life, which has done honour to her deceaſed huſband, and devolved reputation upon her children. As ſhe has both ſons and daughters marriageable, ſhe is viſited by many on that account, but by many more for her own merit. As there is no circumſtance in human life which may not directly or indirectly concern a woman thus related, there will abandant matter offer itſelf from paſſages in this family, to ſupply my readers with diverting, and perhaps uſeful notices, for their conduct in all the incidents of human life. Placing money on mortages, in the funds, upon bottomry, and almoſt all other ways of improving the fortune of a family, are practiſed by my Lady Lizard, with the beſt ſkill and advice.

The members of this family, their cares, paſſions, intereſts, and diverſions, ſhall be repreſented from time to time, as news from the tea-table of ſo accompliſhed a woman as the intelligent and diſcreet Lady Lizard.

No 3. Saturday, March 14.

Quicquid eſt illud, quod ſentit, quod ſapit, quod vult, quod viget, cœleſte et divinum eſt, ob eamque rem æternum ſit neceſſe eſt. CICERO.

Whatever that be, which thinks, which underſtands, which wills, which acts, it is ſomething celeſtial and divine, and upon that account, muſt neceſſarily be eternal.

I AM diverted from the account I was giving the town of my particular concerns, by caſting my eye upon a treatiſe, which I could not overlook without an inexcuſeable negligence, and want of concern for all the civil, as well as religious intereſts of mankind. This piece has for its title, A diſcourſe of free-thinking occaſioned by the riſe and growth of a ſect called Free-thinkers. The author very methodically enters upon his argument; and ſays, 'By free-thinking, I

'mean

'mean the uſe of the underſtanding in endeavouring 'to find out the meaning of any propoſition whatſo-'ever, in conſidering the nature of the evidence for 'or againſt, and in judging of it according to the 'ſeeming force or weakneſs of the evidence.' As ſoon as he has delivered this definition, from which one would expect he did not deſign to ſhew a particular inclination for or againſt any thing before he had conſidered it, he gives up all title to the character of a Free-thinker, with the moſt apparent prejudice againſt a body of men, whom of all other a good man would be moſt careful not to violate; I mean men in holy orders. Perſons who have devoted themſelves to the ſervice of God, are venerable to all who fear him; and it is a certain characteriſtic of a diſſolute and ungoverned mind, to rail or ſpeak diſreſpectfully of them in general. It is certain, that in ſo great a croud of men ſome will intrude, who are of tempers very unbecoming their function. But becauſe ambition and avarice are ſometimes lodged in that boſom which ought to be the dwelling of ſanctity and devotion, muſt this unreaſonable author vilify the whole order? He has not taken the leaſt care to diguiſe his being an enemy to the perſons againſt whom he writes; nor any where granted, that the inſtitution of religious men to ſerve at the altar, and inſtruct ſuch who are not as wiſe as himſelf, is at all neceſſary or deſirable; but proceeds, without the leaſt apology, to undermine their credit, and fruſtrate their labours. Whatever clergymen, in diſputes againſt each other, have unguardedly uttered, is here recorded in ſuch a manner as to affect religion itſelf, by wreſting conceſſions to its diſadvantage from its own teachers. If this be true, as ſure any man that reads the diſcourſe muſt allow it is; and if religion is the ſtrongeſt tye of human ſociety; in what manner are we to treat this our common enemy, who promotes the growth of ſuch a ſect as he calls Free-thinkers? He that ſhould burn a houſe, and juſtify the action by aſſerting he is a free agent, would be more excuſable than this author in uttering what he has from the right of

a Free-

Free-thinker. But there are a ſet of dry, joyleſs, dull fellows who want capacities and talents to make a figure amongſt mankind upon benevolent and generous principles, that think to ſurmount their own natural meanneſs, by laying offences in the way of ſuch as make it their endeavour to excel upon the received maxims and honeſt arts of life. If it were poſſible to laugh at ſo melancholy an affair as what hazards ſalvation, it would be no unpleaſant enquiry, to aſk, what ſatisfactions they reap, what extraordinary gratification of ſenſe, or what delicious libertiniſm this ſect of Free-thinkers enjoy, after getting looſe of the laws which confine the paſſions of other men? Would it not be a matter of mirth, to find, after all, that the heads of this growing ſect are ſober wretches, who prate whole evenings over coffee, and have not themſelves fire enough to be any further debauchees, than merely in principle? Theſe ſages of iniquity are, it ſeems, themſelves only ſpeculatively wicked, and are contented that all the abandoned young men of the age are kept ſafe from reflection by dabling in their rhapſodies, without taſting the pleaſures for which their doctrines leave them unaccountable. Thus do heavy mortals, only to gratify a dry pride of heart, give up the intereſts of another world, without enlarging their gratifications in this. But it is certain, there are a ſort of men that can puzzle truth, but cannot enjoy the ſatisfaction of it. This ſame Free-thinker is a creature unacquainted with the emotions which poſſeſs great minds when they are turned for religion; and it is apparent, that he is untouched with any ſuch ſenſation as the rapture of devotion. Whatever one of theſe ſcorners many think, they certainly want parts to be devout; and a ſenſe of piety towards Heaven, as well as the ſenſe of any thing elſe, is lively and warm in proportion to the faculties of the head and heart. This gentleman may be aſſured he has not a taſte for what he pretends to decry, and the poor man is certainly more a blockhead than an Atheiſt. I muſt repeat, that he wants

capacity

capacity to reliſh what true piety is; and he is as capable of writing an heroic poem, as making a fervent prayer. When men are thus low and narrow in their apprehenſions of things, and at the ſame time vain, they are naturally led to think every thing they do not underſtand, not to be underſtood. Their contradiction to what is urged by others, is a neceſſary conſequence of their incapacity to receive it. The Atheiſtical fellows who appeared the laſt age, did not ſerve the devil for nought, but revelled in exceſſes ſuitable to their principles; while in theſe unhappy days miſchief is done for miſchief's ſake. Theſe Free-thinkers, who lead the lives of recluſe ſtudents, for no other purpoſe but to diſturb the ſentiments of other men, put me in mind of the monſtrous recreation of theſe late wild youths, who, without provocation, had a wantonneſs in ſtabbing and defacing thoſe they met with. When ſuch writers as this, who has no ſpirit but that of malice, pretend to inform the age; mohocks and cut-throats may well ſet up for wits and men of pleaſure.

It will perhaps be expected, that I ſhould produce ſome inſtances of the ill intention of this Free-thinker, to ſupport the treatment I here give him. In his 52d page he ſays,

'2*dly*, The prieſts throughout the world differ about 'ſcriptures, and the authority of ſcriptures. The Bra-'mins have a book of ſcripture called the Shaſter. The 'Perſees have their Zundavaſtaw. The Bonzes of 'China have books written by the diſciples of Fo-he, 'whom they call the God and Saviour of the world, who 'was born to teach the way of ſalvation, and to give 'ſatisfaction for all mens ſins. The Talapoins of Siam 'have a book of ſcripture written by Sommonocodom, 'who, the Siameſe ſay, was born of a virgin, and was 'the God expected by the univerſe. The Derviſes 'have their Alcoran.'

I believe there is no one will diſpute the author's great impartiality in ſetting down the accounts of theſe different religions. And I think it is pretty plain how he delivers the matter: with an air, that betrays, the hiſtory of one born of a virgin, has as much authority with

with him from St. Sommonocodom as from St. Matthew. Thus he treats revelation. Then as to philoſophy, he tells you, p. 136. 'Cicero produces 'this as an inſtance of a probable opinion, that they 'who ſtudy philoſophy do not believe there are any 'gods;' and then, from conſideration of various notions, he affirms Tully concludes, 'That there 'can be nothing after death.'

As to what he miſrepreſents of Tully, the ſhort ſentence on the head of this paper is enough to oppoſe; but who can have patience to reflect upon the aſſemblage of impoſtures, among which our author plates the religion of his country? As for my part, I cannot ſee any poſſible interpretation to give this work, but a deſign to ſubvert and ridicule the authority of ſcripture. The peace and tranquillity of the nation, and regards even above thoſe, are ſo much concerned in this matter, that it is difficult to expreſs ſufficient ſorrow for the offender, or indignation againſt him. But if ever man deſerved to be denied the common benefits of air and water, it is the author of A Diſcourſe of Free-thinking.

No. 4. Monday, March 16.

It matters not how falſe or forc'd,
So the beſt things be ſaid o' th' worſt;
It goes for nothing when 'tis ſaid,
Only the arrow's drawn to th' head,
Whether it be a ſwan or gooſe
They level at: ſo ſhepherds uſe
To ſet the ſame mark on the hip,
Both of their ſound and rotten ſheep. *Hudibras.*

THough moſt things which are wrong in their own nature are at once confeſſed and abſolved by the word, the cuſtom; yet there are ſome, which, as they have a dangerous tendency, a thinking man will the leſs excuſe on that very account.

Among these I cannot but reckon the common practice of dedications; which is of so much the worse consequence, as it is generally used by people of politeness, and whom a learned education for the most part ought to have inspired with nobler and juster sentiments. This prostitution of praise is not only a deceit upon the gross of mankind, who take their notion of characters from the learned; but also the better sort must by this means lose some part at least of that desire of fame which is the incentive to generous actions, when they find it promiscuously bestowed on the meritorious and undeserving. Nay, the author himself, let him be supposed to have ever so true a value for the patron, can find no terms to express it but what have been already used, and rendered suspected by flatterers. Even truth itself in a dedication is like an honest man in a disguise or vizor-mask, and will appear a cheat by being dressed so like one. Though the merit of the person is beyond dispute, I see no reason, that because one man is eminent, therefore another has a right to be impertinent, and throw praises in his face. It is just the reverse of the practice of the ancient Romans, when a person was advanced to triumph for his services: As they hired people to rail at him in that circumstance, to make him as humble as they could, we have fellows to flatter him, and make him as proud as they can. Supposing the writer not to be mercenary, yet the great man is no more in reason obliged to thank him for his picture in a dedication, than to thank a painter for that on a sign-post; except it be a less injury to touch the most sacred part of him, his character, than to make free with his countenance only. I should think nothing justified me in this point but the patron's permission beforehand, that I should draw him as like as I could; whereas most authors proceed in this affair just as a dawber I have heard of, who not being able to draw portraits after the life, was used to paint faces at random, and look out afterwards for people whom he might persuade to be like them. To express my notion

notion of the thing in a word; to ſay more to a man than one thinks, with a proſpect of intereſt, is diſhoneſt, and without it fooliſh: and whoever has had ſucceſs in ſuch an undertaking, muſt of neceſſity at once think himſelf in his heart a knave for having done it, and his patron a fool for having believed it.

I have ſometimes been entertained with conſidering dedications in no very common light. By obſerving what qualities our writers think it will be moſt pleaſing to others to compliment them with, one may form ſome judgment which are moſt ſo to themſelves; and, in conſequence, what ſort of people they are. Without this view, one can read very few dedications, but will give us cauſe to wonder, either how ſuch things came to be ſaid at all, or how they were ſaid to ſuch perſons. I have known an hero complimented upon the decent majeſty and ſtate he aſſumed after victory, and a nobleman of a different character applauded for his condeſcenſion to inferiors. This would have ſeemed very ſtrange to me, but that I happened to know the authors. He who made the firſt compliment was a lofty gentleman, whoſe air and gait diſcovered when he had publiſhed a new book; and the other tippled every night with the fellows who laboured at the preſs while his own writings were working off. It is obſervable of the female poets, and ladies dedicatory, that here, as elſewhere, they far exceed us in any ſtrain or rant. As beauty is the thing that ſex are piqued upon, they ſpeak of it generally in a more elevated ſtyle than is uſed by the men; they adore in the ſame manner as they would be adored. So when the authoreſs of a famous modern romance begs a young nobleman's permiſſion to pay him her kneeling adorations, I am far from cenſuring the expreſſion, as ſome critics would do, as deficient in grammar or ſenſe: but I reflect, that adorations paid in that poſture are what a lady might expect herſelf; and my wonder immediately ceaſes. Theſe, when they flatter moſt, do but as they would be done unto: for as

none are so much concerned at being injured by calumnies as they who are readiest to cast them upon their neighbours, so it is certain none are so guilty of flattery to others as those who most ardently desire it themselves.

What led me into these thoughts, was a dedication I happened upon this morning. The reader must understand, that I treat the least instances or remains of ingenuity with respect in what places soever found, or under whatever circumstances of disadvantage. From this love to letters, I have been so happy in my searches after knowledge, that I have found unvalued repositories of learning in the lining of bandboxes. I look upon these pasteboard edifices, adorned with the fragments of the ingenious, with the same veneration as antiquaries upon ruined buildings, whose walls preserve divers inscriptions and names which are no where else to be found in the world. This morning when one of Lady Lizard's daughters was looking over some hoods and ribbons brought by her tirewoman, with great care and diligence, I employed no less in examining the box which contained them. It was lined with certain scenes of a tragedy, written (as appeared by part of the title there extant) by one of the fair sex. What was most legible was the dedication; which, by reason of the largeness of the characters, was least defaced by these Gothic ornaments of flourishes and foliage, wherewith the compilers of these sort of structures do often industriously obscure the works of the learned. As much of it as I could read with any ease, I shall communicate to the reader, as follows.

'*** Though it is a kind of profanation to approach your grace with so poor an offering, yet 'when I reflect how acceptable a sacrifice of first-'fruits was to heaven, in the earliest and purest ages 'of religion, that they were honoured with solemn 'feasts, and consecrated to altars by a divine com-'mand, *** upon that consideration, as an argu-'ment of particular zeal, I dedicate *** It is im-

'possible

'poſſible to behold you without adoring; yet dazzled 'and awed by the glory that ſurround you, men 'feel a ſacred power, that refines their flames, and 'renders them pure as thoſe we ought to offer to the 'Deity. *** The ſhrine is worthy the divinity that 'inhabits it. In your grace we ſee what woman 'was before ſhe fell, how nearly allied to the purity 'and perfection of angels. And WE ADORE 'AND BLESS THE GLORIOUS WORK!'

Undoubtedly theſe, and other periods of this moſt pious dedication, could not but convince the Ducheſs of what the eloquent authoreſs aſſures her at the end, that ſhe was her ſervant with moſt ardent devotion. I think this a pattern of a new ſort of ſtyle, not yet taken notice of by the critics, which is above the ſublime, and may be called the celeſtial; that is, when the moſt ſacred phraſes appropriated to the honour of the Deity are applied to a mortal of good quality. As I am naturally emulous, I cannot but endeavour, in imitation of this lady, to be the inventor, or at leaſt the firſt producer of a new kind of dedication, very different from her's and moſt others, ſince it has not a word but what the author religiouſly thinks in it. It may ſerve for almoſt any book, either proſe or verſe, that has, is, or ſhall be publiſhed; and might run in this manner.

The AUTHOR to HIMSELF.

Moſt Honoured SIR,

THESE labours, upon many conſiderations, ſo properly belong to none as to you: firſt, as it was your moſt earneſt deſire alone that could prevail upon me to make them public: then, as I am ſecure, from that conſtant indulgence you have ever ſhewn to all which is mine, that no man will ſo readily take them into protection, or ſo zealouſly defend them. Moreover, there is none can ſo ſoon diſcover the beauties; and there are ſome parts, which it is poſſible few beſides yourſelf are capable of underſtanding. Sir, the honour, affection, and value I

have for you are beyond expreſſion; as great, I am ſure, or greater, than any man elſe can bear you. As for any defects which others may pretend to diſcover in you, I do faithfully declare I was never able to perceive them; and doubt not but thoſe perſons are actuated purely by a ſpirit of malice or envy, the inſeparable attendant on ſhining merit and parts, ſuch as I have always eſteemed yours to be. It may perhaps be looked upon as a kind of violence to modeſty to ſay this to you in public; but you may believe me it is no more than I have a thouſand times thought of you in private. Might I follow the impulſe of my ſoul, there is no ſubject I could launch into with more pleaſure than your panegyric. But ſince ſomething is due to modeſty, let me conclude, by telling you, that there is nothing ſo much I deſire as to know you more thoroughly than I have yet the happineſs of doing. I may then hope to be capable to do you ſome real ſervice; but till then, can only aſſure you that I ſhall continue to be, as I am more than any man alive,

Deareſt SIR,

Your affectionate friend, and
The greateſt of your admirers.

N° 5. Tueſday, March 17.

Laudantur ſimili prole puerperæ.
Hor. Od. 5. l. 4. v. 23.
The mother's virtues in the daughters ſhine.

I HAVE in my ſecond paper mentioned the family into which I was retained by the friend of my youth, and given the reader to underſtand, that my obligations to it are ſuch as might well naturalize me into the intereſts of it. They have indeed had their deſerved effect; and if it were poſſible for a man who has never entered into the ſtate

ſtate of marriage, to know the inſtincts of a kind father to an honourable and numerous houſe, I may ſay I have done it. I do not know but my regards, in ſome conſiderations, have been more uſeful than thoſe of a father; and as I wanted all that tenderneſs, which is the bias of inclination in men towards their own offspring, I have had a greater command of reaſon when I was to judge of what concerned my wards; and conſequently was not prompted, by my partiality and fondneſs towards their perſons, to tranſgreſs againſt their intereſts.

As the female part of a family is the more conſtant and immediate object of care and protection, and the more liable to misfortune or diſhonour, as being in themſelves more ſenſible of the former, and from cuſtom and opinion for leſs offences more expoſed to the latter, I ſhall begin with the more delicate part of my guardianſhip, the women of the family of Lizard. The ancient and religious lady, the dowager of my friend Sir Ambroſe, has for ſome time eſtranged herſelf from converſation, and admits only of the viſits of her own family. The obſervation, That old people remember beſt thoſe things which entered into their thoughts when their memories were in their full ſtrength and vigour, is very remarkably exemplified in this good lady and myſelf when we are in converſation. I chuſe indeed to go thither, to divert any anxiety or wearineſs which at any time I find grow upon me from any preſent buſineſs or care. It is ſaid that a little mirth and diverſion are what recreate the ſpirits upon thoſe occaſions; but there is a kind of ſorrow from which I draw a conſolation that ſtrengthens my faculties and enlarges my mind, beyond any thing that can flow from merriment. When we meet, we ſoon get over any occurrence which paſſed the day before, and are in a moment hurried back to thoſe days which only we call good ones. The paſſages of the times when we were in faſhion, with the countenances, behaviour, and jollity, ſo much forſooth above what any

any appear in now, are preſent to our imaginations, and almoſt to our very eyes. This converſation revives to us the memory of a friend, that was more than my brother to me; of a huſband, that was dearer than life to her. Diſcourſes about that dear and worthy man generally ſend her to her cloſet, and me to the diſpatch of ſome neceſſary buſineſs, which regards the remains, I would ſay the numerous deſcendants of my generous friend. I am got, I know not how, out of what I was going to ſay of this lady: which was, that ſhe is far gone towards a better world; and I mention her only with reſpect to this, as ſhe is the object of veneration to thoſe who are derived from her; whoſe behaviour towards her may be an example to others, and make the generality of young people apprehend, that when the ancient are paſt all offices of life, it is then the young are to exert themſelves in their moſt laudable duties towards them.

The widow of Sir Marmaduke is to be conſidered in a very different view. My lady is not in the ſhining bloom of life, but at thoſe years, wherein the gratifications of an ample fortune, thoſe of pomp and equipage, of being much eſteemed, much viſited, and generally admired, are uſually more ſtrongly purſued than in younger days. In this condition ſhe might very well add the pleaſures of courtſhip, and the grateful perſecution of being followed by a crowd of lovers: but ſhe is an excellent mother, and a great œconomiſt; which conſiderations, joined with the pleaſure of living her own way, preſerve her againſt the intruſion of love. I will not ſay that my lady has not a ſecret vanity in being ſtill a fine woman, and neglecting thoſe addreſſes, to which perhaps we in part owe her conſtancy in that her neglect.

Her daughter Jane, her eldeſt child of that ſex, is in the twenty-third year of her age; a lady who forms herſelf after the pattern of her mother: but, in my judgment, as ſhe happens to be extremely like her, ſhe ſometimes makes her court unſkilfully, in

in affecting that likeneſs in her very mien; which gives the mother an uneaſy ſenſe, that Mrs. Jane really is what her parent has a mind to continue to be. But it is poſſible I am too obſerving in this particular; and this might be overlooked in them both in reſpect to greater circumſtances: for Mrs. Jane is the right hand of her mother; it is her ſtudy and conſtant endeavour to aſſiſt her in the management of her houſhold, to keep all idle whiſpers from her, and diſcourage them before they can come at her from any other hand; to enforce every thing that makes for the merit of her brothers and ſiſters towards her, as well as the diligence and chearfulneſs of her ſervants. It is by Mrs. Jane's management that the whole family is governed; neither by love nor fear, but a certain reverence, which is compoſed of both. Mrs. Jane is what one would call a perfect good young woman: but neither ſtrict piety, diligence in domeſtic affairs, or any other avocation, have preſerved her againſt love; which ſhe bears to a young gentleman of great expectation, but ſmall fortune; at the ſame time that men of very great eſtates aſk her of her mother. My lady tells her, that prudence muſt give way to paſſion: ſo that Mrs. Jane, if I cannot accommodate the matter, muſt conquer more than one paſſion; and, out of prudence, baniſh the man ſhe loves, and marry the man ſhe hates.

The next daughter is Mrs. Annabella, who has a very lively wit, a great deal of good ſenſe, is very pretty; but gives me much trouble for her, from a certain diſhoneſt cunning I know in her. She can ſeem blind and careleſs, and full of herſelf only, and entertain with twenty affected vanities; whilſt ſhe is obſerving all the company, laying up ſtore for ridicule; and, in a word, is ſelfiſh and intereſted, under all the agreeable qualities in the world. Alas, what ſhall I do with this girl!

Mrs. Cornelia paſſes her time very much in reading, and that with ſo great an attention, that gives her the air of a ſtudent, and has an ill effect upon

upon her, as she is a fine young woman. The giddy part of the sex will have it she is in love: none will allow that she affects so much being alone but for want of particular company. I have railed at romances before her, for fear of her falling into those deep studies. She has fallen in with my humour that way for the time; but, I know not how, my imprudent prohibition, has, it seems, only excited her curiosity: and I am afraid she is better read than I know of; for she said of a glass of water in which she was going to wash her hands, after dinner, dipping her fingers with a pretty lovely air, 'It is 'crystalline.' I shall examine further, and wait for clearer proofs.

Mrs. Betty is (I cannot by what means or methods imagine) grown mightily acquainted with what passes in the town. She knows all that matter of my Lord such a one's leading my Lady such a one out from the play; she is prodigiously acquainted, all of a sudden, with the world; and asked her sister Jane t'other day in an argument, 'Dear sister, how 'should you know any thing that hear nothing 'but what we do in our own family?' I don't much like her maid.

Mrs. Mary, the youngest daughter, whom they rally, and call Mrs Ironside, because I have named her the Sparkler, is the very quintessence of good-nature and generosity. She is the perfect picture of her grandfather; and if one can imagine, all good qualities which adorn human life become feminine; the seeds, nay, the blossom of them, are apparent in Mrs. Mary. It is a weakness I cannot get over, (for how ridiculous is a regard to the bodily perfections of a man who is dead?) but I cannot resist the partiality to this child for being so like her grandfather. How often have I turned from her, to hide the melting of my heart when she has been talking to me! I am sure the child has no skill in it; for artifice could not dwell under that visage: but if I am absent a day from the family, she is sure to be at my

my lodging the next morning to know what is the matter.

At the head of these children who have very plentiful fortunes, provided they marry with mine and their mother's consent, is my Lady Lizard; who, you cannot doubt, is very well visited. Sir William Oger, and his son almost at age, are frequently at our house, on a double consideration. The Knight is willing (for so he very gallantly expresses himself) to marry the mother; or he'll consent, whether that be so or not, that his son Oliver shall take any one of the daughters Noll likes best.

Mr. Rigburt, of the same county, who gives in his estate much larger, and his family more ancient, offers to deal with us for two daughters.

Sir Harry Pandolf has writ word from his seat in the country, that he also is much inclined to an alliance with the Lizards, which he has declared in the following letter to my Lady. She shewed it me this morning.

Madam,

I HAVE heard your daughters very well spoken of; and though I have very great offers in my own neighbourhood, and heard the small pox is very rife at London, I will send my eldest son to see them; provided that, by your Ladyship's answer, and your liking of the rent-roll which I send herewith, your Ladyship assures me he shall have one of them; for I don't think to have my son refused by any woman. And so, Madam, I conclude,

Your most Humble Servant,

HENRY PANDOLF.

N° 6. Wedneſday, March 18.

I HAVE diſpatched my young women, and the town has them among them. It is neceſſary for the elucidation of my future diſcourſes, which I deſire may be denominated, as they are the precepts of a guardian, 'Mr. Ironſide's precautions:' I ſay, it is, after what has been already declared, in the next place, neceſſary to give an account of the males of this worthy family, whoſe annals I am writing. The affairs of women being chiefly domeſtic, and not made up of ſo many circumſtances as the duties of men are, I fear I cannot diſpatch the account of the males under my care in ſo few words as I did the explanation which regarded my women.

Sir Harry Lizard, of the county of Northampton, ſon and heir of the late Sir Marmaduke, is now entered upon the twenty-ſixth year of his age, and is now at his ſeat in the country.

The eſtate at preſent in his hands is above three thouſand a-year, after payment of taxes, and all neceſſary charges whatſoever. He is a man of good underſtanding, but not at all what is uſually called a man of ſhining parts. His virtues are much greater than his accompliſhments, as to his converſation. But when you come to conſider his conduct with relation to his manners and fortune, it would be a very great injury not to allow him a very fine gentleman. It has been carefully provided in his education, that he ſhould be very ready at calculations. This gives him a quick alarm inwardly upon all undertakings; and in a much ſhorter time than is uſual with men who are not verſed in buſineſs, he is maſter of the queſtion before him, and can inſtantly inform himſelf with great exactneſs in the matter of profit or loſs that ſhall ariſe from any thing propoſed to him. The ſame capacity, joined to an honeſt nature, makes him very juſt to other men as well as to himſelf. His payments are very punctual; and

and I dare anſwer he never did, or ever will undertake any piece of building, or any ornamental improvement of his houſe, garden, park, or lands, before the money is in his own pocket, wherewith he is to pay for ſuch undertaking. He is too good to purchaſe labourers or artificers (as by this means he certainly could) at an under-rate; but he has by this means, what I think he deſerves from his ſuperior prudence, the choice of all who are moſt knowing and able to ſerve him. With his ready money, the builder, maſon, and carpenter, are enabled to make their market of gentlemen in his neighbourhood who inconſiderately employ them, and often pay their undertakers by ſale of ſome of their land: whereas, were the lands, on which thoſe improvements are made, ſold to the artificers, the buildings would be rated but as lumber in the purchaſe. Sir Harry has for ever a year's income, to extend his charity, ſerve his pleaſures, or regale his friends. His ſervants, his cattle, his goods, ſpeak their maſter a rich man. Thoſe about his perſon, as his bailiff, the groom of his chamber, and his butler, have a chearful not a gay air. The ſervants below them ſeem to live in plenty but not in wantonneſs. As Sir Henry is a young man, and of an active diſpoſition, his beſt figure is on horſeback. But before I ſpeak of that, I ſhould acquaint you, that, during his infancy, all the young gentlemen of the neighbourhood were welcome to a part of the houſe, which was called the ſchool; where, at the charge of the family, there was a grammar maſter, a plain ſober man, maintained (with a ſalary, beſides his diet, of fifty pounds a-year) to inſtruct all ſuch children of gentlemen or lower people as would partake of his education. As they grew up, they were allowed to ride out with him upon his horſes. There were always ten or twelve for the ſaddle in readineſs to attend him and his favourites; in the choice of whom he ſhewed a good diſpoſition, and diſtributed his kindneſs among them by turns with great good nature. All horſes, both for the ſaddle and ſwift draught, were

very well bitted; and a ſkilful rider, with a riding-houſe, wherein he the riding-maſter commanded, had it in orders to teach any gentleman's ſon of the county that would pleaſe to learn that exerciſe. We found our account in this proceeding, as well in real profit as in eſteem and power in the country: for as the whole ſhire is now poſſeſſed by gentlemen who owe Sir Harry a part of education, which they all value themſelves upon, their horſemanſhip, they preſer his horſes to all others; and it is 10 *per cent.* in the price of a ſteed, which appears to come out of his riding-houſe.

By this means it is that Sir Harry, as I was going to ſay, makes the beſt figure on horſeback: for his uſual hours of being in the field are well known; and at thoſe ſeaſons the neighbouring gentlemen, his friends and ſchool-fellows, take a pleaſure in giving him their company, with their ſervants well behaved, and horſes well commanded.

I cannot enough applaud Sir Harry for a particular care in his horſes. He not only bitts all which are ridden, but alſo all which are for the coach or ſwift draught; for grace adds mightily to the price of ſtrength: and he finds his account in it at all markets, more eſpecially for the coach or troop horſes, of which that county produces the moſt ſtrong and oſtentatious. To keep up a breed for any uſe whatever, he gives plates for the beſt performing horſe in every way in which that animal can be ſerviceable. There is ſuch a prize for him that trots beſt, ſuch for the beſt walker, ſuch for the beſt galloper, ſuch for the beſt pacer; then for him who draws moſt in ſuch a time to ſuch a place; then to him that carries beſt ſuch a load on his back. He delights in this, and has an admirable fancy in the dreſs of the riders. Some admired country-girl is to hold the prize, her lovers to trot, and not to mend their pace into a gallop when they are out-trotted by a rival; ſome known country-wit to come upon the beſt pacer. Theſe and the like little joyful arts gain him the love of all who do not know his worth, and the eſteem of all who do.

Sir

Sir Harry is no friend to the race-horſe; he is of opinion it is inhumane that animals ſhould be put upon their utmoſt ſtrength and mettle for our diverſion only. However, not to be particular, he puts in for the Queen's plate every year, with orders to his rider never to win or be diſtanced; and, like a good country gentleman, ſays it is a fault in all miniſtries that they encourage no kind of horſes but thoſe which are ſwift.

As I write lives, I dwell upon ſmall matters; being of opinion, with Plutarch, that little circumſtances ſhow the real men better than things of greater moment. But good œconomy is the characteriſtic of the Lizards. I remember a circumſtance about ſix years ago, that gives me hopes he would one time or other make a figure in parliament; for he is a landed man, and conſiders his intereſt, though he is ſuch, to be impaired or promoted according to the ſtate of trade. When he was but twenty years old, I took an opportunity, in his preſence, to aſk an intelligent woollen draper what he gave for that ſhop, the corner of Change-alley? The ſhop is, I believe, fourteen feet long, and eight broad. I was anſwered, Ninety pound a-year. I took no notice: but the thought deſcended into the breaſt of Sir Harry; and I ſaw on his table the next morning a computation of the value of land in an iſland, conſiſting of ſo many miles, with ſo many good ports; the value of each part of the ſaid iſland, as it lay to ſuch ports, and produced ſuch commodities. The whole of his working was, to know why ſo few yards near the Change was ſo much better than ſo many acres in Northamptonſhire; and what thoſe acres in Northamptonſhire would be worth were there no trade at all in this iſland.

It makes my heart ake when I think of this young man, and conſider upon what plain maxims, and in what ordinary methods, men of eſtate may do good wherever they are ſeated, that ſo many ſhould be what they are. It is certain, that the arts which purchaſe wealth or fame will maintain them; and

I attribute the ſplendor and long continuance of this family to the felicity of having the genius of the founder of it run through all his male line. Old Sir Harry, the great-grandfather of this gentleman, has written in his own hand, upon all the deeds which he ever ſigned, in the humour of that ſententious age, this ſentence: 'There are four good mothers, 'of whom are often born four unhappy daughters: 'Truth begets Hatred; Happineſs, Pride; Security, 'Danger; and Familiarity, Contempt.'

N° 7. Thurſday, March 19.

——————Properat curſu
Vita citato—————— *Senec. Trag.*

With ſpeedy ſtep life poſts away.

I THIS morning did myſelf the honour to viſit Lady Lizard, and took my chair at the tea-table; at the upper end of which, that graceful woman, with her daughters about her, appeared to me with greater dignity than ever any figure, either of Venus attended by the graces, Diana with her nymphs, or any other celeſtial who owes her being to poetry.

The diſcourſe we had there, none being preſent but our own family, conſiſted of private matters, which tended to the eſtabliſhment of theſe young ladies in the world. My Lady, I obſerved, had a mind to make mention of the propoſal to Mrs. Jane, of which ſhe is very fond, and I as much avoided, as being equally againſt it. But it is by no means proper the young ladies ſhould obſerve we ever diſſent; therefore I turned the diſcourſe, by ſaying, it was time enough to think of marrying a young lady, who was but three and twenty, ten years hence. The whole table was alarmed at the aſſertion; and the Sparkler ſcalded her fingers, by leaning ſuddenly for-

forward to look in my face. But my buſineſs at preſent was to make my court to the mother: therefore, without regarding the reſentment in the looks of the children, Madam, ſaid I, there is a petulant and haſty manner practiſed in this age in hurrying away the life of woman, and confining the grace and principal action of it to thoſe years wherein reaſon and diſcretion are moſt feeble, humour and paſſion moſt powerful. From the time a young woman of quality has firſt appeared in the drawing-room, raiſed a whiſper and curioſity of the men about her, had her health drank in gay companies, and diſtinguiſhed at public aſſemblies; I ſay, Madam, if within three or four years of her firſt appearance in town ſhe is not diſpoſed of, her beauty is grown familiar, her eyes are diſarmed, and we ſeldom after hear her mentioned but with indifference. What doubles my grief on this occaſion is, that the more diſcreetly the lady behaves herſelf, the ſooner is her glory extinguiſhed. Now, Madam, if merit had a greater weight in our thoughts when we form to ourſelves agreeable characters of women, men would think, in making their choices, of ſuch as would take care of, as well as ſupply children for the nurſery. It was not thus in the illuſtrious days of good Queen Elizabeth. I was this morning turning over a folio, called The Complete Ambaſſador, conſiſting chiefly of letters from Lord Burleigh Earl of Leiceſter, and Sir Thomas Smith. Sir Thomas writes a letter to Sir Francis Walſingham, full of learned gallantry, wherein you may obſerve he promiſes himſelf the French king's brother (who it ſeems was but a cold lover) would be quickened, by ſeeing the Queen in perſon, who was then in the thirty-ninth year of her age. A certain ſobriety in thoughts, words, and actions, which was the praiſe of that age, kept the fire of love alive; and it burnt ſo equally, that it warmed and preſerved, without tormenting and conſuming our beings. The letter I mention is as follows:

To the Right Worſhipful Mr. Francis Walſingham, Ambaſſador, Reſident in France.

SIR

I AM ſorry that ſo good a matter ſhould, upon ſo nice a point, be deferred. We may ſay, that the lover will do little if he will not take the pains once to ſee his love; but ſhe muſt firſt ſay Yea, before he ſee her, or ſhe him. Twenty ways might be deviſed why he might come over and be welcome; and poſſibly do more in an hour than he may in two years. *Cupido ille qui vincit omnia, in oculos inſidet, et ex oculis ejaculatur, et in oculos utriuſque videndo non ſolum, ut ait poeta, fœmina virum, ſed vir fœminam:* 'That powerful being Cupid, who conquers all things, reſides in the eyes; he ſends out all his darts from the eyes: by throwing glances at the eyes, (according to the poet), not only the woman captivates the man, but alſo the man the woman.' What force, I pray you, can hereſay, and I think, and I truſt, do in compariſon of that, *cum præſens præſentem tuetur et alloquitur, et furore forſitan amoris ductus amplectitur;* 'when they face to face ſee and converſe with each other, and the lover, in an ecſtaſy not to be commanded, ſnatches an embrace,' and ſaith to himſelf, and openly, that ſhe may hear, *Teneone te me, an etiamnum ſomno volunt fœminæ videri cogi ad id quod maximum cupiunt?* 'Are you in my arms, my fair one, or do we both dream; and will women even in their ſleep ſeem forced to what they moſt deſire?' If we be cold, it is our part; beſides the perſon, the ſex requireth it. Why are you cold? Is it not a young man's part to be bold, courageous, and to adventure? If he ſhould have, he ſhould have but *honorificam repulſam*; 'even a repulſe here is glorious.' The worſt that can be ſaid of him is but as of Phaeton, *Quam ſi non tenuit, magnis tamen excidit auſis:* 'Though he could not command the chariot of the ſun, his

his fall from it was illuſtrious.' So far as I conceive, *Hæc eſt ſola noſtra anchora, hæc jacenda eſt in nobis alea*: 'This is our only anchor, this dye muſt be thrown.' In our inſtability, *Unum momentum eſt uno momento perfectum factum, ac dictam ſtabilitatem facere poteſt*: 'One lucky moment would crown and fix all.' This, or elſe nothing is to be looked for but continual dalliance and doubtfulneſs, ſo far as I can ſee.

From Killingworth,
Aug. 22. 1572.

Your aſſured friend,
THOMAS SMITH.

Though my Lady was in very good humour upon the inſinuation, that according to the Eliſabeth ſcheme, ſhe was but juſt advanced above the character of a girl; I found the reſt of the company as much diſheartened, that they were ſtill but mere girls. I went on, therefore, to attribute the immature marriages which are ſolemnized in our days, to the importunity of the men; which made it impoſſible for young ladies to remain virgins ſo long as they wiſhed from their own inclinations, and the freedom of a ſingle life.

There is no time of our life, under what character ſoever, in which men can wholly diveſt themſelves of an ambition to be in the favour of women. Cardan, a grave philoſopher and phyſician, confeſſes, in one of his chapters, that though he had ſuffered poverty, repulſes, calumnies, and a long ſeries of afflictions, he never was thoroughly dejected, and impatient of life itſelf, but under a calamity which he ſuffered from the beginning of his twenty-firſt to the end of his thirtieth year. He tells us that the raillery he ſuffered from others, and the contempt which he had of himſelf, were afflictions beyond expreſſion. I mention this only as an argument extorted from this good and grave man, to ſupport my opinion of the irreſiſtible power of women. He adds in the ſame chapter, that there are ten thouſand afflictions

afflictions and diſaſters attend the paſſion itſelf; that an idle word imprudently repeated by a fair woman, and vaſt expences to ſupport her folly and vanity, every day reduce men to poverty and death; but he makes them of little conſideration to the miſerable and inſignificant condition of being incapable of their favour.

I make no manner of difficulty of profeſſing I am not ſurpriſed, that the author, has expreſſed himſelf after this manner with relation to love; the heroic chaſtity, ſo frequently profeſſed by humoriſts of the fair ſex, generally ends in an unworthy choice, after having overlooked overtures to their advantage. It is for this reaſon that I would endeavour to direct, and not pretend to eradicate the inclinations of the ſexes to each other. Daily experience ſhews us, that the moſt rude ruſtic grows human as ſoon as he is inſpired by this paſſion. It gives a new grace to our manners, a new dignity to our minds, a new viſage to our perſons. Whether we are inclined to liberal arts, to arms, or addreſs in our exerciſe, our improvement is haſtened by a particular object whom we would pleaſe. Chearfulneſs, gentleneſs, fortitude, liberality, magnificence, and all the virtues which adorn men, which inſpire heroes, are moſt conſpicuous in lovers. I ſpeak of love as when ſuch as are in this company are the objects of it, who can beſtow upon their huſbands (if they follow their excellent mother) all its joys without any of its anxieties.

N° 8. Friday, March 20.

——Animum rege.—— *Hor. Ep. 2. l. 1. v. 62.*

Govern the mind.

A Guardian cannot beſtow his time in any office more ſuitable to his character, than in repreſenting the diſaſters to which we are expoſed by the irregularity

irregularity of our paſſions. I think I ſpeak of this matter in a way not yet taken notice of, when I obſerve that they make men do things unworthy of thoſe very paſſions. I ſhall illuſtrate this by a ſtory I have lately read in The Royal commentaries of Peru; wherein you behold an oppreſſor a moſt contemptible creature after his power is at an end; and a perſon he oppreſſed, ſo wholly intent upon revenge till he had obtained it, that in the purſuit of it he utterly neglected his own ſafety; but, when that motive of revenge was at an end, returned to a ſenſe of danger, in ſuch a manner as to be unable to lay hold of occaſions which offered themſelves for certain ſecurity, and expoſe himſelf from fear to apparent hazard. The motives which I ſpeak of, are not indeed ſo much to be called paſſions as ill habits ariſing from paſſions; ſuch as pride and revenge, which are improvements of our infirmities, and are methinks but ſcorn and anger regularly conducted. But to my ſtory:

Licenciado Eſquivel, governor of the city of Potocſi, commanded 200 men to march out of that garriſon towards the kingdom of Tuckman, with ſtrict orders to uſe no Indians in carrying their baggage; and placed himſelf in a convenient ſtation without the gates, to obſerve how his orders were put in execution. He found they were wholly neglected, and that Indians were laden with the baggage of the Spaniards; but thought fit to let them march by, till the laſt rank came up, out of which he ſeized one man, called Aguire, who had two Indians laden with his goods. Within a few days after he was taken in arreſt; he was ſentenced to receive 200 ſtripes. Aguire repreſented by his friends, that he was brother of a gentleman who had in his country an eſtate with vaſſalages of Indians, and hoped his birth would exempt him from a puniſhment of ſo much indignity. Licenciado perſiſted in the kind of puniſhment he had already pronounced. Upon which Aguire petitioned that it might be altered to one that he ſhould not ſurvive; and though a gentleman,

and

and from that quality not liable to ſuffer ſo ignominious a death, humbly beſought his Excellency that he might be hanged. But though Licenciado appeared all his life, before he came into power, a perſon of an eaſy and tractable diſpoſition, he was ſo changed by his office, that theſe applications from the unfortunate Aguire did but the more gratify his inſolence; and during the very time of their mediation for the priſoner, he inſulted them alſo, by commanding, with a haughty tone, that his orders ſhould be executed that very inſtant. This, as it is uſual on ſuch occaſions, made the whole town flock together. But the principal inhabitants, abhorring the ſeverity of Licenciado, and pitying a gentleman in the condition of Aguire, went in a body, and beſought the governor to ſuſpend, if not remit, the puniſhment. Their importunities prevailed on him to defer the execution for eight days; but when they came to the priſon with his warrant, they found Aguire already brought forth, ſtripped, and mounted on an aſs, which is the poſture wherein the baſeſt criminals are whipped in that city. His friends cried out, 'Take him off, take him off;' and proclaimed their order for ſuſpending his puniſhment. But the youth, when he heard that it was only put off for eight days, rejected the favour, and ſaid, 'All my endeavours have been to keep myſelf from 'mounting this beaſt, and from the ſhame of being 'ſeen naked; but ſince things are come thus far, 'let the ſentence proceed; which will be leſs than 'the fears and apprehenſions I ſhall have in theſe 'eight days enſuing. Beſides, I ſhall not need to 'give further trouble to my friends for interceſſion 'on my behalf, which is likely to be as ineffectual 'as what hath already paſſed.' After he had ſaid this, the aſs was whipped forward, and Aguire ran the gantlet, according to the ſentence. The calm manner with which he reſigned himſelf, when he found his diſgrace muſt be, and the ſcorn of dallying with it under a ſuſpenſion of a few days, which mercy was but another form of the governor's cruelty, made it viſible

viſible that he took comfort in ſome ſecret reſolution to avenge the affront.

After this indignity, Aguire could not be perſuaded (though the inhabitants of Potocſi often importuned him from the ſpirit they ſaw in him) to go upon any military undertaking, but excuſed himſelf, with a modeſt ſadneſs in his countenance, ſaying, 'That after ſuch a ſhame as his was, death muſt 'be his only remedy and conſolation, which he 'would endeavour to obtain as ſoon as poſſible.'

Under this melancholy he remained in Peru, until the time in which the office of Eſquivel expired. After which, like a deſperate man, he purſued and followed him, watching an opportunity to kill him, and wipe off the ſhame of the late affront. Eſquivel, being informed of this deſperate reſolution by his friends, endeavoured to avoid his enemy, and took a journey of three or four hundred leagues from him, ſuppoſing that Aguire would not purſue him at ſuch a diſtance. But Eſquivel's flight did but increaſe Aguire's ſpeed in following. The firſt journey which Eſquivel took was to the city of Los Reyes, being three hundred and twenty leagues diſtant; but in leſs than fifteen days Aguire was there with him. Whereupon Eſquivel took another flight, as far as to the city of Quito, being four hundred leagues diſtant from Los Reyes; but in a little more than twenty days Aguire was again with him: which being intimated to Eſquivel, he took another leap as far as Cozco, which is five hundred leagues from Quito; but in a few days after he arrived there, came alſo Aguire travelling all the way on foot, without ſhoes or ſtockings, ſaying, 'That it became 'not the condition of a whipped raſcal to travel on horſe-'back, or appear amongſt men.' In this manner did Aguire haunt and purſue Eſquivel for three years and four months; who being now tired and wearied with ſo many long and tedious journeys, reſolved to fix his abode at Cozco, where he believed that Aguire would ſcarce adventure to attempt any thing againſt him for fear of the judge who governed that city, who

who was a ſevere man, impartial and inflexible in all his proceedings; and accordingly took a lodging in the middle of the ſtreet of the great church, where he lived with great care and caution, wearing a coat of mail under his upper coat, and went always armed with his ſword and dagger, which are weapons not agreeable to his profeſſion. However, Aguire followed hither alſo; and having in vain dogged him from place to place, day after day, he reſolved to make the attempt upon him in his own houſe; which he entered, and wandered from room to room, till at laſt he came to his ſtudy, where Licenciado lay on a couch aſleep. Aguire ſtabbed him with his dagger with great tranquillity, and very leiſurely wounded him in other parts of the body, which were not covered by his coat of mail. He went out of the houſe in ſafety; but as his reſentment was ſated, he now began to reflect upon the inexorable temper of the governor of the place. Under this apprehenſion he had not compoſure enough to fly to a ſanctuary, which was near the place where he committed the fact, but ran into the ſtreet, frantic and diſtracted, proclaiming himſelf a criminal, by crying out, Hide me, hide me.

The wretched fate and poor behaviour of Licenciado, in flying his country to avoid the ſame perſon whom he had before treated with ſo much inſolence, and the high reſentment of a man ſo inconſiderable as Aguire, when much injured, are good admonitions to little ſpirits in exalted ſtations to take care how they treat brave men in low condition.

No 9. Saturday, March 21.

In tantas brevi creverant opes, seu maritimis seu terrestribus fructibus, seu multitudinis incremento, seu sanctitate disciplinæ. LIV.

They rose in a short time to that pitch of wealth and grandeur, by means of an extensive commerce both by sea and land, by an increase of the people, and by the rigour of their laws and discipline.

MANY of the subjects of my papers will consist of such things as I have gathered from the conversation, or learned from the conduct of a gentleman who has been very conversant in our family, by name Mr. Charwell. This person was formerly a merchant in this city, who, by exact œconomy, great frugality, and very fortunate adventures, was about twenty years since, and the fortieth year of his age, arrived at the estate which we usually call a plumb. This was a sum so much beyond his first ambition, that he then resolved to retire from the town, and the business of it together. Accordingly he laid out one half of his money upon the purchase of a nobleman's estate, not many miles distant from the country-seat of my Lady Lizard. From this neighbourhood our first acquaintance began, and has ever since been continued with equal application on both sides. Mr. Charwell visits very few gentlemen in the country; his most frequent airings in the summer-time are visits to my lady Lizard: and if ever his affairs bring him up to town during the winter, as soon as these are dispatched, he is sure to dine at her house, or to make one at her tea-table, to take her commands for the country.

I shall hardly be able to give an account how this gentleman has employed the twenty years since he has made the purchase I have mentioned, without first describing the conditions of the estate.

The eſtate then conſiſted of a good large old houſe, a park of 2000 acres, 8000 acres more of land divided into farms; the land not barren, but the country very thin of people, and theſe the only conſumers of the wheat and barley that grew upon the premiſes; a river running by the houſe, which was in the centre of the eſtate, but the ſame not navigable, and the rendering it navigable had been oppoſed by the generality of the whole country; the roads exceſſive bad, and no poſſibility of getting off the tenants corn, but at ſuch a price of carriage as would exceed the whole value when it came to market; the underwoods all deſtroyed, to lay the country open to my Lord's pleaſures; but there was indeed the leſs want of this fewel, there being large coal-pit in the eſtate, within two miles of the houſe; and ſuch a plenty of coals as was ſufficient for whole counties. But then the want of water-carriage made theſe alſo a mere drug, and almoſt every man's for fetching. Many timber trees were ſtill ſtanding only for want of chapmen, very little being uſed for building in a country ſo thin of people; and thoſe at a greater diſtance being in no likelihood of buying pennyworths, if they muſt be at the charge of land-carriage. Yet every tree was valued at a much greater price than would be given for it in the place; ſo was every acre of land in the park; and as for the tenants, they were all racked to extremity, and almoſt every one of them beggars. All theſe things Mr. Charwell knew very well; yet was not diſcouraged from going on with his purchaſe.

But, in the firſt place, he reſolved that a hundred in family ſhould not ruin him, as it had done his predeceſſor: therefore, pretending to diſlike the ſituation of the old houſe, he made choice of another at a mile diſtance higher up the river, at a corner of the park, where, at the expence of 4 or 5000 l. and all the ornaments of the old houſe, he built a new one, with all convenient offices, more ſuitable to his revenues, yet not much larger than my Lord's dog-kennel, and a great deal leſs than his Lordſhip's ſtables.

The next thing was to reduce his park. He took down a great many pales, and with these inclosed only 200 acres of it near adjoining to his new house. The rest he converted to breeding cattle, which yielded greater profit.

The tenants began now to be very much dissatisfied with the loss of my Lord's family, which had been a constant market for great quantities of their corn, and with the disparking so much land, by which provisions were likely to be increased in so dispeopled a country. They were afraid they must be obliged themselves to consume the whole product of their farms, and that they should soon be undone by the œconomy and frugality of this gentleman.

Mr. Charwell was sensible their fears were but too just, and that if neither their goods could be carried off to distant markets, nor the markets brought home to their goods, his tenants must run away from their farms. He had no hopes of making the river navigable; which was a point that could not be obtained by all the interest of his predecessor, and was therefore not likely to be yielded up to a man who was not yet known in the country. All that was left for him, was to bring the market home to his tenants, which was the very thing he intended before he ventured upon his purchase. He had even then projected in his thoughts the plan of a great town just below the old house: he therefore presently set himself about the execution of this project.

The thing has succeeded to his wish. In the space of twenty years, he is so fortunate as to see 1000 new houses upon his estate, and at least 5000 new people, men, women, and children, inhabitants of those houses, who are comfortably subsisted by their own labour, without charge to Mr. Charwell, and to the great profit of his tenants.

It cannot be imagined that such a body of people can be subsisted at less than 5 l. *per* head, or 25,000 l. *per annum*; the greatest part of which sum is annually expended for provisions amongst the farmers of the next adjacent lands; and as the tenants of Mr.

Charwell are neareſt of all others to the market, they have the beſt prices for their goods by all that is ſaved in the carriage.

But ſome proviſions are of that nature that they will not bear a much longer carriage than from the extreme parts of his lands: and I think I have been told, that for the ſingle article of milk, at a pint every day for every houſe, his tenants take from this town not much leſs than 500 l. *per annum*.

The ſoil of all kinds, which is made every year by the conſumption of ſo great a town, I have heard has been valued at 200 l. *per annum*. If this be true, the eſtate of Mr. Charwell is ſo much improved in this very article; ſince all this is carried out upon his lands by the back carriage of thoſe very carts which are loaden by his tenants with proviſions, and other neceſſaries for the people.

An hundred thouſand buſhels of coals are neceſſary to ſupply ſo great a multitude with yearly fewel; and as theſe are taken out of the coal-pits of Mr. Charwell, he receives a penny for every buſhel; ſo that this very article is an addition of 400 l. *per annum* to his revenues. And as the town and people are every year increaſing, the revenues in the above-mentioned, and many other articles, are increaſing in proportion.

There is now no longer any want of the family of the predeceſſor. The conſumption of 5000 people is greater than can be made by any fifty of the greateſt families in Great Britain. The tenants ſtand in no need of diſtant markets to take off the product of their farms; the people ſo near their own doors are already more than they are able to ſupply; and what is wanting at home for this purpoſe, is ſupplied from places at greater diſtance, at whatſoever price of carriage.

All the farmers every where near the river are now, in their turn, for an act of parliament to make it navigable, that they may have an eaſy carriage for their corn to ſo good a market. The tenants of Mr. Charwell, that they may have the whole market

to

to themſelves, are almoſt the only perſons againſt it; but they will not be long able to oppoſe it. Their leaſes are near expiring; and as they are grown very rich, there are many other perſons ready to take their farms at more than double the preſent rents, even though the river ſhould be made navigable, and diſtant people let in to ſell their proviſions together with theſe farmers.

As for Mr. Charwell himſelf, he is in no manner of pain leſt his lands ſhould fall in their value by the cheap carriage of proviſions from diſtant places to his town. He knows very well that cheapneſs of proviſions was one great means of bringing together ſo great numbers, and that they muſt be held together by the ſame means. He ſeems to have nothing more in his thoughts, than to increaſe his town to ſuch an extent, that all the country for ten miles round about ſhould be little enough to ſupply it. He conſiders, that at how great a diſtance ſoever proviſions ſhall be brought thither, they muſt end at laſt in ſo much ſoil for his eſtate, and that the farmers of other lands will by this means contribute to the improvement of his own.

But by what encouragements and rewards, by what arts and policies, and what ſort of people he has invited to live upon his eſtate, and how he has enabled them to ſubſiſt by their own labour, to the great improvement of his lands, will be the ſubjects of ſome of my future precautions.

To the GUARDIAN.

SIR, *March* 16.

BY your paper of Saturday laſt you gave the town hopes that you will dedicate that day to religion. You could not begin it better than by warning your pupils of the poiſon vented under a pretence to free-thinking. If you can ſpare room in your next Saturday's paper for a few lines on the ſame ſubject, theſe are at your diſpoſal.

I happened to be preſent at a public converſation of ſome of the defenders of this diſcourſe of free-thinking, and others that differed from them; where I had the diverſion of hearing the ſame men in one breath perſuade us to freedom of thought, and in the next offer to demonſtrate that we had no freedom in any thing. One would think men ſhould bluſh to find themſelves entangled in a greater contradiction than any the diſcourſe ridicules. This principle of free fatality, or neceſſary liberty, is a worthy fundamental of the new ſect; and indeed this opinion is an evidence and clearneſs ſo nearly related to tranſubſtantation, that the ſame genius ſeems requiſite for either. It is fit the world ſhould know how far reaſon abandons men that would employ it againſt religion. Which intention, I hope, juſtifies this trouble from,

SIR,

Your hearty well-wiſher,

MISATHEUS.

N° 10. Monday, March 23.

Venit ad me ſæpe clamitans————
Veſtitu nimium indulges, nimium ineptus es,
Nimium ipſe eſt durus præter æquumque et bonum.
Ter. Adelph. Act. I. *Sc.* I.

He is perpetually coming to me, and ringing in my ears, that I do wrong to indulge him ſo much in the article of dreſs: but the fault lies in his own exceſſive and unreaſonable ſeverity.

WHEN I am in deep meditation, in order to give my wards proper precautions, I have a principal regard to the prevalence of things which people of merit neglect, and from which thoſe of no merit raiſe to themſelves an eſteem. Of this nature is the buſineſs of dreſs. It is weak in a man of thought and reflection, to be either depreſſed or exalted

alted from the perfections or disadvantages of his person. However, there is a respective conduct to be observed in the habit, according to the eminent distinction of the body, either way. A gay youth, in the possession of an ample fortune, could not recommend his understanding to those who are not of his acquaintance more suddenly than by sobriety in his habit. As this is winning at first sight, so a person gorgeously fine, which in itself should avoid the attraction of the beholder's eyes, gives as immediate offence.

I make it my business, when my Lady Lizard's youngest daughter, Miss Molly, is making cloaths, to consider her from head to foot; and cannot be easy when there is any doubt lies upon me concerning the colour of a knot, or any other part of her headdress, which, by its darkness or liveliness, might too much allay or brighten her complexion. There is something loose in looking as well as you possibly can; but it is also a vice not to take care how you look.

The indiscretion of believing that great qualities make up for the want of things less considerable, is punished too severely in those who are guilty of it. Every day's experience shews us, among variety of people with whom we are not acquainted, that we take impressions too favourable and too disadvantageous of men at first sight from their habit. I take this to be a point of great consideration; and I shall consider it in my future precautions as such. As to the female world, I shall give them my opinion at large, by way of comment, upon a new suit of the Sparkler's, which is to come home next week. I design it a model for the ladies. She and I have had three private meetings about it. As to the men I am very glad to hear, being myself a fellow of Lincoln-college, that there is at last in one of our universities risen a happy genius for little things. It is extremely to be lamented, that hitherto we come from the college as unable to put on our own cloaths as we do from nurse. We owe many misfortunes, and an

an unhappy backwardneſs in urging our way in the world, to the neglect of theſe leſs matters. For this reaſon, I ſhall authoriſe and ſupport the gentleman who writes me the following letter; and though, out of diffidence of the reception his propoſal ſhould meet with from me, he has given himſelf too ludicrous a figure, I doubt not but from his notices to make men who cannot arrive at learning in that place, come from thence without appearing ignorant; and ſuch as can, to be truly knowing without appearing bookiſh.

To the GUARDIAN.

SIR, *Oxford, March* 18. 1712-13.

I Foreſee that you will have many correſpondents in this place; but as I have often obſerved with grief of heart, that ſcholars are wretchedly ignorant in the ſcience I profeſs, I flatter myſelf that my letter will gain a place in your papers. I have made it my ſtudy, Sir, in theſe ſeats of learning, to look into the nature of dreſs, and am what they call an *academical beau*. I have often lamented that I am obliged to wear a grave habit, ſince by that means I have not an opportunity to introduce faſhions amongſt our young gentlemen; and ſo am forced, contrary to my own inclinations, and the expectation of all who know me, to appear in print. I have indeed met with ſome ſucceſs in the projects I have communicated to ſome ſparks with whom I am intimate; and I cannot, without a ſecret triumph confeſs, that the ſleeves turned up with green velvet, which now flouriſh throughout the univerſity, ſprung originally from my invention.

As it is neceſſary to have the head clear as well as the complexion, to be perfect in this part of learning, I rarely mingle with the men, (for I abhor wine) but frequent the tea-tables of the ladies. I know every part of their dreſs, and can name all their things by their names. I am conſulted about every ornament they buy; and, I ſpeak it without vanity, have

have a very pretty fancy to knots and the like. Sometimes I take a needle and ſpot a piece of muſlin for pretty Patty Croſs-ſtitch, who is my preſent favourite; which, ſhe ſays, I do neatly enough; or read one of your papers, and explain the motto, which they all like mightily. But then I am a ſort of petty tyrant amongſt them; for I own I have my humours. If any thing be amiſs, they are ſure Mr. Sleek will find fault; if any hoity-toity things make a fuſs, they are ſure to be taken to pieces the next viſit. I am the dread of poor Celia, whoſe wrapping-gown is not right India; and am avoided by Thaleſtris in her ſecond-hand manteau, which ſeveral maſters of arts think very fine, whereas I perceived it had been ſcoured with half an eye.

Thus have I endeavoured to improve my underſtanding, and am deſirous to communicate my innocent diſcoveries to thoſe who, like me, may diſtinguiſh themſelves more to advantage by their bodies than their minds. I do not think the pains I have taken in theſe my ſtudies thrown away; ſince by theſe means, though I am not very valuable, I am however not diſagreeable. Would gentlemen but reflect upon what I ſay, they would take care to make the beſt of themſelves; for I think it intolerable that a blockhead ſhould be a ſloven. Though every man cannot fill his head with learning, it is in any one's power to wear a pretty periwig. Let him who cannot ſay a witty thing keep his teeth white at leaſt; he who hath no knack at writing ſonnets, may however have a ſoft hand; and he may arch his eye-brows, who hath not ſtrength of genius for the mathematics.

After the concluſion of the peace we ſhall undoubtedly have new faſhions from France; and I have ſome reaſon to think that ſome particularities in the garb of their abbés may be tranſplanted hither to advantage. What I find becoming in their dreſs, I hope I may, without the imputation of being popiſhly inclined, adopt into our habits; but would willingly have the authority of the *Guardian* to countenance

nance me in this harmleſs deſign. I would not hereby aſſume to myſelf a juriſdiction over any of our youth, but ſuch as are incapable of improvement any other way. As for the aukward creatures that mind their ſtudies, I look upon them as irreclaimable: but over the aforementioned order of men, I deſire a commiſſion from you to exerciſe full authority. Hereby I ſhall be enabled, from time to time, to introduce ſeveral pretty oddneſſes in the taking and tucking up of gowns, to regulate the dimenſions of wigs, to vary the tufts upon caps, and to enlarge or narrow the hems of bands, as I ſhall think moſt for the public good.

I have prepared a treatiſe againſt the cravat and bardaſh, which I am told is not ill done; and have thrown together ſome haſty obſervations upon ſtockings, which my friends aſſure me I need not be aſhamed of. But I ſhall not offer them to the public till they are approved of at our female club; which I am the more willing to do, becauſe I am ſure of their praiſe; for they own I underſtand theſe things better than they do. I ſhall herein be very proud of your encouragement; for next to keeping the univerſity clean, my greateſt ambition is to be thought,

SIR,

Your moſt obedient humble ſervant,

SIMON SLEEK.

No 11. Tueſday, March 24.

——————Huc propius me,
Dum doceo inſanire omnes, vos ordine adite.
Hor. Sat. 3. *l.* 2. *v.* 80.

Attend my lecture, whilſt I plainly ſhow,
That all mankind are mad, from high to low.

THERE is an oblique way of reproof, which takes off the ſharpneſs of it; and an addreſs

dreſs in flattery, which makes it agreeable though never ſo groſs. But of all flatterers, the moſt ſkilful is he who can do what you like, without ſaying any thing which argues you do it for his ſake; the moſt winning circumſtance in the world being the conformity of manners. I ſpeak of this as a practice neceſſary in gaining people of ſenſe, who are not yet given up to ſelf-conceit. Thoſe who are far gone in admiration of themſelves need not be treated with ſo much delicacy. The following letter puts this matter in a pleaſant and uncommon light. The author of it attacks this vice with an air of compliance, and alarms us againſt it by exhorting us to it.

To the GUARDIAN.

SIR,

AS you profeſs to encourage all thoſe who any way contribute to the public good, I flatter myſelf I may claim your countenance and protection. I am by profeſſion a mad doctor, but of a peculiar kind; not of thoſe whoſe aim it is to remove phrenzies, but one who makes it my buſineſs to confer an agreeable madneſs on my fellow-creatures, for their mutual delight and benefit. Since it is agreed by the philoſophers that happineſs and miſery conſiſt chiefly in the imagination, nothing is more neceſſary to mankind in general than this pleaſing delirium, which renders every one ſatisfied with himſelf, and perſuades him that all others are equally ſo.

I have for ſeveral years, both at home and abroad, made this ſcience my particular ſtudy, which I may venture to ſay I have improved in almoſt all the courts of Europe; and have reduced it into ſo ſafe and eaſy a method, as to practiſe it on both ſexes, of what diſpoſition, age or quality ſoever, with ſucceſs. What enables me to perform this great work, is the uſe of my *obſequium catholicon*, or the grand elixir, to ſupport the ſpirits of human nature.

This

This remedy is of the moſt grateful flavour in the world, and agrees with all taſtes whatever. It is delicate to the ſenſes, delightful in the operation, may be taken at all hours without confinement, and is as properly given at a ball or playhouſe as in a private chamber. It reſtores and vivifies the moſt dejected minds, corrects and extracts all that is painful in the knowledge of a man's ſelf. One doſe of it will inſtantly diſperſe itſelf through the whole animal ſyſtem, diſſipate the firſt motions of diſtruſt ſo as never to return; and ſo exhilerate the brain, and rarify the gloom of reflection, as to give the patients a new flow of ſpirits, a vivacity of behaviour, and a pleaſing dependence upon their own capacities.

Let a perſon be never ſo far gone, I adviſe him not to deſpair; even though he has been troubled many years with reſtleſs reflections, which by long neglect have hardened into ſettled conſideration. Thoſe that have been ſtung with ſatyr, may here find a certain antidote, which infallibly diſperſes all the remains of poiſon that has been left in the underſtanding by bad cures. It fortifies the heart againſt the rancour of pamphlets, the inveteracy of epigrams, and the mortification of lampoons; as has been often experienced by ſeveral perſons of both ſexes during the ſeaſons of Tunbridge and the Bath.

I could, as further inſtances of my ſucceſs, produce certificates and teſtimonials from the favourites and ghoſtly fathers of the moſt eminent princes of Europe; but ſhall content myſelf with the mention of a few cures, which I have performed by this my grand univerſal reſtorative, during the practice of one month only ſince I came to this city.

Cures in the month of February 1713.

George Spondee, Eſq; poet, and inmate of the pariſh of St. Paul's, Covent-garden, fell into violent fits of the ſpleen upon a thin third night. He had been frighted into a vertigo by the ſound of catcalls on the firſt day; and the frequent hiſſings on the ſecond, made

made him unable to endure the bare pronunciation of the letter S. I ſearched into the cauſes of his diſtemper, and by the preſcription of a doſe of my *obſequium*, prepared *ſecundum artem*, recovered him to his natural ſtate of madneſs. I caſt in at proper intervals the words, Ill taſte of the town, Envy of critics, Bad performance of the actors, and the like. He is ſo perfectly cured that he has promiſed to bring another play upon the ſtage next winter.

A lady of profeſſed virtue, of the pariſh of St. James's, Weſtminſter, who hath deſired her name may be concealed, having taken offence at a phraſe of double meaning in converſation, undiſcovered by any other in the company, ſuddenly fell into a cold fit of modeſty. Upon a right application of praiſe of her virtue, I threw the lady into an agreeable waking dream, ſettled the fermentation of her blood into a warm charity, ſo as to make her look with patience on the very gentleman that offended.

Hilaria, of the pariſh of St. Giles's in the fields, a coquette of long practice, was, by the reprimand of an old maiden, reduced to look grave in company, and deny herſelf the play of the fan. In ſhort, ſhe was brought to ſuch melancholy circumſtances, that ſhe would ſometimes unawares fall into devotion at church. I adviſed her to take a few innocent freedoms with occaſional kiſſes, preſcribed her the exerciſe of the eyes, and immediately raiſed her to her former ſtate of life. She on a ſudden recovered her dimples, furled her fan, threw round her glances, and for theſe two Sundays laſt paſt has not once been ſeen in an attentive poſture. This the church-wardens are ready to atteſt upon oath.

Andrew Terrour, of the Middle-Temple, Mohock, was almoſt induced, by an aged bencher of the ſame houſe, to leave off bright converſation, and pore over Cook upon Littleton. He was ſo ill that his hat began to flap, and he was ſeen one day in the laſt term at Weſtminſter-hall. This patient had quite loſt his ſpirit of contradiction; I, by the diſtillation of a few of my vivifying drops in his ear,

drew him from his lethargy, and reſtored him to his uſual vivacious miſunderſtanding. He is at preſent very eaſy in his condition.

I will not dwell upon the recital of the innumerable cures I have performed within twenty days laſt paſt, but rather proceed to exhort all perſons, of whatever age, complexion, or quality, to take as ſoon as poſſible of this my intellectual oil; which applied at the ear, ſeizes all the ſenſes with a moſt agreeable tranſport, and diſcovers its effects, not only to the ſatisfaction of the patient, but all who converſe with, attend upon, or any way relate to him or her that receives the kindly infection. It is often adminiſtered by chamber-maids, valets, or any the moſt ignorant domeſtic; it being one peculiar excellence of this my oil, that it is moſt prevalent the more unſkilful the perſon is or appears who applies it. It is abſolutely neceſſary for ladies to take a doſe of it juſt before they take coach to go a-viſiting.

But I offend the public, as Horace ſaid, when I treſpaſs on any of your time. Give me leave then, *Mr. Ironſide*, to make you a preſent of a drachm or two of my oil, though I have cauſe to fear my preſcriptions will not have the effect upon you I could wiſh: therefore I do not endeavour to bribe you in my favour by the preſent of my oil, but wholly depend upon your public ſpirit and generoſity; which I hope will recommend to the world the uſeful endeavours of,

SIR,

Your moſt obedient, moſt faithful, moſt devoted, moſt humble ſervant and admirer,

GNATHO.

*** Beware of counterfeits, for ſuch are abroad.

N. B. I teach the arcana of my art at reaſonable rates to gentlemen of the univerſities, who deſire to be qualified for writing dedications; and to young lovers and fortune-hunters, to be paid at the day of marriage. I inſtruct perſons of bright capacities to flatter others, and thoſe of the meaneſt to flatter themſelves.

I was the firſt inventor of pocket looking-glaſſes.

P.

No 12. Wedneſday, March 25.

Vel quia nil rectum, niſi quod placuit ſibi, ducunt:
Vel quia turpe putant parere minoribus.———

Hor. Ep. 1. *l.* 2. *v.* 84.

IMITATED.

You'd think no fools diſgrac'd the former reign,
Did not ſome grave examples yet remain,
Who ſcorn a lad ſhould match his father's ſkill,
And having once been wrong will be ſo ſtill. *Pope.*

WHEN a poem makes its firſt appearance in the world, I have always obſerved that it gives employment to a greater number of critics than any other kind of writing. Whether it be that moſt men, at ſome time of their lives, have tried their talent that way, and thereby think they have a right to judge; or whether they imagine that their making ſhrewd obſervations upon the polite arts gives them a pretty figure; or whether there may not be ſome jealouſy and caution in beſtowing applauſe upon thoſe who write chiefly for fame: whatever the reaſons be, we find few diſcouraged by the delicacy and danger of ſuch an undertaking.

I think it certain, that moſt men are naturally not only capable of being pleaſed with that which raiſes agreeable pictures in the fancy, but willing alſo to own it. But then there are many, who, by falſe applications of ſome rules ill underſtood, or out of deference to men whoſe opinions they value, have formed to themſelves certain ſchemes and ſyſtems of ſatisfaction, and will not be pleaſed out of their own way. Theſe are not critics themſelves, but readers of critics, who, without the labour of peruſing authors, are able to give their characters in general; and know juſt as much of the ſeveral ſpecies of poetry, as thoſe who read books of geography do of the genius of this or that people or nation. Theſe gentlemen deliver their opinions ſententiouſly, and

in general terms; to which it being impoſſible readily to frame complete anſwers, they have often the ſatisfaction of leaving the board in triumph. As young perſons, and particularly the ladies, are liable to be led aſide by theſe tyrants in wit, I ſhall examine two or three of the many ſtratagems they uſe, and ſubjoin ſuch precautions as may hinder candid readers from being deceived thereby.

The firſt I ſhall take notice of is an objection commonly offered, *viz.* 'That ſuch a poem hath 'indeed ſome good lines in it, but it is not a re-'gular piece.' This for the moſt part is urged by thoſe whoſe knowledge is drawn from ſome famous French critics, who have written upon the epic poem, the drama, and the great kinds of poetry, which cannot ſubſiſt without great regularity; but ought by no means to be required in odes, epiſtles, panegyrics, and the like, which naturally admit of greater liberties. The enthuſiaſm in odes, and the freedom of epiſtles, is rarely diſputed; but I have often heard the poems upon public occaſions written in heroic verſe, which I chuſe to call panegyrics, ſeverely cenſured upon this account; the reaſon whereof I cannot gueſs, unleſs it be, that becauſe they are written in the ſame kind of numbers and ſpirit as an epic poem, they ought therefore to have the ſame regularity. Now an epic poem, conſiſting chiefly in narration, it is neceſſary that the incidents ſhould be related in the ſame order that they are ſuppoſed to have been tranſacted. But in works of the above-mentioned kind, there is no more reaſon that ſuch order ſhould be obſerved, than that an oration ſhould be as methodical as an hiſtory. I think it ſufficient that the great hints ſuggeſted from the ſubject be ſo diſpoſed, that the firſt may naturally prepare the reader for what follows, and ſo on; and that their places cannot be changed without diſadvantage to the whole. I will add further, that ſometimes gentle deviations, ſometimes bold, and even abrupt digreſſions, where the dignity of the ſubject ſeems to give the impulſe, are proofs of a noble genius; as

wind-

winding about, and returning artfully to the main deſign, are marks of addreſs and dexterity.

Another artifice made uſe of by pretenders to criticiſm, is an inſinuation, 'That all that is good 'is borrowed from the ancients.' This is very common in the mouths of pedants, and perhaps in their hearts too; but is often urged by men of no great learning, for reaſons very obvious. Now, nature being ſtill the ſame, it is impoſſible for any modern writer to paint her otherwiſe than the ancients have done. If, for example, I were to deſcribe the general's horſe at the battle of Blenheim, as my fancy repreſented ſuch a noble beaſt, and that deſcription ſhould reſemble what Virgil hath drawn for the horſe of his hero, it would be almoſt as ill-natured to urge that I had ſtolen my deſcription from Virgil, as to reproach the Duke of Marlborough for fighting only like Æneas. All that the moſt exquiſite judgment can perform, is out of that great variety of circumſtances wherein natural objects may be conſidered, to ſelect the moſt beautiful; and to place images in ſuch views and lights as will affect the fancy after the moſt delightful manner. But over and above a juſt painting of nature, a learned reader will find a new beauty ſuperadded in a happy imitation of ſome famous ancient, as it revives in his mind the pleaſure he took in his firſt reading ſuch an author. Such copyings as theſe give that kind of double delight which we perceive, when we look upon the children of a beautiful couple; where the eye is not more charmed with the ſymmetry of the parts, than the mind by obſerving the reſemblance tranſmitted from parents to their offſpring, and the mingled features of the father and the mother. The phraſes of holy writ, and alluſions to ſeveral paſſages in the inſpired writings, though not produced as proofs of doctrine, add majeſty and authority to the nobleſt diſcourſes of the pulpit: in like manner an imitation of the air of Homer and Virgil raiſes the dignity of modern poetry, and makes it appear ſtately and venerable.

The laſt obſervation I ſhall make at preſent, is upon the diſguſt taken by thoſe critics who put on their cloaths prettily, and diſlike every thing that is not written with eaſe. I hereby therefore give the genteel part of the learned world to underſtand, that every thought which is agreeable to nature, and expreſſed in language ſuitable to it, is written with eaſe. There are ſome things which muſt be written with ſtrength, which nevertheleſs are eaſy. The ſtatue of the Gladiator, though repreſented in ſuch a poſture as ſtrains every muſcle, is as eaſy as that of Venus; becauſe the one expreſſes ſtrength and fury as naturally as the other doth beauty and ſoftneſs. The paſſions are ſometimes to be rouſed, as well as the fancy to be entertained; and the ſoul to be exalted and enlarged, as well as ſoothed. This often requires a raiſed, figurative ſtyle; which readers of low apprehenſions, or ſoft and languid diſpoſitions, having heard of the words fuſtian and bombaſt, are apt to reject as ſtiff and affected language. But nature and reaſon appoint different garbs for different things; and ſince I write this to the men of dreſs, I will aſk them, if a ſoldier who is to mount a breach ſhould be adorned like a beau who is ſpruced up for a ball?

No 13. Thurſday, March 26.

Pudore et liberalitate liberos
Retinere ſatius eſſe credo quam metu.
Ter. Adelph. Act. 1. *Sc.* 1.

I eſteem it better to keep children in awe by a ſenſe of ſhame, and a condeſcenſion to their inclinations, than by fear.

THE reader has had ſome account of the whole family of the Lizards, except the younger ſons. Theſe are the branches which ordinarily ſpread themſelves, when they happen to be hopeful, into

into other houſes, and new generations, as honourable, numerous, and wealthy, as thoſe from whence they are derived. For this reaſon it is, that a very peculiar regard is to be had to their education.

Young men, when they are good for any thing, and left to their own inclinations, delight either in thoſe accompliſhments we call their exerciſe, in the ſports of the field, or in letters. Mr. Thomas, the ſecond ſon, does not follow any of theſe with too deep an attention, but took to each of them enough never to appear ungraceful or ignorant. This general inclination makes him the more agreeable, and ſaves him from the imputation of pedantry. His carriage is ſo eaſy, that he is acceptable to all with whom he converſes: he generally falls in with the inclination of his company, is never aſſuming, or prefers himſelf to others. Thus he always gains favour without envy, and has every man's good wiſhes. It is remarkable, that from his birth to this day, though he is now four and twenty, I do not remember that he has ever had a debate with any of his play-fellows or friends.

His thoughts and preſent applications are to get into a court-life; for which, indeed, I cannot but think him peculiarly formed. For he has joined to this complacency of manners a great natural ſagacity, and can very well diſtinguiſh between things and appearances. That way of life, wherein all men are rivals, demands great circumſpection to avoid controverſies ariſing from different intereſts; but he who is by nature of a flexible temper, has his work half done. I have been particularly pleaſed with his behaviour towards women. He has the ſkill, in their converſation, to converſe with them as a man would with thoſe from whom he might have expectations, but without making requeſts. I don't know that I ever heard him make what they call a compliment, or be particular in his addreſs to any lady; and yet I never heard any woman ſpeak of him but with a peculiar regard. I believe he has been often beloved, but know not that he was ever

ever yet a lover. The great ſecret among them is to be amiable without deſign. He has a voluble ſpeech, a vacant countenance, and eaſy action, which repreſents the fact which he is relating with greater delight than it would have been preſent at the tranſaction he recounts. For you ſee it only your own way by the bare narration, but have the additional pleaſure of his ſenſe of it by his manner of repreſenting it. There are mixed in his talk ſo many pleaſant ironies, that things which deſerve the ſevereſt language are made ridiculous inſtead of odious, and you ſee every thing in the moſt good-natured aſpect it can bear. It is wonderfully entertaining to me to hear him ſo exquiſitely pleaſant, and never ſay an ill-natured thing. He is with all his acquaintance the perſon generally choſen to reconcile any difference; and if it be capable of accommodation, Tom Lizard is an unexceptionable referée. It has happened to him more than once, that he has been employed, by each oppoſite, in a private manner, to feel the pulſe of the adverſary; and when each has propoſed the deciſion of the matter by any whom the other ſhould name, he has taken hold of the occaſion, and put on the authority aſſigned by them both, ſo ſeaſonably, that they have begun a new correſpondence with each other, fortified by his friendſhip, to whom they both owe the value they have for one another, and conſequently confer a greater meaſure of their own good-will upon the interpoſer. I muſt repeat, that, above all, my young man is excellent at raiſing the ſubject on which he ſpeaks, and caſting a light upon it more agreeable to his company than they thought the ſubject was capable of. He avoids all emotion and violence, and never is warm but on an affectionate occaſion. Gentleneſs is what peculiarly diſtinguiſhes him from other men, and it runs through all his words and actions.

Mr. William, the next brother, is not of this ſmooth make, nor ſo ready to accommodate himſelf to the humours and inclinations of other men, but

but to weigh what paſſes with ſome ſeverity. He is ever ſearching into the firſt ſprings and cauſes of any action or circumſtance, inſomuch that if it were not to be expected that experience and converſation would allay that humour, it muſt inevitably turn him to ridicule. But it is not proper to break in upon an inquiſitive temper, that is of uſe to him in the way of life which he propoſes to himſelf; to wit, the ſtudy of the law, and the endeavour to arrive at a faculty in pleading. I have been very careful to kill in him any pretenſions to follow men already eminent, any farther than as their ſucceſs is an encouragement; but make it my endeavour to cheriſh, in the principal and firſt place, his eager purſuit of ſolid knowledge in his profeſſion: for I think that clear conception will produce clear expreſſion, and clear expreſſion proper action. I never ſaw a man ſpeak very well, where I could not apparently obſerve this; and it ſhall be a maxim with me till I ſee an inſtance to the contrary. When young and unexperienced men take any particular perſon for their pattern, they are apt to imitate them in ſuch things, to which their want of knowledge makes them attribute ſucceſs, and not to the real cauſes of it. Thus one may have an air which proceeds from a juſt ſufficiency and knowledge of the matter before him, which may naturally produce ſome motion of his head and body, which might become the bench better than the bar. How painfully wrong would this be in a youth at his firſt appearance, when it is not well even from the ſerjeant of the greateſt weight and dignity? But I will at this time, with an hint only of his way of life, leave Mr. William at his ſtudy in the Temple.

The youngeſt ſon, Mr. John, is now in the twentieth year of his age, and has had the good fortune and honour to be choſen laſt election fellow of All-Souls college in Oxford. He is very graceful in his perſon; has height, ſtrength, vigour, and a certain chearfulneſs and ſerenity that creates a ſort of love, which people at firſt ſight obſerve is ripening into eſteem.

eſteem. He has a ſublime vein in poetry, and a warm manner in recommending either in ſpeech or writing, whatever he has earneſtly at heart. This excellent young man has devoted himſelf to the ſervice of his Creator; and with an aptitude to every agreeable quality, and every happy talent, that could make a man ſhine in a court, or command in a camp, he is reſolved to go into holy orders. He is inſpired with a true ſenſe of that function, when choſen from a regard to the intereſts of piety and virtue; and a ſcorn of whatever men call great in a tranſitory being, when it comes in competition with what is unchangeable and eternal. Whatever men would undertake from a paſſion to glory, whatever they would do for the ſervice of their country, this youth has a mind prepared to atchieve for the ſalvation of ſouls. What gives me great hopes that he will one day make an extraordinary figure in the Chriſtian world, is, that his invention, his memory, judgment, and imagination, are always employed upon this one view; and I do not doubt but in my future precautions to preſent the youth of this age with more agreeable narrations, compiled by this young man on the ſubject of heroic piety than any they can meet with in the legends of love and honour.

N° 14. Friday, March 27.

Nec ſit, qua ſit iter, nec ſi ſciat imperet.——
Ovid. Met. l. 2. v. 170.

——Nor did he know
Which way to turn the reins, or where to go;
Nor would the horſes, had he known obey. *Addiſon.*

To the GUARDIAN.

SIR,

YOU having in your firſt paper declared, among other things, that you will publiſh whatever you

you think may conduce to the advancement of the converſation of gentlemen, I cannot but hope you will give my young maſters, when I have told you their age, condition, and how they lead their lives, and who, though I ſay it, are as docile as any youths in Europe, a leſſon which they very much want, to reſtrain them from the infection of bad company, and ſquandering away their time in idle and unworthy purſuits. A word from you, I am very well aſſured, will prevail more with them than any remonſtrance they will meet with at home. The eldeſt is now about ſeventeen years of age, and the younger fifteen, born of noble parentage, and to plentiful fortunes. They have a very good father and mother, and alſo a governor; but come very ſeldom (except againſt their wills) in the ſight of any of them. That which I obſerve they have moſt reliſh to, is horſes and cock-fighting, which they too well underſtand, being almoſt poſitive at firſt ſight to tell you which horſe will win the match, and which cock the battle; and if you are of another opinion, will lay you what you pleaſe on their own; and it is odds but you loſe. What I fear to be the greateſt prejudice to them, is their keeping much cloſer to their horſes heels than their books, and converſing more with their ſtable-men and lacquies than with their relations and gentlemen; and, I apprehend, are at this time better ſkilled how to hold the reins and drive a coach, than to tranſlate a verſe in Virgil or Horace. For the other day taking a walk abroad they met accidentally in the fields with two young ladies whoſe converſation they were very much pleaſed with; and being deſirous to ingratiate themſelves further into their favour, prevailed with them, though they had never ſeen them before in their lives, to take the air in a coach of their father's which waited for them at the end of Gray's-Inn lane. The youths ran with the wings of love, and ordered the coachman to wait at the town's end till they came back. One of our young gentlemen got up before, and the other behind, to act the parts they had long, by the

direction and example of their comrades, taking much pains to qualify themſelves for, and ſo galloped off. What theſe mean entertainments will end in, it is impoſſible to foreſee; but a precaution upon that ſubject might prevent very great calamities in a very worthy family, who take in your papers, and might perhaps be alarmed at what you lay before them upon this ſubject. I am,

SIR,

Your moſt humble ſervant,

T. S.

To the GUARDIAN.

SIR,

I Writ to you on the 21ſt of this month, which you did not think fit to take notice of. It gives me the greater trouble that you did not, becauſe I am confident the father of the young lads whom I mentioned would have conſidered how far what was ſaid in my letter concerned himſelf; upon which it is now too late to reflect. His ingenious ſon, the coachman, aged ſeventeen years, has ſince that time ran away with, and married one of the girls I ſpoke of in my laſt. The manner of carrying on the intrigue, as I have picked it out of the younger brother, who is almoſt ſixteen, ſtill a bachelor, was as follows: One of the young women whom they met in the fields ſeemed very much taken with my maſter, the elder ſon, and was prevailed with to go into a cake-houſe not far off the town. The girl it ſeems acted her part ſo well, ſo as to enamour the boy, and make him inquiſitive into her place of abode, with all other queſtions which were neceſſary toward further intimacy. The matter was ſo managed, that the lad was made to believe there was no poſſibility of converſing with her, by reaſon of a very ſevere mother, but with the utmoſt caution. What, it ſeems, made the mother, forſooth, the more ſuſpicious, was, that becauſe the men ſaid her daughter was pretty, ſomebody or other would perſuade

ſuade her to marry while ſhe was too young to know how to govern a family. By what I can learn, from pretences as ſhallow as this, ſhe appeared ſo far from having a deſign upon her lover, that it ſeemed impracticable to him to get her, except it were carried on with much ſecrecy and ſkill. Many were the interviews theſe lovers had in four and twenty hours time; for it was managed by the mother that he ſhould run in and out as unobſerved by her, and the girl be called in every other inſtant into the next room, and rated (that ſhe could not ſtay in a place) in his hearing. The young gentleman was at laſt ſo much in love as to be thought by the daughter engaged far enough to put it to the venture that he could not live without her. It was now time for the mother to appear, who ſurpriſed the lovers together in private, and baniſhed the youth her houſe. What is not in the power of love? the charioteer, attended by his faithful friend the younger brother, got out the other morning a little earlier than ordinary, and having made a ſudden friendſhip with a lad of their own age, by the force of ten ſhillings, who drove an hackney-coach, the elder brother took his poſt on the coach-box, where he could act with a great deal of ſkill and dexterity, and waited at the corner of the ſtreet where his miſtreſs lived, in hopes of carrying her off under that diſguiſe. The whole day was ſpent in expectation of an opportunity; but in many parts of it he had kind looks from a diſtant window which was anſwered by a brandiſh of his whip, and a compaſs taken to drive round, and ſhow his activity and readineſs to convey her where ſhe ſhould command him. Upon the approach of the evening a note was thrown into his coach by a porter, to acquaint him that his miſtreſs and her mother ſhould take coach exactly at ſeven o'clock; but that the mother was to be ſet down, and the daughter to go further, and call again. The happy minute came at laſt, when our hack had the happineſs to take in his expected fare, attended by her mother, and the young lady with whom he had firſt met her. The

mother was ſet down in the Strand, and her daughter ordered to call on her when ſhe came from her couſin's an hour afterwards. The mother was not ſo unſkilful as not to have inſtructed her daughter whom to ſend for, and how to behave herſelf when her lover ſhould urge her conſent. We yet know no farther particulars, but that my young maſter was married laſt night at Knightſbridge, in the preſence of his brother, and two or three other perſons; and that juſt before the ceremony he took his brother aſide, and aſked him to marry the other young woman. Now, Sir, I will not harangue upon this adventure, but only obſerve, that if the education of this compound creature had been more careful as to his rational part, the animal life in him had not perhaps been ſo forward, but he might have waited longer before he was a huſband. However, as the whole town will in a day or two know the names, perſons, and other circumſtances, I think this properly lies before your guardianſhip to conſider for the admonition of others; but my young maſter's fate is irrevocable. I am,

SIR,

Your moſt humble ſervant.

No 15. Saturday, March 28.

———————ſibi quivis
Speret idem, ſudet multùm, fruſtráque laboret,
Auſus idem———————— *Hor. Ars Poet. v.* 240.

All men will try, and hope to write as well,
And (not without much pains) be undeceiv'd.

Roſcommon.

I Came yeſterday into the parlour, where I found Mrs. Cornelia, my Lady's third daughter, all alone, reading a paper, which, as I afterwards found, contained a copy of verſes upon love and friendſhip. She, I believe, apprehended that I had glanced

glanced my eye upon the paper, and, by the order and diſpoſition of the lines, might diſtinguiſh that they were poetry; and therefore, with an innocent confuſion in her face, ſhe told me I might read them if I pleaſed, and ſo withdrew. By the hand, at firſt ſight, I could not gueſs whether they came from a beau or a lady; but having put on my ſpectacles, and peruſed them carefully, I found, by ſome peculiar modes in ſpelling, and a certain negligence in grammar, that it was a female ſonnet. I have ſince learned, that ſhe hath a correſpondent in the country who is as bookiſh as herſelf; that they write to one another by the names of Aſtrea and Dorinda, and are mightily admired for their eaſy lines. As I ſhould be loath to have a poeteſs in our family, and yet am unwilling harſhly to croſs the bent of a young lady's genius, I choſe rather to throw together ſome thoughts upon that kind of poetry which is diſtinguiſhed by the name of Eaſy, than to riſk the fame of Mrs. Cornelia's friend, by expoſing her work to public view.

I have ſaid, in a foregoing paper, that every thought which is agreeable to nature, and expreſſed in a language ſuitable to it, is written with eaſe; which I offered in anſwer to thoſe who aſk for eaſe in all kinds of poetry; and it is ſo far true, as it ſtates the notion of eaſy writing in general, as that it is oppoſed to what is forced or affected. But as there is an eaſy mien, and eaſy dreſs, peculiarly ſo called, ſo there is an eaſy ſort of poetry. In order to write eaſily, it is neceſſary in the firſt place to think eaſily. Now, according to different ſubjects, men think differently. Anger, fury, and the rough paſſions, awaken ſtrong thoughts; glory, grandeur, power, raiſe great thoughts: love, melancholy, ſolitude, and whatever gently touches the ſoul, inſpires eaſy thoughts.

Of the thoughts ſuggeſted by theſe gentle ſubjects, there are ſome which may be ſet off by ſtyle and ornament; others there are, which the more ſimply they are conceived, and the more clearly they are

expreſſed, give the ſoul proportionably the more pleaſing emotions. The figures of ſtyle added to them ſerve only to hide a beauty, however gracefully they are put on, and are thrown away like paint upon a fine complexion. But here not only livelineſs of fancy is requiſite to exhibit a great variety of images, but alſo niceneſs of judgment to cull out thoſe, which, without the advantage of foreign art, will ſhine by their own intrinſic beauty. By theſe means, whatſoever ſeems to demand labour being rejected, that only which appears to be eaſy and natural will come in; and ſo art will be hid by art, which is the perfection of eaſy writing.

I will ſuppoſe an author to be really poſſeſſed with the paſſion which he writes upon, and then we ſhall ſee how he would acquit himſelf. This I take to be the ſafeſt way to form a judgment of him; ſince if he be not truly moved, he muſt at leaſt work up his imagination as near as poſſible to reſemble reality. I chuſe to inſtance in love, which is obſerved to have produced the moſt finiſhed performances in this kind. A lover will be full of ſincerity, that he may be believed by his miſtreſs; he will therefore think ſimply: he will expreſs himſelf perſpicuouſly, that he may not perplex her; he will therefore write unaffectedly. Deep reflections are made by an head undiſturbed; and points of wit and fancy are the work of an heart at eaſe. Theſe two dangers, then, into which poets are apt to run, are effectually removed out of the lover's way. The ſelecting proper circumſtances, and placing them in agreeable lights, are the fineſt ſecrets of all poetry: but the recollection of little circumſtances is the lover's ſole meditation; and relating them pleaſingly the buſineſs of his life. Accordingly we find that the moſt celebrated authors of this rank excel in love-verſes. Out of ten thouſand inſtances I ſhall name one, which I think the moſt delicate and tender I ever ſaw.

To myſelf I ſigh often, without knowing why;
And when abſent from Phyllis, methinks I could die.

A man

A man who hath ever been in love will be touched at the reading of these lines; and every one who now feels that passion actually feels that they are true.

From what I have advanced it appears how difficult it is to write easily. But when easy writings fall into the hands of an ordinary reader, they appear to him so natural and unlaboured, that he immediately resolves to write, and fancies that all he hath to do is to take no pains. Thus he thinks indeed simply; but the thoughts, not being chosen with judgment, are not beautiful. He, it is true, expresses himself plainly; but flatly withal. Again, if a man of vivacity takes it in his head to write this way, what self-denial must he undergo when bright points of wit occur to his fancy? How difficult will he find it to reject florid phrases, and pretty embellishments of style? So true it is that simplicity of all things is the hardest to be copied, and ease to be acquired with the greatest labour. Our family knows very well how ill Lady Flame looked when she imitated Mrs. Jane in a plain black suit. And I remember, when Frank Courtly was saying the other day that any man might write easy, I only asked him, if he thought it possible that 'Squire Hawthorn should ever come into a room as he did? He made me a very handsome bow, and answered with a smile, 'Mr. Ironside, you have convinced me.'

I shall conclude this paper, by observing that pastoral poetry, which is the most considerable kind of easy writing, hath the oftenest been attempted with ill success of any sort whatsoever. I shall therefore, in a little time, communicate my thoughts upon that subject to the public.

N° 16. Monday, March 30.

——————Ne fortè pudori
Sit tibi muſa lyræ ſolers et cantor Apollo.
Hor. Ars. Poet. v. 406.

Bluſh not to patronize the muſe's ſkill.

TWO mornings ago a gentleman came in to my Lady Lizard's tea-table, who is diſtinguiſhed in town by the good taſte he is known to have in polite writings, eſpecially ſuch as relate to love and gallantry. The figure of the man had ſomething odd and groteſque in it, though his air and manner were genteel and eaſy, and his wit agreeable. The ladies, in complaiſance to him, turned the diſcourſe to poetry. This ſoon gave him an occaſion of producing two new ſongs to the company, which he ſaid he would venture to recommend as complete performances. The firſt, continued he, is by a gentleman of an unrivalled reputation in every kind of writing; and the ſecond by a lady, who does me the honour to be in love with me, becauſe I am not handſome. Mrs. Annabella upon this (who never lets ſlip an occaſion of doing ſprightly things) gives a twitch to the paper with a finger and a thumb, and ſnatches it out of the gentleman's hands: then caſting her eye over it with a ſeeming impatience, ſhe read us the ſongs; and, in a very obliging manner, deſired the gentleman would let her have a copy of them, together with his judgment upon ſongs in general, that I may be able, ſaid ſhe, to judge of gallantries of this nature, if ever it ſhould be my fortune to have a poetical lover. The gentleman complied; and accordingly Mrs. Annabella the very next morning, when ſhe was at her toilet, had the following packet delivered to her by a ſpruce valet de chambre.

The

The First SONG.

I.

ON Belvidera's boſom lying,
Wiſhing, panting, ſighing, dying,
The cold regardleſs maid to move,
With unavailing pray'rs I ſue:
'You firſt have taught me how to love,
'Ah teach me to be happy too!'

II.

But ſhe, alas! unkindly wiſe,
To all my ſighs and tears replies,
'Tis ev'ry prudent maid's concern
'Her lover's fondneſs to improve:
'If to be happy you ſhall learn,
'You quickly would forget to love.'

The Second SONG.

BOAST not, miſtaken ſwain, thy art
To pleaſe my partial eyes;
The charms that have ſubdu'd my heart
Another may deſpiſe.

II.

Thy face is to my humour made,
Another it may fright:
Perhaps by ſome fond whim betray'd,
In oddneſs I delight.

III.

Vain youth, to your confuſion know,
'Tis to my love's exceſs
You all your fancy'd beauties owe,
Which fade as that grows leſs.

IV.

For your own ſake, if not for mine,
You ſhould preſerve my fire:
Since you, my ſwain, no more will ſhine,
When I no more admire.

V. By

V.

By me, indeed, you are allow'd
The wonder of your kind;
But be not of my judgment proud,
Whom love has render'd blind.

To Mrs. ANNABELLA LIZARD.

Madam,

TO let you ſee how abſolute your commands are over me, and to convince you of the opinion I have of your good ſenſe, I ſhall, without any preamble of compliments, give you my thoughts upon ſong-writing, in the ſame order as they have occurred to me. Only allow me, in my own defence, to ſay, that I do not remember ever to have met with any piece of criticiſm upon this ſubject; ſo that if I err, or ſeem ſingular in my opinions, you will be the more at liberty to differ from them, ſince I do not pretend to ſupport them by any authority.

In all ages, and in every nation, where poetry has been in faſhion, the tribe of ſonnetteers have been very numerous. Every pert young fellow that has a roving fancy, and the leaſt jingle of verſe in his head, ſets up for a writer of ſongs, and reſolves to immortalize his bottle or his miſtreſs. What a world of inſipid productions in this kind have we been peſtered with ſince the revolution, to go no higher? This, no doubt, proceeds in a great meaſure from not forming a right judgment of the nature of theſe little compoſitions. It is true, they do not require an elevation of thought, nor any extraordinary capacity, nor an extenſive knowledge; but then they demand great regularity, and the utmoſt nicety; an exact purity of ſtyle, with the moſt eaſy and flowing numbers; an elegant and unaffected turn of wit, with one uniform and ſimple deſign. Greater works cannot well be without ſome inequalities and overſights, and they are in them pardonable; but a ſong loſes all its luſtre if it be not poliſhed with the greateſt accuracy. The ſmalleſt

blemiſh

blemiſh in it, like a flaw in a jewel, takes off the whole value of it. A ſong is, as it were, a little image in enamel, that requires all the nice touches of the pencil, a gloſs and a ſmoothneſs, with thoſe delicate finiſhing ſtrokes, which would be ſupérfluous and thrown away upon larger figures, where the ſtrength and boldneſs of a maſterly hand gives all the grace.

Since you may have recourſe to the French and Engliſh tranſlations, you will not accuſe me of pedantry, when I tell you that Sappho, Anacreon, and Horace in ſome of his ſhorter lyrics, are the compleateſt models of little odds or ſonnets. You will find them generally purſuing a ſingle thought in their ſongs, which is driven to a point, without thoſe interruptions and deviations ſo frequent in the modern writers of this order. To do juſtice to the French, there is no living language that abounds ſo much in good ſongs. The genius of the people, and the idiom of their tongue, ſeem adapted to compoſitions of this ſort. Our writers generally crowd into one ſong materials enough for ſeveral; and ſo they ſtarve every thought, by endeavouring to nurſe up more than one at a time. They give you a ſtring of imperfect ſonnets inſtead of one finiſhed piece, which is a fault Mr. Waller, whoſe beauties cannot be too much admired, ſometimes falls into. But of all our countrymen none are more defective in their ſongs, through a redundancy of wit, than Dr. Donne and Mr. Cowley. In them one point of wit flaſhes ſo faſt upon another, that the reader's attention is dazzled by the continual ſparkling of their imagination; you find a new deſign ſtarted almoſt in every line, and you come to the end without the ſatisfaction of ſeeing any one of them executed.

A ſong ſhould be conducted like an epigram; and the only difference between them is, that the one does not require the lyric numbers, and is uſually employed upon ſatyrical occaſions; whereas the buſineſs of the other, for the moſt part, is to expreſs,

preſs (as my Lord Roſcommon tranſlates it from Horace.)

Love's pleaſing cares, and the free joys of wine.

I ſhall conclude what I have to ſay upon this ſubject, by obſerving, that the French do very often confound the ſong and the epigram, and take the one reciprocally for the other. An inſtance of which I ſhall give you in a remarkable epigram which paſſes current abroad for an excellent ſong.

Tu parles mal par tout de moi
Je dis du bien par tout de toi;
Quel malheur eſt le nôtre?
L'on ne croit ni l'un, ni l'autre.

For the ſatisfaction of ſuch of your friends as may not underſtand the original, I ſhall venture to tranſlate it after my faſhion, ſo as to keep ſtrictly to the turn of thought, at the expence of loſing ſomething in the poetry and verſification.

Thou ſpeakeſt always ill of me,
I always ſpeak well of thee:
But ſpite of all our noiſe and pother,
The world believes nor one nor t'other.

Thus, Madam, I have endeavoured to comply with your commands; not out of any vanity of erecting myſelf into a critic, but out of an earneſt deſire of being thought, upon all occaſions,

Your moſt obedient ſervant.

N° 17. Tueſday, March 31.

—Minimumque libidine peccant. *Juv. Sat. 6. v. 134.*
Luſt is the ſmalleſt ſin they own. *Dryden.*

IF it were poſſible to bear up againſt the force of ridicule, which faſhion has brought upon people for

for acknowledging a veneration for the moſt ſacred things, a man might ſay, that the time we now are in is ſet apart for humiliation; and all our actions ſhould at preſent more particularly tend that way. I remember, about thirty years ago, an eminent divine, who was alſo moſt exactly well-bred, told his congregation at Whitehall, that if they did not vouchſafe to give their lives a new turn, they muſt certainly go to a place which he did not think fit to name in that courtly audience. It is with me as with that gentleman. I would, if poſſible, repreſent the errors of life, eſpecially thoſe ariſing from what we call gallantry, in ſuch a manner as the people of pleaſure may read me. In this caſe I muſt not be rough to gentlemen and ladies, but ſpeak of ſin as a gentleman. It might not perhaps be amiſs, if therefore I ſhould call my preſent precaution a criticiſm upon fornication; and by repreſenting the unjuſt taſte they have who affect that way of pleaſure, bring a diſtaſte upon it among all thoſe who are judicious in their ſatisfactions. I will be bold then to lay down for a rule, That he who follows this kind of gratification, gives up much greater delight by purſuing it than he can poſſibly enjoy from it. As to the common women and the ſtews, there is no one but will allow this aſſertion at firſt ſight; but if it will appear, that they who deal with thoſe of the ſex who are leſs profligate, deſcend to greater baſeneſſes than if they frequented brothels, it ſhould, methinks, bring this iniquity under ſome diſcountenance. The rake, who, without ſenſe of character or decency, wallows and ranges in common houſes, is guilty no farther than of proſtituting himſelf, and expoſing his health to diſeaſes; but the man of gallantry cannot purſue his pleaſures without treachery to ſome man he ought to love, and making deſpicable the woman he admires. To live in a continual deceit; to reflect upon the diſhonour you do ſome huſband, father, or brother, who does not deſerve this of you, and whom you would deſtroy, did you know they did the like towards you, are circumſtances

ſtances which pall the appetite, and give a man of any ſenſe of honour very painful mortification. What more need be ſaid againſt a gentleman's delight, than that he himſelf thinks himſelf a baſe man in purſuing it? When it is thoroughly conſidered, he gives up his very being as a man of integrity who commences gallant. Let him or her who is guilty this way but weigh the matter a little, and the criminal will find that thoſe whom they moſt eſteemed are of a ſudden become the moſt diſagreeable companions; nay, their good qualities are grown odious and painful. It is ſaid, people who have the plague have a delight in communicating the infection; in like manner, the ſenſe of ſhame, which is never wholly overcome, inclines the guilty this way to contribute to the deſtruction of others. And women are pleaſed to introduce more women into the ſame condition, though they can have no other ſatisfaction from it than that the infamy is ſhared among greater numbers, which they flatter themſelves eaſes the burden of each particular perſon.

It is a moſt melancholy conſideration, that for momentary ſenſations of joy, obtained by ſtealth, men are forced into a conſtraint of all their words and actions in the general and ordinary occurrences of life. It is an impoſſibility in this caſe to be faithful to one perſon without being falſe to all the reſt of the world. The gay figures in which poetical men of looſe morals have placed this kind of ſtealth are but feeble conſolations, when a man is inclined to ſoliloquy or meditation upon his paſt life. Flaſhes of wit can promote joy, but they cannot allay grief.

Diſeaſe, ſickneſs, and misfortune, are what all men living are liable to; it is therefore ridiculous and mad to purſue, inſtead of ſhunning, what muſt add to our anguiſh under diſeaſe, ſickneſs, or misfortune. It is poſſible there may be thoſe whoſe bloods are too warm to admit of theſe compunctions; if there are ſuch, I am ſure they are laying up ſtore for them. But I have better hopes of thoſe who have not yet eraſed the impreſſions and advantages of a good education and

and fortune; they may be assured, that whoever wholly give themselves up to lust, will soon find it the least fault they are guilty of.

Irreconcilable hatred to those they have injured, mean shifts to cover their offences, envy and malice to the innocent, and a general sacrifice of all that is good-natured or praise-worthy, when it interrupts them, will possess all their faculties, and make them utter strangers to the noble pleasures which flow from honour and virtue. Happy are they who, from the visitation of sickness, or any other accident, are awakened from a course which leads to an insensibility of the greatest enjoyments in human life.

A French author, giving an account of a very agreeable man, in whose character he mingles good qualities and infirmities, rather than vices and virtues, tells the following story:

'Our Knight,' says he, 'was pretty much addicted to the most fashionable of all faults. He had a loose rogue for a lacquey, not a little in his favour, though he had no other name for him when he spoke of him but the Rascal, or to him but Sirrah. One morning when he was dressing, Sirrah, (says he) be sure you bring home this evening a pretty wench. The fellow was a person of diligence and capacity, and had for some time addressed himself to a decayed old gentlewoman, who had a young maiden to her daughter, beauteous as an angel, not yet sixteen years of age. The mother's extreme poverty, and the insinuations of this artful lacquey concerning the soft disposition and generosity of his master, made her consent to deliver up her daughter. But many were the entreaties and representations of the mother to gain her child's consent to an action which she said she abhorred, at the same time she exhorted her to it. But, child, (says she) can you see your mother die for hunger? The virgin argued no longer, but bursting into tears, said she would go any where. The lacquey conveyed her with great obsequiousness and secrecy to his master's lodging, and placed her in a com-

'modious apartment till he came home. The
'Knight, who knew his man never failed of bring-
'ing in his prey, indulged his genius at a banquet,
'and was in high humour at an entertainment with
'ladies, expecting to be received in the evening by
'one as agreeable as the beſt of them. When he
'came home, his lacquey met him with a ſaucy and
'joyful familiarity, crying out, She is as handſome
'as an angel (for there is no other ſimile on
'theſe occaſions), but the tender fool has wept till
'her eyes are ſwelled and bloated; for ſhe is a
'maid and a gentlewoman. With that he conducted
'his maſter to the room where ſhe was, and retired.
'The Knight, when he ſaw her bathed in tears, ſaid
'in ſome ſurpriſe, Don't you know young woman
'why you were brought hither? The unhappy maid
'fell on her knees, and with many interruptions of
'ſighs and tears, ſaid to him, I know, alas! too
'well why I am brought hither: my mother, to
'get bread for her and myſelf, has ſent me to do
'what you pleaſed; but wou'd it would pleaſe
'heaven I could die before I am added to the
'number of thoſe miſerable wretches who live with-
'out honour! With this reflection ſhe wept anew
'and beat her boſom. The Knight ſtepping back
'from her, ſaid, I am not ſo abandoned as to hurt
'your innocence againſt your will.

'The novelty of the accident ſurprized him into
'virtue; and covering the young maid with a cloke
'he led her to a relation's houſe, to whoſe care he
'recommended her for that night. The next morn-
'ing he ſent for her mother, and aſked her if her
'daughter was a maid? The mother aſſured him
'that when ſhe delivered her to his ſervant ſhe was
'a ſtranger to man. Are not you then (replied
'the Knight) a wicked woman, to contrive the de-
'bauchery of your own child? She held down her
'face with fear and ſhame, and in her confuſion ut-
'tered ſome broken words concerning her poverty.
'Far be it (ſaid the gentleman) that you ſhould re-
'lieve yourſelf from want by a much greater evil.
'Your daughter is a fine young creature: do you
'kno

'know of none that ever ſpoke of her for a wife?' 'The mother anſwered, There is an honeſt man in 'our neighbourhood that loves her, who has often 'ſaid he would marry her with two hundred pounds. 'The Knight ordered his man to reckon out that 'ſum, with an addition of fifty to buy the bride-'cloaths, and fifty more as a help to her mother.'

I appeal to all the gallants in town, whether poſſeſſing all the beauties in Great-Britain could give half the pleaſure as this young gentleman had in the reflection of having relieved a miſerable parent from guilt and poverty, an innocent virgin from public ſhame and beſtowing a virtuous wife upon an honeſt man?

As all men who are guilty this way have not fortunes or opportunities for making ſuch atonements for their vices, yet all men may do what is certainly in their power at this good ſeaſon. For my part I don't care how ridiculous the mention of it may be, provided I hear it has any good conſequence upon the wretched, that I recommend the moſt abandoned and miſerable of mankind to the charity of all in proſperous conditions under the ſame guilt with thoſe wretches. The Lock-hoſpital in Kent-ſtreet, Southwark, for men, that in Kingſland for women, is a receptacle for all ſufferers mangled by this iniquity. Penitents ſhould in their own hearts take upon them all the ſhame and ſorrow they have eſcaped; and it would become them to make an oblation for their crimes, by charity to thoſe upon whom vice appears in the utmoſt miſery and deformity, which they themſelves are free from by their better fortune, rather than greater innocence. It would quicken our compaſſion in this caſe, if we conſidered there may be objects there who would now move horror and loathing that we have once embraced with tranſport; and as we are men of honour (for I muſt not ſpeak as we are Chriſtians), let us not deſert our friends for the loſs of their noſes.

No 18. Wednesday, April 1.

——————Animæque capaces
Mortis.—————— *Lucan.*

Souls undismay'd by death.

THE prospect of death is so gloomy and dismal, that if it were constantly before our eyes it would imbitter all the sweets of life. The gracious Author of our being hath therefore so formed us, that we are capable of many pleasing sensations and reflections, and meet with so many amusements and solicitudes as divert our thoughts from dwelling upon an evil, which, by reason of its seeming distance, makes but languid impressions upon the mind. But how distant soever the time of our death may be, since it is certain that we must die, it is necessary to allot some portion of our life to consider the end of it; and it is highly convenient to fix some stated times to meditate upon the final period of our existence here. The principle of self-love, as we are men, will make us inquire what is like to become of us after our dissolution? and our conscience, as we are Christians, will inform us, that according to the good or evil of our actions here we shall be translated to the mansions of eternal bliss or misery. When this is seriously weighed we must think it madness to be unprepared against that black moment; but when we reflect that perhaps that black moment may be to-night how watchful ought we to be!

I was wonderfully affected with a discourse I had lately with a clergyman of my acquaintance upon this head, which was to this effect: 'The consideration,' said the good man, 'that my being is precarious, moved me many years ago to make a 'resolution, which I have diligently kept, and to 'which I owe the greatest satisfaction that a mortal 'man

'man can enjoy. Every night, before I addreſs 'myſelf in private to my Creator, I lay my hand 'upon my heart, and aſk myſelf, Whether, if God 'ſhould require my ſoul of me this night I could 'hope for mercy from him? The bitter agonies I 'underwent in this my firſt acquaintance with my-'ſelf were ſo far from throwing me into deſpair of 'that mercy which is over all God's works, that they 'rather proved motives to greater circumſpection 'in my future conduct. The oftener I exerciſed my-'ſelf in meditations of this kind the leſs was my 'anxiety; and by making the thoughts of death 'familiar, what was at firſt ſo terrible and ſhocking 'is become the ſweeteſt of my enjoyments. Theſe 'contemplations have indeed made me ſerious, but 'not ſullen; nay, they are ſo far from having ſour-'ed my temper, that as I have a mind perfectly 'compoſed, and a ſecret ſpring of joy in my heart, 'ſo my converſation is pleaſant, and my countenance 'ſerene. I taſte all the innocent ſatisfactions of life 'pure and ſincere; I have no ſhare in pleaſures that 'leave a ſting behind them, nor am I cheated with 'that kind of mirth, in the midſt of which there is 'heavineſs.'

Of all the profeſſions of men, a ſoldier's chiefly ſhould put him upon this religious vigilance. His duty expoſes him to ſuch hazards, that the evil which to men in other ſtations may ſeem far diſtant to him, is inſtant and ever before his eyes. The conſideration, that what men in a martial life purchaſe, is gained with danger and labour, and muſt perhaps be parted with very ſpeedily, is the cauſe of much licenſe and riot. As, moreover, it is neceſſary to keep up the ſpirits of thoſe who are to encounter the moſt terrible dangers, offences of this nature meet with great indulgence. But there is a courage better founded than this animal fury. The ſecret aſſurance that all is right within, that if he falls in battle he will the more ſpeedily be crowned with true glory, will add ſtrength to a warrior's arm, and intrepidity to his heart.

One of the moſt ſucceſsful ſtratagems, whereby Mahomet became formidable, was the aſſurance that impoſtor gave his votaries, that whoever was ſlain in battle ſhould be immediately conveyed to that luxurious paradiſe his wanton fancy had invented. The ancient Druids taught a doctrine which had the ſame effect, though with this difference from Mahomet's, that the ſouls of the ſlain ſhould tranſmigrate into other bodies, and in them be rewarded according to the degrees of their merit. This is told by Lucan with his uſual ſpirit.

You teach, that ſouls, from fleſhly chains unbound,
Seek not pale ſhades and Erebus profound,
But fleeting hence to other regions ſtray,
Once more to mix with animated clay.
Hence death's a gape, (if men may truſt the lore)
'Twixt lives behind and ages yet before.
A bleſt miſtake! which Fate's dread pow'r diſarms,
And ſpurs its vot'ries on to war's alarms;
Laviſh of life, they ruſh with fierce delight
Amidſt the legions, and provoke the fight,
O'er-matching death, and freely caſt away
That loan of life the gods are bound to pay.

Our gallant countryman, Sir Philip Sidney, was a noble example of courage and devotion. I am particularly pleaſed to find that he hath tranſlated the whole book of Pſalms into Engliſh verſe. A friend of mine informs me that he hath the manuſcript by him, which is ſaid in the title to have been done by the moſt noble and virtuous Gent. Sir Philip Sidney, Knight. They having never been printed, I ſhall preſent the public with one of them, which my correſpondent aſſures me he hath faithfully tranſcribed, and wherein I have taken the liberty only to alter one word.

PSALM

PSALM CXXXVII.

I.

NIGH ſeated where the river flows,
That wat'reth Babel's thankful plain,
Which then our tears, in pearled rows,
Did help to water with the rain;
The thought of Sion bred ſuch woes,
That tho' our harps we did retain,
Yet uſeleſs and untouched there,
On willows only hang'd they were.

II.

Now while our harps were hanged ſo,
The men whoſe captives then we lay,
Did on our griefs inſulting go,
And more to grieve us thus did ſay;
You that of muſic make ſuch ſhow,
Come ſing us now a Sion's lay:
Oh no! we have no voice nor hand
For ſuch a ſong in ſuch a land.

III.

Tho' far I be, ſweet Sion hill,
In foreign ſoil exil'd from thee,
Yet let my hand forget his ſkill,
If ever thou forgotten be;
And let my tongue, faſt glewed ſtill
Unto my roof, lie mute in me,
If thy neglect within me ſpring,
Or ought I do, but Salem ſing.

IV.

But thou, O Lord, ſhalt not forget
To quit the pains of Edom's race,
Who cauſeleſsly, yet hotly ſet
Thy holy city to deface,
Did thus the bloody victors whet,
What time they enter'd firſt the place;
'Down, down with it at any hand,
'Make all a waſte, let nothing ſtand.'

V. And

V.

And Babylon, that didſt us waſte,
Thyſelf ſhalt one day waſted be:
And happy he, who what thou haſt
Unto us done, ſhall do to thee;
Like bitterneſs ſhall make thee taſte,
Like woful objects make thee ſee:
Yea, happy who thy little ones
Shall take, and daſh againſt the ſtones.

N° 19. Thurſday, April 2.

Ne te ſemper inops agitet vexetque cupido;
Ne pavor, et rerum mediocriter utilium ſpes.
Hor. Ep. 18. *l.* 1. *v.* 98.

Leſt avarice, ſtill poor, diſturb thine eaſe
Or fear ſhould ſhake, or cares thy mind abuſe,
Or ardent hope for things of little uſe. *Creech.*

IT was prettily obſerved by ſomebody concerning the great vices, that there are three which give pleaſure, as covetouſneſs, gluttony, and luſt; one, which taſtes of nothing but pain, as envy; the reſt have a mixture of pleaſure and pain, as anger and pride. But when a man conſiders the ſtate of his own mind, about which every member of the Chriſtian world is ſuppoſed at this time to be employed, he will find that the beſt defence againſt vice is preſerving the worthieſt part of his own ſpirit pure from any great offence againſt it. There is a magnanimity which makes us look upon ourſelves with diſdain, after we have been betrayed by ſudden deſire, opportunity of gain, the abſence of a perſon who excels us, the fault of a ſervant, or the ill fortune of an adverſary, into the gratification of luſt, covetouſneſs, envy, rage, or pride; when the more ſublime part of our ſouls is kept alive, and we have not

not repeated infirmities till they are become vicious habits.

The vice of covetouſneſs is what enters deepeſt into the ſoul of any other; and you may have ſeen men, otherwiſe the moſt agreeable creatures in the world, ſo ſeized with the deſire of being richer, that they ſhall ſtartle at indifferent things, and live in a continual guard and watch over themſelves from a remote fear of expence. No pious man can be ſo circumſpect in the care of his conſcience as the covetous man is in that of his pocket.

If a man would preſerve his own ſpirits, and his natural approbation of higher and more worthy purſuits, he could never fall into this littleneſs, but his mind would be ſtill open to honour and virtue, in ſpite of infirmities and relapſes. But what extremely diſcourages me in my precautions as a GUARDIAN, is, that there is an univerſal defection from the admiration of virtue. Riches and outward ſplendor have taken up the place of it; and no man thinks he is mean if he is not poor. But, alas! this deſpicable ſpirit debaſes our very being, and makes our paſſions take a new turn from their natural bent.

It was a cauſe of great ſorrow and melancholy to me ſome nights ago at a play, to ſee a crowd, in the habits of the gentry of England, ſtupid to the nobleſt ſentiments we have. The circumſtance happened in the ſcene of diſtreſs betwixt Piercy and Anna Bullen. One of the centinels who ſtood on the ſtage, to prevent the diſorders which the moſt unmannerly race of young men that ever were ſeen in any age frequently raiſe in public aſſemblies, upon Piercy's beſeeching to be heard, burſt into tears; upon which the greateſt part of the audience fell into a loud and ignorant laughter, which others, who were touched with the liberal compaſſion in the poor fellow, could hardly ſuppreſs by their clapping. But the man, without the leaſt confuſion or ſhame in his countenance for what had happened, wiped away the tears, and was ſtill intent upon the play. The diſtreſs ſtill riſing, the ſoldier was ſo much moved,

moved, that he was obliged to turn his face from the audience, to their no ſmall merriment. Piercy had the gallantry to take notice of his honeſt heart, and, as I am told, gave him a crown to help him in his affliction. It is certain this poor fellow, in his humble condition, had ſuch a lively compaſſion as a ſoul unwedded to the world; were it otherwiſe, gay lights and dreſſes, with appearances of people of faſhion and wealth, to which his fortune could not be familiar, would have taken up all his attention and admiration.

It is every thing that is praiſe-worthy, as well as pure religion, (according to a book too ſacred for me to quote) to viſit the fatherleſs and widows in their affliction, and to keep himſelf unſpotted from the world. Every ſtep that a man makes beyond moderate and reaſonable proviſion, is taking ſo much from the worthineſs of his own ſpirit; and he that is entirely ſet upon making a fortune, is all that while undoing the man. He muſt grow deaf to the wretched, eſtrange himſelf from the agreeable, learn hardneſs of heart, diſreliſh every thing that is noble, and terminate all in his deſpicable ſelf. Indulgence in one immoderate deſire or appetite engroſſes the whole creature, and his life is ſacrificed to that one deſire or appetite. But how much otherwiſe is it with thoſe that preſerve alive in them ſomething that adorns their condition, and ſhews the man, whether a prince or a beggar, above his fortune?

I have juſt now recorded a foot ſoldier for the politeſt man in a Britiſh audience, from the force of nature, untainted with the ſingularity of an ill-applied education. A good ſpirit, that is not abuſed, can add new glories to the higheſt ſtate in the world, as well as give beauties to the meaneſt. I ſhall exemplify this, by inſerting a prayer of Harry the IV. of France, juſt before a battle, in which he obtained an entire victory.

'O Lord of hoſts, who canſt ſee through the 'thickeſt vail and cloſeſt diſguiſe; who viewеſt the 'bottom

'bottom of my heart, and the deepeſt deſigns of my 'enemies; who haſt in thy hands, as well as before 'thine eyes, all the events which concern human 'life; if thou knoweſt that my reign will promote 'thy glory, and the ſafety of thy people; if thou 'knoweſt that I have no other ambition in my ſoul 'but to advance the honour of thy holy Name, and 'the good of this ſtate, favour, O great God, the 'juſtice of my arms, and reduce all the rebels to 'acknowledge him whom thy ſacred decrees, and 'the order of a lawful ſucceſſion, have made 'their ſovereign. But if thy good providence has 'ordered it otherwiſe, and thou ſeeſt that I ſhould 'prove one of thoſe kings whom thou giveſt in thine 'anger, take from me, O merciful God, my life 'and my crown; make me this day a ſacrifice to thy 'will; let my death end the calamities of France, 'and let my blood be the laſt that is ſpilt in this 'quarrel.'

The King uttered this generous prayer in a voice and with a countenance that inſpired all who heard and beheld him with like magnanimity. Then turning to the ſquadron, at the head of which he deſigned to charge, 'My fellow ſoldiers,' ſaid he, 'as you run my fortune, ſo do I yours. Your ſafety 'conſiſts in keeping well your ranks; but if the heat 'of the action ſhould force you to diſorder, think of 'nothing but rallying again. If you loſe the ſight 'your colours and ſtandards, look round for the 'white plume in my beaver; you ſhall ſee it where-'ever you are, and it ſhall lead you to glory and to 'victory.'

The magnanimity of this illuſtrious prince was ſupported by a firm reliance on providence, which inſpired him with a contempt of life, and an aſſurance of conqueſt. His generous ſcorn of royalty, but as it conſiſted with the ſervice of God, and good of his people, is an inſtance that the mind of man, when it is well diſpoſed, is always above its condition, even though it be that of a monarch.

N° 20. Friday, April 3.

——— Minuti
Semper et infirmi eſt animi exiguique voluptas
Ultio.——————— *Juv. Sat.* 13. *v.* 139.

——————Revenge, which ſtill we find
The weakeſt frailty of a feeble mind. *Creech.*

ALL gallantry and faſhion, one would imagine, ſhould riſe out of the religion and laws of that nation wherein they prevail; but, alas! in this kingdom, gay characters, and thoſe which lead in the pleaſure and inclinations of the faſhionable world are ſuch as are readieſt to practiſe crimes the moſt abhorrent to nature, and contradictory to our faith. A Chriſtian and a gentleman are made inconſiſtent appellations of the ſame perſon. You are not to expect eternal life if you do not forgive injuries; and your mortal life is uncomfortable, if you are not ready to commit a murder in reſentment for an affront: for good ſenſe, as well as religion, is ſo utterly baniſhed the world, that men glory in their very paſſions, and purſue trifles with the utmoſt vengeance; ſo little do they know that to forgive is the moſt arduous pitch human nature can arrive at. A coward has often fought, a coward has often conquered; but a coward never forgave. The power of doing that flows from a ſtrength of ſoul conſcious of its own force; whence it draws a certain ſafety, which its enemy is not of conſideration enough to interrupt; for it is peculiar in the make of a brave man to have his friends ſeem much above him, his enemies much below him.

Yet though the neglect of our enemies may, ſo intenſe a forgiveneſs as the love of them is not to be in the leaſt accounted for by the force of conſtitution, but is a more ſpiritual and refined moral, introduced by him who died for thoſe that perſecuted him; yet very juſtly delivered to us, when we conſider ourſelves

ſelves offenders, and to be forgiven on the reaſonable terms of forgiving; for who can aſk what he will not beſtow? eſpecially when that gift is attended with a redemption from the cruelleſt ſlavery to the moſt acceptable freedom: for when the mind is in contemplation of revenge, all its thoughts muſt ſurely be tortured with the alternate pangs of rancour, envy, hatred, and indignation. And they who profeſs a ſweet in the enjoyment of it certainly never felt the conſummate bliſs of reconcilation. At ſuch an inſtant the falſe ideas we received unravel, and the ſhineſs, the diſtruſt, the ſecret ſcorns, and all the baſe ſatisfactions men had in each others faults and misfortunes are diſpelled, and their ſouls appear in their native whiteneſs, without the leaſt ſtreak of that malice or diſtaſte which ſullied them; and perhaps thoſe very actions, which (when we looked at them in the oblique glance with which hatred doth always ſee things) were horrid and odious, when obſerved with honeſt and open eyes, are beauteous and ornamental.

But if men are averſe to us in the moſt violent degree, and we can never bring them to an amicable temper, then indeed we are to exert an obſtinate oppoſition to them, and never let the malice of our enemies have ſo effectual an advantage over us as to eſcape our good-will: for the neglected and deſpiſed tenets of religion are ſo generous, and in ſo tranſcendent and heroic a manner diſpoſed for public good, that it is not in a man's power to avoid their influence; for the Chriſtian is as much inclined to your ſervice when your enemy as the moral man when your friend.

But the followers of a crucified Saviour muſt root out of their hearts all ſenſe that there is any thing great and noble in pride, or haughtineſs of ſpirit. Yet it will be very difficult to fix that idea in our ſouls, except we can think as worthily of ourſelves when we practiſe the contrary virtues. We muſt learn and be convinced that there is ſomething ſublime and heroic in true meekneſs and humility;

for they ariſe from a great, not a groveling idea of things; for as certainly as pride proceeds from a mean and narrow view of the little advantages about a man's ſelf, ſo meekneſs is founded on the extended contemplation of the place we bear in the univerſe, and a juſt obſervation how little, how empty, how wavering are our deepeſt reſolves and counſels. And as to a well taught mind, when you have ſaid an haughty and proud man, you have ſpoke a narrow conception, little ſpirit, and deſpicable carriage; ſo when you have ſaid a man is meek and humble, you have acquainted us that ſuch a perſon has arrived at the hardeſt taſk in the world, in an univerſal obſervation round him, to be quick to ſee his own faults and other men's virtues, and at the height of pardoning every man ſooner than himſelf: you have alſo given us to underſtand, that to treat him kindly, ſincerely, and reſpectfully, is but a mere juſtice to him that is ready to do us the ſame offices. This temper of ſoul keeps us always awake to a juſt ſenſe of things; teaches us that we are as well a-kin to worms as to angels; and as nothing is above theſe, ſo is nothing below thoſe. It keeps our underſtanding tight about us, ſo that all things appear to us great or little, as they are in nature and the ſight of heaven, not as they are gilded or ſullied by accident or fortune.

It were to be wiſhed that all men of ſenſe would think it worth their while to reflect upon the dignity of Chriſtian virtues. It would poſſibly enlarge their ſouls into ſuch a contempt of what faſhion and prejudice have made honourable, that their duty, inclination, and honour, would tend the ſame way, and make all their lives an uniform act of religion and virtue.

As to the great cataſtrophe of this day on which the Mediator of the world ſuffered the greateſt indignities and death itſelf for the ſalvation of mankind, it would be worth gentlemen's conſideration, whether, from his example, it would not be proper to kill all inclinations to revenge, and examine whether

whether it would not be expedient to receive new notions of what is great and honourable.

This is neceſſary againſt the day wherein he who died ignominiouſly for us ſhall deſcend from heaven to be our judge in majeſty and glory. How will the man who ſhall die by the ſword of pride and wrath, and in contention with his brother, appear before him, at whoſe preſence nature ſhall be in an agony, and the great and the glorious bodies of light be obſcured; when the ſun ſhall be darkened, the moon turned into blood, and all the powers of heaven ſhaken; when the heavens themſelves ſhall paſs away with a great noiſe, and the elements diſſolve with fervent heat; when the earth alſo, and all the works that are therein, ſhall be burnt up?

What may juſtly damp in our minds the diabolical madneſs which prompts us to decide our petty animoſities by the hazard of eternity, is, that in that one act the criminal does not only highly offend, but forces himſelf into the preſence of his judge. That is certainly his caſe who dies in a duel. I cannot but repeat it, He that dies in a duel knowingly offends God, and in that very action ruſhes into his offended preſence. Is it poſſible for the heart of man to conceive a more terrible image than that of a departed ſpirit in this condition? Could we but ſuppoſe it has juſt left its body, and ſtruck with the terrible reflection, that to avoid the laughter of fools, and being the by-word of idiots, it has now precipitated itſelf into the din of demons, and the howlings of eternal deſpair; how willingly now would it ſuffer the imputation of fear and cowardice, to have one moment left not to tremble in vain?

The ſcriptures are full of pathetical and warm pictures of the condition of an happy or miſerable futurity; and I am confident that the frequent reading of them would make the way to an happy eternity ſo agreeable and pleaſant, that he who tries it will find the difficulties which he before ſuffered in ſhunning the allurements of vice, abſorpt in the pleaſure he will take in the purſuit of virtue. And

how happy muſt that mortal be who thinks himſelf in the favour of an Almighty, and can think of death as a thing which it is an infirmity not to deſire?

No 21. Saturday, April 4.

——— ———Fungar inani
Munere——— *Virg. Æn. 6. v. 885.*

An empty office I'll diſcharge.

DR. Tillotſon, in his diſcourſe concerning the danger of all known ſin, both from the light of nature and revelation, after having given us the deſcription of the laſt day out of holy writ, has this remarkable paſſage:

'I appeal to any man, whether this be not a repreſentation of things very proper and ſuitable to 'that great day, wherein he who made the world 'ſhall come to judge it? and whether the wit of 'man ever deviſed any thing ſo awful, and ſo agreeable to the majeſty of God, and the ſolemn judgment of the whole world? The deſcription which 'Virgil makes of the Elyſian fields and the infernal 'regions, how infinitely do they fall ſhort of the 'majeſty of the holy ſcripture, and the deſcription 'there made of heaven and hell, and of the great 'and terrible day of the Lord! ſo that in compariſon they are childiſh and trifling; and yet perhaps he had the moſt regular and moſt governed 'imagination of any man that ever lived, and obſerved the greateſt decorum in his characters and 'deſcriptions. But who can declare the great 'things of God but he to whom God ſhall reveal 'them?'

This obſervation was worthy a moſt polite man, and ought to be of authority with all who are ſuch, ſo

ſo far as to examine whether he ſpoke that as a man of a juſt taſte and judgment, or advanced it merely for the ſervice of his doctrine as a clergyman.

I am very confident whoever reads the goſpels with an heart as much prepared in favour of them as when he ſits down to Virgil or Homer, will find no paſſage there which is not told with more natural force than any epiſode in either of thoſe wits, which were the chief of mere mankind.

The laſt thing I read was the 24th chapter of St. Luke, which gives an account of the manner in which our bleſſed Saviour, after his reſurrection, joined with two diſciples on the way to Emmaus, as an ordinary traveller, and took the privilege, as ſuch, to enquire of them what occaſioned ſuch a ſadneſs he obſerved in their countenances, or whether it was from any public cauſe? Their wonder that any man ſo near Jeruſalem ſhould be a ſtranger to what had paſſed there; their acknowledgment to one they met accidentally that they had believed in this prophet; and that now, the third day after his death, they were in doubt as to their pleaſing hope, which occaſioned the heavineſs he took notice of, are all repreſented in a ſtyle which men of letters call the great and noble ſimplicity. The attention of the diſciples when he expounded the ſcriptures concerning himſelf, his offering to take his leave of them, their fondneſs of his ſtay, and the manifeſtation of the great gueſt whom they had entertained while he was yet at meat with them, are all incidents which wonderfully pleaſe the imagination of a Chriſtian reader, and give to him ſomething of that touch of mind which the brethren felt, when they ſaid one to another, Did not our hearts burn within us while he talked with us by the way, and while he opened to us the ſcriptures?

I am very far from pretending to treat theſe matters as they deſerve; but I hope thoſe gentlemen who are qualified for it, and called to it, will forgive me, and conſider that I ſpeak as a mere ſecular man, impartially conſidering the effect which

the ſacred writings will have upon the ſoul of an intelligent reader; and it is ſome argument, that a thing is the immediate work of God, when it ſo infinitely tranſcends all the labours of man. When I look upon Raphael's picture of our Saviour appearing to his diſciples after his reſurrection, I cannot but think the juſt diſpoſition of that piece has in it the force of many volumes on the ſubject. The evangeliſts are eaſily diſtinguiſhed from the reſt, by a paſſionate zeal and love which the painter has thrown in their faces; the huddle group of thoſe who ſtand moſt diſtant, are admirable repreſentations of men abaſhed with their late unbelief and hardneſs of heart. And ſuch endeavours as this of Raphael, and of all men not called to the altar, are collateral helps not to be deſpiſed by the miniſters of the goſpel.

It is with this view that I preſume upon ſubjects of this kind; and men may take up this paper, and be catched by an admonition under the diſguiſe of a diverſion.

All the arts and ſciences ought to be employed in one confederacy againſt the prevailing torrent of vice and impiety; and it will be no ſmall ſtep in the progreſs of religion, if it was as evident as it ought to be, that he wants the beſt taſte and beſt ſenſe a man can have who is cold to the beauty of holineſs.

As for my part, when I have happened to attend the corpſe of a friend to his interment, and have ſeen a graceful man at the entrance of a church-yard, who became the dignity of his function, and aſſumed an authority which is natural to truth, pronounce, I am the reſurrection and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet ſhall he live; and whoſoever liveth and believeth in me ſhall never die: I ſay, upon ſuch an occaſion the retroſpect upon paſt actions between the deceaſed whom I followed and myſelf, together with the many little circumſtances that ſtrike upon the ſoul, and alternately give grief and conſolation, have vaniſhed like a dream; and I have been relieved as by a voice from

from heaven, when the ſolemnity has proceeded; and after a long pauſe, I again heard the ſervant of God utter, I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he ſhall ſtand at the latter day upon the earth: and though worms deſtroy this body, yet in my fleſh ſhall I ſee God; whom I ſhall ſee for myſelf, and my eyes ſhall behold, and not another. How have I been raiſed above this world and all its regards, and how well prepared to receive the next ſentence which the holy man hath ſpoken: We brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out: the Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; bleſſed be the name of the Lord!

There are, I know, men of heavy temper without genius, who can read theſe expreſſions of ſcripture with as much indifference as they do the reſt of theſe looſe papers. However, I will not deſpair but to bring men of wit into a love and admiration of ſacred writings; and, as old as I am, I promiſe myſelf to ſee the day when it ſhall be as much the faſhion among men of politeneſs to admire a rapture of St. Paul, as any fine expreſſion in Virgil or Horace; and to ſee a well-dreſſed young man produce an Evangeliſt out of his pocket, and be no more out of countenance than if it were a claſſic printed by Elzevir.

It is a gratitude that ought to be paid to Providence by men of diſtinguiſhed faculties, to praiſe and adore the Author of their being with a ſpirit ſuitable to thoſe faculties, and rouze ſlower men by their words, actions, and writings, to a participation of their tranſports and thankſgivings.

N° 22. Monday, April 6.

Rura mihi et rigui placeant in vallibus amnes,
Flumina amem ſylvaſque inglorius———

Virg. Georg. 2. *v.* 485.

My next deſire is, void of care and ſtrife,
To lead a ſoft, ſecure, inglorious life;
A country-cottage near a cryſtal flood;
A winding valley, and a lofty wood. *Dryden.*

PAſtoral poetry not only amuſes the fancy the moſt delightfully, but is likewiſe more indebted to it than any other ſort whatſoever. It tranſports us into a kind of fairy-land, where our ears are ſoothed with the melody of birds, bleating flocks, and purling ſtreams; our eyes enchanted with flowery meadows and ſpringing greens; we are laid under cool ſhades, and entertained with all the ſweets and freſhneſs of nature. It is a dream, it is a viſion, which we wiſh may be real, and we believe that it is true.

Mrs. Cornelia Lizard's head was ſo far turned with theſe imaginations when we were laſt in the country, that ſhe loſt her reſt by liſtening to nightingales; ſhe kept a pair of turtles cooing in her chamber, and had a tame lamb running after her up and down the houſe. I uſed all gentle methods to bring her to herſelf; as having had a deſign heretofore of turning ſhepherd myſelf, when I read Virgil or Theocritus at Oxford. But as my age and experience have armed me againſt any temptation to the paſtoral life, I can now with the greater ſafety conſider it; and ſhall lay down ſuch rules as thoſe of my readers who have the aforeſaid deſign ought to obſerve, if they would follow the ſteps of the ſhepherds and ſhepherdeſſes of ancient times.

In order to form a right judgment of paſtoral poetry, it will be neceſſary to caſt back our eyes on the firſt ages of the world. For ſince that way of life

life is not now in being, we muſt enquire into the manner of it when it actually did exiſt. Before mankind was formed into large ſocieties, or cities were built, and commerce eſtabliſhed, the wealth of the world conſiſted chiefly in flocks and herds. The tending of theſe we find to have been the employment of the firſt princes, whoſe ſubjects were ſheep and oxen, and their dominions the adjoining vales. As they lived in great affluence and eaſe, we may preſume that they enjoyed ſuch pleaſures as that condition afforded, free and uninterrupted. Their manner of life gave them vigour of body and ſerenity of mind. The abundance they were poſſeſſed of ſecured them from avarice, ambition, or envy: they could ſcarce have any anxieties or contentions, where every one had more than he could tell what to do with. Love indeed might occaſion ſome rivalſhips amongſt them; becauſe many lovers fix upon one object, for the loſs of which they will be ſatisfied with no compenſation. Otherwiſe it was a ſtate of eaſe, innocence, and contentment; where plenty begot pleaſure, and pleaſure begot ſinging, and ſinging begot poetry, and poetry begot pleaſure again.

Thus happy was the firſt race of men; but rude withal, and uncultivated. For before they could make any conſiderable progreſs in arts and ſciences, the tranquillity of the rural life was deſtroyed by turbulent and ambitious ſpirits; who having built cities, raiſed armies, and ſtudied policies of ſtate, made vaſſals of the defenceleſs ſhepherds, and rendered that which was before eaſy and unreſtrained a mean, laborious, miſerable condition. Hence, if we conſider the paſtoral period before learning, we ſhall find it unpoliſhed; if after, we ſhall find it unpleaſant.

The uſe that I would make of this ſhort review of the country-life ſhall be this. An author that would amuſe himſelf by writing paſtorals, ſhould form in his fancy a rural ſcene of perfect eaſe and tranquillity, where innocence, ſimplicity, and joy abound.

abound. It is not enough that he writes about the country; he muſt give us what is agreeable in that ſcene, and hide what is wretched. It is indeed commonly affirmed, that truth well painted will certainly pleaſe the imagination; but it is ſometimes convenient not to diſcover the whole truth, but that part which only is delightful. We muſt ſometimes ſhow only half an image to the fancy, which, if we diſplay in a lively manner, the mind is ſo dexterouſly deluded, that it doth not readily perceive that the other half is concealed. Thus, in writing paſtorals, let the tranquillity of that life appear full and plain, but hide the meanneſs of it; repreſent its ſimplicity as clear as you pleaſe, but cover its miſery. I would not hereby be ſo underſtood as if I thought nothing that is irkſome or unpleaſant ſhould have a place in theſe writings; I only mean that this ſtate of life in general ſhould be ſuppoſed agreeable. But as there is no condition exempt from anxiety, I will allow ſhepherds to be afflicted with ſuch misfortunes, as the loſs of a favourite lamb, or a faithleſs miſtreſs. He may, if you pleaſe, pick a thorn out of his foot, or vent his grief for loſing the prize in dancing; but theſe being ſmall torments, they recommend that ſtate which only produces ſuch trifling evils. Again, I would not ſeem ſo ſtrict in my notions of innocence and ſimplicity as to deny the uſe of a little railing, or the liberty of ſtealing a kid or a ſheep-hook; for theſe are likewiſe ſuch petty enormities, that we muſt think the country happy where theſe are the greateſt tranſgreſſions.

When a reader is placed in ſuch a ſcene as I have deſcribed, and introduced into ſuch company as I have choſen, he gives himſelf up to the pleaſing deluſion; and ſince every one doth not know how it comes to paſs, I will venture to tell him why he is pleaſed.

The firſt reaſon is, becauſe all mankind love eaſe. Though ambition and avarice employ moſt men's thoughts, they are ſuch uneaſy habits, that we do not indulge them out of choice, but from ſome neceſſity;

neceſſity, real or imaginary. We ſeek happineſs, in which eaſe is the principal ingredient; and the end propoſed in our moſt reſtleſs purſuits is tranquillity. We are therefore ſoothed and delighted with the repreſentation of it, and fancy we partake of the pleaſure.

A ſecond reaſon is our approbation of innocence and ſimplicity. Human nature is not ſo much depraved as to hinder us from reſpecting goodneſs in others, though we ourſelves want it. This is the reaſon why we are ſo much charmed with the pretty prattle of children, and even the expreſſions of pleaſure or uneaſineſs in ſome part of the brute creation. They are without artifice or malice; and we love truth too well to reſiſt the charms of ſincerity.

A third reaſon is our love of the country. Health, tranquillity, and pleaſing objects, are the growth of the country; and though men, for the general good of the world, are made to love populous cities, the country hath the greateſt ſhare in an uncorrupted heart. When we paint, deſcribe, or any way indulge our fancy, the country is the ſcene which ſupplies us with the moſt lovely images. This ſtate was that wherein God placed Adam when in Paradiſe; nor could all the fanciful wits of antiquity imagine any thing that could adminiſter more exquiſite delight in their Elyſium.

No 23. Tueſday, April 7.

——Extrema per illos
Juſtitia excedens terris veſtigia fecit.

Virg. Georg. 2. v. 473.

From hence Aſtræa took her flight, and here
The prints of her departing ſteps appear. *Dryden.*

HAVING already conveyed my reader into the fairy or paſtoral land, and informed him what

what manner of life the inhabitants of that region lead, I ſhall, in this day's paper, give him ſome marks, whereby he may diſcover whether he is impoſed upon by thoſe who pretend to be of that country; or, in other words, what are the characteriſtics of a true Arcadian.

From the foregoing account of the paſtoral life, we may diſcover that ſimplicity is neceſſary in the character of ſhepherds. Their minds muſt be ſuppoſed ſo rude and uncultivated, that nothing but what is plain and unaffected can come from them. Nevertheleſs, we are not obliged to repreſent them dull and ſtupid, ſince fine ſpirits were undoubtedly in the world before arts were invented to poliſh and adorn them. We may therefore introduce ſhepherds with good ſenſe, and even with wit, provided their manner of thinking be not too gallant or refined. For all men, both the rude and polite, think and conceive things the ſame way (truth being eternally the ſame to all), though they expreſs them very differently. For here lies the difference: men who, by long ſtudy and experience, have reduced their ideas to certain claſſes, and conſider the general nature of things abſtracted from particulars, expreſs their thoughts after a more conciſe, lively, ſurpriſing manner. Thoſe who have little experience, or cannot abſtract, deliver their ſentiments in plain deſcriptions, by circumſtances, and thoſe obſervations which either ſtrike upon the ſenſes, or are the firſt motions of the mind. And though the former raiſes our admiration more, the latter gives more pleaſure, and ſooths us more naturally. Thus a courtly lover may ſay to his miſtreſs,

With thee for ever I in woods could reſt,
Where never human foot the ground hath preſt;
Thou ev'n from dungeons darkneſs canſt exclude,
And from a deſart baniſh ſolitude.

A ſhepherd will content himſelf to ſay the ſame thing more ſimply.

Come,

Come Roſalind, oh! come, for without thee
What pleaſure can the country have for me?

Again, ſince ſhepherds are not allowed to make deep reflections, the addreſs required is ſo to relate an action that the circumſtances put together ſhall cauſe the reader to reflect. Thus, by one delicate circumſtance, Corydon tells Alexis that he is the fineſt ſongſter of the country.

Of ſeven ſmooth joints a mellow pipe I have,
Which with his dying breath Damætas gave,
And ſaid, This, Corydon, I leave to thee,
For only thou deſerv'ſt it after me.

As in another paſtoral writer, after the ſame manner, a ſhepherd informs us how much his miſtreſs likes him.

As I to cool me bath'd one ſultry day,
Fond Lydia lurking in the ſedges lay.
The wanton laugh'd, and ſeem'd in haſte to fly,
Yet often ſtop'd, and often turn'd her eye.

If ever a reflection be pardonable in paſtorals, it is where the thought is ſo obvious that it ſeems to come eaſily to the mind; as in the following admirable improvement of Virgil and Theocritus.

Fair is my flock, nor yet uncomely I,
If liquid fountains flatter not. And why
Should liquid fountains flatter us, yet ſhow
The bord'ring flow'rs leſs beauteous than they grow?

A ſecond characteriſtic of a true ſhepherd is ſimplicity of manners or innocence. This is ſo obvious from what I have before advanced, that it would be but repetition to inſiſt long upon it. I ſhall only remind the reader, that as the paſtoral life is ſuppoſed to be where nature is not much depraved, ſincerity and truth will generally run through it. Some ſlight tranſgreſſions, for the ſake of variety, may be admitted, which in effect will only ſerve to

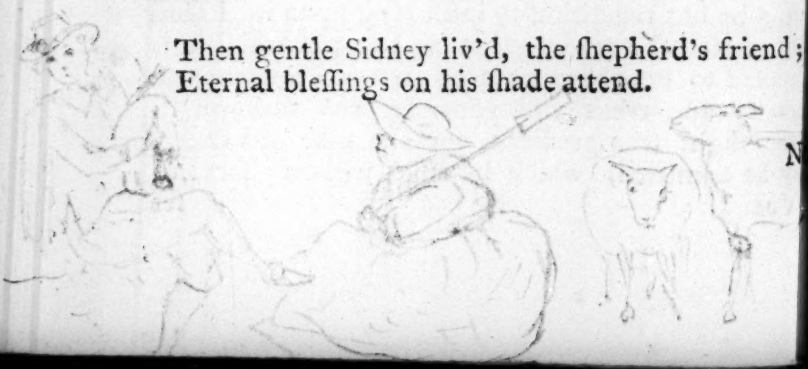
ſet off the ſimplicity of it in general. I cannot better illuſtrate this rule than by the following example of a ſwain who found his miſtreſs aſleep.

Once Delia ſlept, on eaſy moſs reclin'd,
Her lovely limbs half bare, and rude the wind;
I ſmooth'd her coats, and ſtole a ſilent kiſs;
Condemn me, ſhepherds, if I did amiſs.

A third ſign of a ſwain is, that ſomething of religion, and even ſuperſtition, is part of his character. For we find that thoſe who have lived eaſy lives in the country, and contemplate the works of nature, live in the greateſt awe of their author; nor doth this humour prevail leſs now than of old. Our peaſants as ſincerely believe the tales of goblins and fairies as the Heathens thoſe of fauns, nymphs, and ſatyrs. Hence we find the works of Virgil and Theocritus ſprinkled with left-handed ravens, blaſted oaks, witchcrafts, evil eyes, and the like. And I obſerve with great pleaſure, that our Engliſh author of the paſtorals I have quoted hath practiſed this ſecret with admirable judgment.

I will yet add another mark, which may be obſerved very often in the above named poets, which is agreeable to the character of ſhepherds, and nearly allied to ſuperſtition; I mean the uſe of proverbial ſayings. I take the common ſimilitudes in paſtoral to be of the proverbial order, which are ſo frequent, that it is needleſs, and would be tireſome, to quote them. I ſhall only take notice upon this head, that it is a nice piece of art to raiſe a proverb above the vulgar ſtyle, and ſtill keep it eaſy and unaffected. Thus the old wiſh, 'God reſt his ſoul,' is finely turned.

Then gentle Sidney liv'd, the ſhepherd's friend;
Eternal bleſſings on his ſhade attend.



No 24. Wedneſday, April 8.

——Dicenda tacendaque calles? *Perſ. Sat. 4. v. 5.*

——————Doſt thou, ſo young,
Know when to ſpeak, and when to hold thy tongue?

Dryden.

JACK Lizard was about fifteen when he was firſt entered in the univerſity, and being a youth of a great deal of fire, and a more than ordinary application to his ſtudies, it gave his converſation a very particular turn. He had too much ſpirit to hold his tongue in company; but at the ſame time ſo little acquaintance with the world, that he did not know how to talk like other people.

After a year and a half's ſtay at the univerſity he came down among us to paſs away a month or two in the country. The firſt night after his arrival, as we were at ſupper, we were all of us very much improved by Jack's table-talk. He told us, upon the appearance of a diſh of wild fowl, that according to the opinion of ſome natural philoſophers they might lately come from the moon. Upon which the Sparkler burſting out into a laugh, he inſulted her with ſeveral queſtions relating to the bigneſs and diſtance of the moon and ſtars; and after every interrogatory would be winking upon me, and ſmiling at his ſiſter's ignorance. Jack gained his point; for the mother was pleaſed, and all the ſervants ſtared at the learning of their young maſter. Jack was ſo encouraged at this ſucceſs, that for the firſt week he dealt wholly in paradoxes. It was a common jeſt with him to pinch one of his ſiſter's lap-dogs, and afterwards prove he could not feel it. When the girls were ſorting a ſet of knots, he would demonſtrate to them that all the ribbons were of the ſame colour; or rather, ſays Jack, of no colour at all. My Lady Lizard herſelf, though ſhe was not a little pleaſed with her ſon's improvements, was one day almoſt angry with him; for having accidentally

burnt her fingers as ſhe was lighting the lamp for her tea-pot, in the midſt of her anguiſh Jack laid hold of the opportunity to inſtruct her that there was no ſuch thing as heat in fire. In ſhort no day paſſed over our heads in which Jack did not imagine he made the whole family wiſer than they were before.

That part of his converſation which gave me the moſt pain was what paſſed among thoſe country gentlemen that came to viſit us. On ſuch occaſions Jack uſually took upon him to be the mouth of the company; and thinking himſelf obliged to be very merry, would entertain us with a great many odd ſayings and abſurdities of their college cook. I found this fellow had made a very ſtrong impreſſion upon Jack's imagination; which he never conſidered was not the caſe of the reſt of the company, till after many repeated trials he found that his ſtories ſeldom made any body laugh but himſelf.

I all this while looked upon Jack as a young tree ſhooting out into bloſſoms before its time; the redundancy of which, though it was a little unſeaſonable, ſeemed to foretel an uncommon fruitfulneſs.

In order to wear out the vein of pedantry which ran through his converſation, I took him out with me one evening, and firſt of all inſinuated to him this rule, which I had myſelf learned from a very great author, 'To think with the wiſe, but talk 'with the vulgar.' Jack's good ſenſe ſoon made him reflect that he had often expoſed himſelf to the laughter of the ignorant by a contrary behaviour; upon which he told me that he would take care for the future to keep his notions to himſelf, and converſe in the common received ſentiments of mankind. He at the ſame time deſired me to give him another rules of converſation which I thought might be for his improvement. I told him I would think of it; and accordingly, as I have a particular affection for the young man, I gave him next morning the following rules in writing, which may per-

ha

haps have contributed to make him the agreeable man he now is.

The faculty of interchanging our thoughts with one another, or what we expreſs by the word converſation, has always been repreſented by moral writers as one of the nobleſt privileges of reaſon, and which more particularly ſets mankind above the brute part of the creation.

Though nothing ſo much gains upon the affections as this extempore eloquence, which we have conſtantly occaſion for, and are obliged to practiſe every day, we very rarely meet with any who excel in it.

The converſation of moſt men is diſagreeable, not ſo much for want of wit and learning as of good-breeding and diſcretion.

If you reſolve to pleaſe, never ſpeak to gratify any particular vanity or paſſion of your own, but always with a deſign either to divert or inform the company. A man who only aims at one of theſe is always eaſy in his diſcourſe. He is never out of humour at being interrupted; becauſe he conſiders that thoſe who hear him are the beſt judges whether what he was ſaying could either divert or inform them.

A modeſt perſon ſeldom fails to gain the good-will of thoſe he converſes with, becauſe no body envies a man who does not appear to be pleaſed with himſelf.

We ſhould talk extremely little of ourſelves. Indeed what can we ſay? It would be as imprudent to diſcover our faults as ridiculous to count over our fancied virtues. Our private and domeſtic affairs are no leſs improper to be introduced in converſation. What does it concern the company how many horſes you keep in your ſtables? or whether your ſervant is moſt knave or fool?

A man may equally affront the company he is in, by engroſſing all the talk, or obſerving a contemptuous ſilence.

Before you tell a ſtory, it may be generally not amiſs to draw a ſhort character, and give the company a true idea of the principal perſons concerned in it: the beauty of moſt things conſiſting not ſo much in their being ſaid or done, as in their being ſaid or done by ſuch a particular perſon, or on ſuch a particular occaſion.

Notwithſtanding all the advantages of youth, few young people pleaſe in converſation. The reaſon is, that want of experience makes them poſitive; and what they ſay is rather with a deſign to pleaſe themſelves than any one elſe.

It is certain that age itſelf ſhall make many things paſs well enough which would have been laughed at in the mouth of one much younger.

Nothing, however, is more inſupportable to men of ſenſe, than an empty formal man who ſpeaks in proverbs, and decides all controverſies with a ſhort ſentence. This piece of ſtupidity is the more inſufferable, as it puts on the air of wiſdom.

A prudent man will avoid talking much of any particular ſcience for which he is remarkably famous. There is not, methinks, an handſomer thing ſaid of Mr. Cowley in his whole life, than that none but his intimate friends ever diſcovered he was a great poet by his diſcourſe. Beſides the decency of this rule, it is certainly founded in good policy. A man who talks of any thing he is already famous for, has little to get, but a great deal to loſe. I might add, that he who is ſometimes ſilent on a ſubject where every one is ſatisfied he could ſpeak well, will often be thought no leſs knowing in other matters where perhaps he is wholly ignorant.

Women are frightened at the name of argument, and are ſooner convinced by a happy turn, or witty expreſſion, than by demonſtration.

Whenever you commend, add your reaſons for doing ſo. It is this which diſtinguiſhes the approbation of a man of ſenſe from the flattery of ſycophants, and admiration of fools!

Raillery

Raillery is no longer agreeable than while the whole company is pleaſed with it. I would leaſt of all be underſtood to except the perſon rallied.

Though good humour, ſenſe and diſcretion, can ſeldom fail to make a man agreeable, it may be no ill policy ſometimes to prepare yourſelf in a particular manner for converſation, by looking a little farther than your neighbours into whatever is become a reigning ſubject. If our armies are beſieging a place of importance abroad, or our houſe of Commons debating a bill of conſequence at home, you can hardly fail of being heard with pleaſure, if you have nicely informed yourſelf of the ſtrength, ſituation, and hiſtory of the firſt, or of the reaſons for and againſt the latter. It will have the ſame effect, if, when any ſingle perſon begins to make a noiſe in the world, you can learn ſome of the ſmalleſt accidents in his life or converſation, which, though they are too fine for the obſervation of the vulgar, give more ſatisfaction to men of ſenſe, as they are the beſt openings to a real character, than the recital of his moſt glaring actions. I know but one ill conſequence to be feared from this method, namely, that coming full charged into company, you ſhould reſolve to unload whether an handſome opportunity offers itſelf or no.

Though the aſking of queſtions may plead for itſelf the ſpecious names of modeſty, and a deſire of information, it affords little pleaſure to the reſt of the company who are not troubled with the ſame doubts. Beſides which, he who aſks a queſtion would do well to conſider that he lies wholly at the mercy of another before he receives an anſwer.

Nothing is more ſilly than the pleaſure ſome people take in what they call ſpeaking their minds. A man of this make will ſay a rude thing for the mere pleaſure of ſaying it, when an oppoſite behaviour, full as innocent, might have preſerved his friend, or made his fortune

It is not impoſſible for a man to form to himſelf as exquiſite a pleaſure in complying with the humour and

and ſentiments of others, as of bringing others over to his own; ſince it is the certain ſign of a ſuperior genius, that can take and become whatever dreſs it pleaſes.

I ſhall only add, that beſides what I have here ſaid, there is ſomething which can never be learned but in the company of the polite. The virtues of men are catching as well as their vices; and your own obſervations added to theſe will ſoon diſcover what it is that commands attention in one man, and makes you tired and diſpleaſed with the diſcourſe of another.

No 25. Thurſday, April 9.

——Quis tam Lucili fauter inepte eſt,
Ut non hoc fateatur? *Hor. Sat.* 10. *l.* 1. *v.* 2.

——————What friend of his *
So blindly partial to deny me this? *Creech.*

THE prevailing humour of crying up authors that have writ in the days of our forefathers, and of paſſing ſlightly over the merit of our contemporaries, is a grievance that men of a free and unprejudiced thought have complained of through all ages in their writings.

I went home laſt night full of theſe reflections from a coffee-houſe, where a great many excellent writings were arraigned, and as many very indifferent ones applauded, (more as it ſeemed to me) upon the account of their date than upon any intrinſic value or demerit. The converſation ended with great encomiums upon my Lord Verulam's hiſtory of Henry VII. The company were unanimous in their approbation of it. I was too well acquainted with the traditional vogue of that book throughout the whole nation to venture my thoughts upon it. Neither

* Of the poet Lucilius.

would

would I now offer my judgment upon that work to the public (ſo great a veneration have I for the memory of a man whoſe writings are the glory of our nation), but that the authority of ſo leading a name may perpetuate a vicious taſte amongſt us, and betray future hiſtorians to copy after a model which I cannot help thinking far from complete.

As to the fidelity of the hiſtory I have nothing to ſay; to examine it impartially in that view would require much pains and leiſure: but as to the compoſition of it, and ſometimes the choice of matter, I am apt to believe it will appear not a little faulty to an unprejudiced reader. A complete hiſtorian ſhould be endowed with the eſſential qualifications of a great poet. His ſtyle muſt be majeſtic and grave, as well as ſimple and unaffected; his narration ſhould be animated, ſhort, and clear, and ſo as even to outrun the impatience of the reader, if poſſible. This can only be done by being very ſparing and choice in words; by retrenching all cold and ſuperfluous circumſtances in an action; and by dwelling upon ſuch alone as are material, and fit to delight or inſtruct a ſerious mind. This is what we find in the great models of antiquity, and in a more particular manner in Livy, whom it is impoſſible to read without the warmeſt emotions.

But my Lord Verulam, on the contrary, is ever, in the tedious ſtyle of declaimers, uſing two words for one; ever endeavouring to be witty, and as fond of out-of-the way ſimilies as ſome of our play writers. He abounds in low phraſes beneath the dignity of hiſtory, and often condeſcends to little conceits and quibbles. His political reflections are frequently falſe, almoſt every where trivial and puerile. His whole manner of turning his thoughts is full of affectation and pedantry; and there appears, throughout his whole work, more the air of a recluſe ſcholar than of a man verſed in the world.

After paſſing ſo free a cenſure upon a book, which for theſe hundred years and upwards has met with the moſt univerſal approbation, I am obliged, in my own

own defence, to tranſcribe ſome of the many paſſages I formerly collected for the uſe of my firſt charge, Sir Marmaduke Lizard. It would be endleſs ſhould I point out the frequent tautologies and circumlocutions that occur in every page, which do, as it were rarify, inſtead of condenſing his thoughts and matter. It was, in all probability, his application to the law that gave him a habit of being ſo wordy; of which I ſhall put down two or three examples.

'That all records, wherein there was any memory or mention of the king's attainder ſhould be defaced, cancelled, and taken off the file.—Divers ſecret and nimble ſcouts and ſpies, &c. to learn, ſearch, and diſcover, all the circumſtances and particulars—To aſſail, ſap, and work into the conſtancy of Sir Robert Clifford.'

I leave the following paſſages to every one's conſideration, without making any farther remarks upon them:

'He ſhould be well enough able to ſcatter the Iriſh as a flight of birds, and rattle away his ſwarm of bees with their king.——The rebels took their way towards York, &c. but their ſnow-ball did not gather as it went.——So that, in a kind of mattacina of human fortune, he turned a broach that had worn a crown; whereas fortune commonly doth not bring in a comedy or farce after a tragedy.—The Queen was crowned, &c. about two years after the marriage, like an old chriſtening that had ſtaid long for godfathers.—Deſirous to trouble the waters in Italy, that he might fiſh the better, caſting the net, not out of St. Peter's but out of Borgia's bark.——And therefore upon the firſt grain of incenſe that was ſacrificed upon the altar of peace at Bulloigne, Perkin was ſmoked away.——This was the end of this little cockatrice of a king, that was able to deſtroy thoſe that did not eſpy him firſt.—It was obſerved that the great tempeſt which drove Philip into England blew down the golden eagle from the ſpire of St. Paul's; and, in the fall, it fell upon a ſign of the black

'black eagle which was in Paul's church-yard, in 'the place where the ſchool-houſe now ſtandeth, 'and battered it, and broke it down; which was a 'ſtrange ſtooping of a hawk upon a fowl.——The 'King began to find where his ſhoe did wring him. '——In whoſe boſom or budget moſt of Perkin's 'ſecrets were laid up. One might know afar off 'where the owl was by the flight of birds.——Bold 'men, and careleſs of fame, and that took toll of 'their maſter's griſt.——Empſon and Dudley would 'have cut another chop out of him.——Peter Hi-'alas, ſome call him Elias; ſurely he was the fore-'runner of, &c.——Lionel Biſhop of Concordia, 'was ſent as nuncio, &c.; but notwithſtanding 'he had a good ominous name to have made a 'peace, nothing followed.——Taxing him for a 'great taxer of his people.—Not by proclamations, 'but by court-fames, which commonly print better 'than printed proclamations.——Sir Edward Poyn-'ings was enforced to make a wild chace upon the 'wild Iriſh.——In ſparing of blood by the bleeding 'of ſo much treaſure;——and although his own 'caſe had both ſteel and parchment more than the 'other, that is to ſay, a conqueſt in the field, and 'an act of parliament.——That Pope knowing that 'King Henry VI. was reputed in the world abroad 'but for a ſimple man, was afraid it would but 'diminiſh the eſtimation of that kind of honour, if 'there were not a diſtance kept between innocents 'and ſaints.'

Not to trouble my reader with any more inſtances of the like nature, I muſt obſerve, that the whole work is ill conducted, and the ſtory of Perkin Warbeck, which ſhould have been only like an epiſode in a poem, is ſpun out to near a third part of the book. The character of Henry VII. at the end, is rather an abſtract of his hiſtory than a character. It is tedious, and diverſified with ſo many particularities as confound the reſemblance, and make it almoſt impoſſible for the reader to form any diſtinct idea of the perſon. It is not thus the ancients drew their characters; but

but in a few juſt and bold ſtrokes gave you the diſtinguiſhed features of the mind (if I may be allowed the metaphor) in ſo diſtinct a manner, and in ſo ſtrong a light, that you grew intimate with your man immediately, and knew him from an hundred.

After all, it muſt be conſidered in favour of my Lord Verulam, that he lived in an age wherein chaſte and correct writing was not in faſhion, and when pedantry was the mode even at court; ſo that it is no wonder if the prevalent humour of the times bore down his genius, though ſuperior in force perhaps to any of our countrymen that have either gone before or ſucceeded him.

No 26. Friday, April 10.

Non ego illam mihi dotem eſſe puto, quæ dos dicitur,
Sed pudicitiam et pudorem et ſedatum cupidinem.

Plaut.

A woman's true dowery, in my opinion, is virtue, modeſty, and deſires reſtrained; not that which is uſually ſo called.

AN healthy old fellow, that is not a fool, is the happieſt creature living. It is at that time of life only men enjoy their faculties with pleaſure and ſatisfaction. It is then we have nothing to manage, as the phraſe is; we ſpeak the downright truth, and whether the reſt of the world will give us the privilege or not, we have ſo little to aſk of them that we can take it. I ſhall be very free with the women from this one conſideration; and having nothing to deſire of them, ſhall treat them as they ſtand in nature, and as they are adorned with virtue, and not as they are pleaſed to form and diſguiſe themſelves. A ſet of fops from one generation to another, has made ſuch a pother with bright eyes, the fair ſex, the charms, the air, and ſomething ſo in-

incapable to be expreſſed but with a ſigh, that the creatures have utterly gone out of their very being, and there are no women at all in the world. If they are not nymphs, ſhepherdeſſes, graces, or goddeſſes, they are to a woman all of them the ladies. Get to a chriſtening at any alley in the town, and at the meaneſt artificer's, and the word is, 'Well, who 'takes care of the ladies?' I have taken notice, that ever ſince the word Forſooth was baniſhed for Madam, the word Woman has been diſcarded for Lady: and as there is now never a woman in England, I hope I may talk of Women without offence to the Ladies. What puts me in this preſent diſpoſition to tell them their own, is, that in the holy week I very civilly deſired all delinquents, in point of chaſtity, to make ſome atonement for their freedoms, by beſtowing a charity upon the miſerable wretches who languiſh in the Lock-hoſpital; but I hear of very little done in that matter; and I am informed, they are pleaſed, inſtead of taking notice of my precaution, to call me an ill-bred old fellow, and ſay I do not underſtand the world. It is not, it ſeems, within the rules of good-breeding to tax the vices of people of quality; and the commandments were made for the vulgar. I am indeed informed of ſome oblations ſent into the houſe; but they are all come from the ſervants of criminals of condition. A poor chambermaid has ſent in ten ſhillings out of her huſh-money, to expiate her guilt of being in her miſtreſs's ſecret; but ſays, ſhe dare not aſk her Ladyſhip for any thing; for ſhe is not to ſuppoſe that ſhe is locked up with a young gentleman, in the abſence of her huſband, three hours together for any harm; but as my Lady is a perſon of great ſenſe, the girl does not know but that they were reading ſome good book together; but becauſe ſhe fears it may be otherwiſe, ſhe has ſent her ten ſhillings for the guilt of concealing it. We have a thimble from a country-girl, that owns ſhe has had dreams of a fine gentleman who comes to their houſe, who gave her half a crown, and bid her have a care of the men

in this town; but ſhe thinks he does not mean what he ſays, and ſends the thimble, becauſe ſhe does not hate him as ſhe ought. The ten ſhillings, this thimble, and an occamy ſpoon from ſome other unknown poor ſinner, are all the atonement which is made for the body of ſin in London and Weſtminſter. I have computed that there is one in every three hundred who is not chaſte; and if that be a modeſt computation, how great a number are thoſe who make no acount of my admonition? It might be expected, one or two of the two hundred and ninety-nine honeſt might, out of mere charity and compaſſion to iniquity, as it is a misfortune, have done ſomething upon ſo good a time as that wherein they were ſolicited. But Major Crabtree, a four pot companion of mine, ſays, the two hundred ninety and nine are one way or other as little virtuous as the three-hundredth unchaſte woman, I would ſay lady. It is certain that we are infeſted with a parcel of jilflirts, who are not capable of being mothers of brave men; for the infant partakes of the temper and diſpoſition of its mother. We ſee the unaccountable effects which ſudden frights and longings have upon the offspring; and it is not to be doubted but the ordinary way of thinking of the mother has its influence upon what ſhe bears about her nine months. Thus, from the want of care in this particular of chuſing wives, you ſee men, after much care, labour and ſtudy, ſurpriſed with prodigious ſtarts of ill-nature and paſſion; that can be accounted for no otherwiſe but from hence, that it grew upon them in embrio, and the man was determined ſurly, peeviſh, froward, ſullen, or outrageous, before he ſaw the light. The laſt time I was in a public place, I fell in love by proxy for Sir Harry Lizard. The young woman happens to be of quality. Her father was a gentleman of as noble a diſpoſition as any I ever met with. The widow, her mother, under whoſe wing ſhe loves to appear, and is proud of it, is a pattern to perſons of condition. Good ſenſe, heightened and exerted with good breeding,

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is the parent's diſtinguiſhing character; and if we can get this young woman into our family, we ſhall think we have a much better purchaſe than others, who, without her good qualities, may bring into theirs the greateſt acceſſion of riches. I ſent Sir Harry by laſt night's poſt the following letter on the ſubject.

Dear Sir Harry,

UPON our laſt parting, and as I had juſt mounted the little roan I am ſo fond of, you called me back, and when I ſtooped to you, you ſqueezed me by the hand, and, with alluſion to ſome pleaſant diſcourſe we had had a day or two before in the houſe concerning the preſent mercantile way of contracting marriages, with a ſmile and a bluſh you bid me look upon ſome women for you, and ſend word how they went. I did not ſee one to my mind till the laſt opera before Eaſter. I aſſure you I have been as unquiet ever ſince as I wiſh you were till you had her. Her height, her complexion, and every thing but her age, which is under twenty, are very much to my ſatisfaction. There is an ingenious ſhame in her eyes, which is to the mind what the bloom of youth is to the body. Neither implies that there are virtuous habits and accompliſhments already attained by the poſſeſſor, but they certainly ſhow an unprejudiced capacity towards them. As to the circumſtance of this young woman's age, I am reconciled to her want of years, becauſe ſhe pretends to nothing above them. You do not ſee in her the odious forwardneſs to I know not what, as in the aſſured countenances, naked boſoms, and confident glances of her cotemporaries.

I will vouch for her, that you will have her whole heart, if you can win it. She is in no familiarities with the fops; her fan has never yet been out of her own hand; and her brother's face is the only man's ſhe ever looked in ſtedfaſtly.

When I have gone thus far, and told you that I am very confident of her as to her virtue and educa-

tion, I may ſpeak a little freely to you as you are a young man. There is a dignity in the young lady's beauty; when it ſhall become her to receive your friends with a good air and affable countenance; when ſhe is to repreſent that part of you which you moſt delight in, the frank and chearful reception of your friends; her beauty will do as much honour to your table as they will give you pleaſure in your bed.

It is no ſmall inſtance of felicity to have a woman, from whoſe behaviour your friends are more endeared to you, and for whoſe ſake your children are as much valued as for your own.

It is not for me to celebrate the lovely height of her forehead, the ſoft pulp of her lips, or to deſcribe the amiable profile which her fine hair, cheeks, and neck, made to the beholders that night, but ſhall leave them to your own obſervation when you come to town, which you may do at your leiſure, and be time enough; for there are many in town richer than her whom I recommend. I am,

SIR,

Your moſt obedient and moſt humble ſervant,

NESTOR IRONSIDE.

No 27. Saturday, April 11.

Multa putans, ſortemque animo miſeratus iniquam.
Virg. Æn. v. 332.

Struck with compaſſion of ſo ſad a ſtate.

IN compaſſion to thoſe gloomy mortals, who, by their unbelief, are rendered incapable of feeling thoſe impreſſions of joy and hope which the celebration of the late glorious feſtival naturally leaves on the mind of a Chriſtian, I ſhall in this paper endeavour

deavour to evince that there are grounds to expect a future ſtate, without ſuppoſing in the reader any faith at all, not even the belief of a Deity. Let the moſt ſtedfaſt unbeliever open his eyes, and take a ſurvey of the ſenſible world, and then ſay, if there be not a connexion, an adjuſtment, an exact and conſtant order, diſcoverable in all the parts of it. Whatever be the cauſe, the thing itſelf is evident to all our faculties. Look into the animal ſyſtem, the paſſions, ſenſes, and locomotive powers, is not the like contrivance and propriety obſervable in theſe too? are they not fitted to certain ends, and are they not by nature directed to proper objects?

Is it poſſible then that the ſmalleſt bodies ſhould, by a management ſuperior to the wit of man, be diſpoſed in the moſt excellent manner agreeable to their reſpective natures, and yet the ſpirits or ſouls of men be neglected, or managed by ſuch rules as fall ſhort of man's underſtanding? Shall every other paſſion be rightly placed by nature? and ſhall that appetite of immortality natural to all mankind be alone miſplaced, or deſigned to be fruſtrated? Shall the induſtrious application of the inferior animal powers in the meaneſt vocations be anſwered by the ends we propoſe? and ſhall not the generous efforts of a virtuous mind be rewarded? In a word, ſhall the corporeal world be all order and harmony, the intellectual diſcord and confuſion? He who is bigot enough to believe theſe things, muſt bid adieu to that natural rule of reaſoning from analogy; muſt run counter to that maxim of common ſenſe, That men ought to form their judgments of things unexperienced from what they have experienced.

If any thing looks like a recompence of calamitous virtue on this ſide the grave, it is either an aſſurance that thereby we obtain the favour and protection of heaven, and ſhall, whatever befalls us in this, in another life meet with a juſt return, or elſe that applauſe and reputation which is thought to attend virtuous actions. The former of theſe, our Free-thinkers, out of their ſingular wiſdom and be-

nevolence to mankind, endeavour to eraſe from the minds of men: the latter can never be juſtly diſtributed in this life where ſo many ill actions are reputable, and ſo many good actions diſeſteemed or miſinterpreted; where ſubtle hypocriſy is placed in the moſt engaging light, and modeſt virtue lies concealed; where the heart and the ſoul are hid from the eyes of men, and the eyes of men are dimmed and vitiated. Plato's ſenſe in relation to this point is contained in his Gorgias, where he introduces Socrates ſpeaking after this manner:

'It was in the reign of Saturn provided by a law, 'which the gods have ſince continued down to this 'time, That they who had lived virtuouſly and 'piouſly upon earth ſhould after death enjoy a life 'full of happineſs, in certain iſlands appointed for 'the habitation of the bleſſed; but that ſuch as had 'lived wickedly ſhould go into the receptacle of 'damned ſouls, named Tartarus, there to ſuffer the 'puniſhments they deſerved, But in all the reign 'of Saturn, and in the beginning of the reign 'of Jove, living judges were appointed, by whom 'each perſon was judged in his life-time in the ſame 'day on which he was to die. The conſequence of 'which was, that they often paſſed wrong judg-'ments. Pluto therefore, who preſided in Tarta-'rus, and the guardians of the bleſſed iſlands, find-'ing that, on the other ſide, many unfit perſons 'were ſent to their reſpective dominions, complained 'to Jove, who promiſed to redreſs the evil. He 'added, The reaſon of theſe unjuſt proceedings are, 'that men are judged in the body. Hence many 'conceal the blemiſhes and imperfections of their 'minds by beauty, birth, and riches; not to men-'tion, that at the time of trial, there are crowds of 'witneſſes to atteſt their having lived well. Theſe 'things miſlead the judges; who, being themſelves 'alſo of the number of the living, are ſurrounded 'each with his own body as with a vail thrown 'over his mind. For the future therefore, it is my 'intention that men do not come on their trial till 'after death, when they ſhall appear before the

'judge,

'judge, diſrobed of all their corporeal ornaments. 'The judge himſelf too ſhall be a pure unvailed 'ſpirit, beholding the very ſoul, the naked ſoul of 'the party before him. With this view I have 'already conſtituted my ſons, Minos and Rhada-'manthus, judges, who are natives of Aſia, and 'Æacus, a native of Europe. Theſe, after death, 'ſhall hold their court in a certain meadow, from 'which there are two roads, leading the one to 'Tartarus, the other to the iſlands of the bleſſed.'

From this, as from numberleſs other paſſages of his writings, may be ſeen Plato's opinion of a future ſtate. A thing therefore in regard to us ſo comfortable, in itſelf ſo juſt and excellent, a thing ſo agreeable to the analogy of nature, and ſo univerſally credited by all orders and ranks of men, of all nations and ages, what is it that ſhould move a few men to reject? Surely there muſt be ſomething of prejudice in the caſe. I appeal to the ſecret thoughts of a Free-thinker, if he does not argue within himſelf after this manner. The ſenſes and faculties I enjoy at preſent are viſibly deſigned to repair or preſerve the body from the injuries it is liable to in its preſent circumſtances: But in an eternal ſtate, where no decays are to be repaired, no outward injuries to be fenced againſt, where there are no fleſh and bones, nerves or blood-veſſels, there will certainly be none of the ſenſes; and that there ſhould be a ſtate of life without the ſenſes, is inconceivable.

But as this manner of reaſoning proceeds from a poverty of imagination, and narrowneſs of ſoul in thoſe that uſe it, I ſhall endeavour to remedy thoſe defects, and open their views, by laying before them a caſe, which, being naturally poſſible, may perhaps reconcile them to the belief of what is ſupernaturally revealed.

Let us ſuppoſe a perſon blind and deaf from his birth, who, being grown to man's eſtate, is by the dead palſy, or ſome other cauſe, deprived of his feeling,

feeling, tasting, and smelling, and at the same time has the impediment of his hearing removed, and the film taken from his eyes. What the five senses are to us, that the touch, taste and smell were to him. And any other ways of perception of a more refined and extensive nature were to him as inconceivable, as to us those are which will one day be adapted to perceive those things which eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive. And it would be just as reasonable in him to conclude, that the loss of those three senses could not possibly be succeeded by any new inlets of perception, as in a modern Free-thinker to imagine there can be no state of life and perception without the senses he enjoys at present. Let us further suppose the same person's eyes, at their first opening, to be struck with a great variety of their most gay and pleasing objects, and his ears with a melodious concert of vocal and instrumental music; behold him amazed, ravished, transported: and you have some distant representation, some faint and glimmering idea of the ecstatic state of the soul in that article in which she emerges from this sepulchre of flesh into life and immortality.

'*N. B.* It has been observed by the Christians, that 'a certain ingenious foreigner, who has published 'many exemplary jests for the use of persons in the 'article of death, was very much out of humour in 'a late fit of sickness, till he was in a fair way of 'recovery.'

N° 28. Monday, April 13.

Ætas parentum pejor avis tulit
Nos nequiores, mox daturos
Progeniem vitioſiorem.

Hor. Od. 6. l. 5. v. 46.

Our fathers have been worſe than theirs,
And we than ours: next age will ſee
A race more profligate than we. *Roſcommon.*

THeocritus, Bion, and Moſchus, are the moſt famous amongſt the Greek writers of paſtorals. The two latter of theſe are judged to be far ſhort of Theocritus; whom I ſhall ſpeak of more largly, becauſe he rivals the greateſt of all poets, Virgil himſelf. He hath the advantage confeſſedly of the Latin, in coming before him, and writing in a tongue more proper for paſtoral. The ſoftneſs of the Doric dialect, which this poet is ſaid to have improved beyond any who came before him, is what the ancient Roman writers owned their language could not approach. But beſides this beauty, he ſeems to me to have had a ſoul more ſoftly and tenderly inclined to this way of writing than Virgil, whoſe genius led him naturally to ſublimity. It is true, that the great Roman, by the niceneſs of his judgment, and great command of himſelf, hath acquitted himſelf dexterouſly this way. But a penetrating judge will find there the ſeeds of that fire which burned afterwards ſo bright in the Georgics, and blazed out in the Æneid. I muſt not however diſſemble, that theſe bold ſtrokes appear chiefly in thoſe eclogues of Virgil, which ought not to be numbered amongſt his paſtorals, which are indeed generally thought to be all of the paſtoral kind; but by the beſt judges are only called his ſelect poems, as the word eclogue originally means.

Thoſe that will take the pains to conſult Scaliger's compariſon of theſe two poets, will find that Theocritus hath outdone him in thoſe very paſſages which the

the critic hath produced in honour of Virgil. There is, in ſhort, more innocence, ſimplicity, and whatever elſe hath been laid down as the diſtinguiſhing marks of paſtoral, in the Greek than the Roman; and all arguments from the exactneſs, propriety, conciſeneſs, and nobleneſs of Virgil, may very well be turned againſt him. There is indeed ſometimes a groſſneſs and clowniſhneſs in Theocritus, which Virgil, who borrowed his greateſt beauties from him, hath avoided. I will however add, that Virgil, out of the excellence of genius only, hath come ſhort of Theocritus; and had poſſibly excelled him, if in greater ſubjects he had not been born to excel all mankind.

The Italians were the firſt amongſt the moderns that fell into paſtoral writing. It is obſerved, that the people of that nation are very profound and abſtruſe in their poetry as well as politics; fond of ſurpriſing conceits, and far-fetched imaginations; and labour chiefly to ſay what was never ſaid before. From perſons of this character, how can we expect that air of ſimplicity and truth which hath been proved ſo eſſential to ſhepherds? There are two paſtoral plays in this language, which they boaſt of as the moſt elegant performances in poetry that the latter ages have produced; the Aminta of Taſſo, and Guarini's Paſtor Fido. In theſe the names of the perſons are indeed paſtoral; and the Sylvan gods, the Dryads, and the Satyrs, appointed with the equipage of antiquity: but neither their language, ſentiments, paſſions, or deſigns, like thoſe of the pretty triflers in Virgil and Theocritus. I ſhall produce an example out of each, which are commonly taken notice of, as patterns of the Italian way of thinking in paſtoral. Sylvia in Taſſo's poem enters adorned with a garland of flowers, and views herſelf in a fountain with ſelf-admiration, that ſhe breaks out into a ſpeech to the flowers on her head, and tells them, 'She doth not wear them to adorn 'herſelf, but to make them aſhamed.' In the Paſtor Fido, a ſhepherdeſs reaſons after an abſtruſe philoſophical

ſophical manner about the violence of love, and expoſtulates with the gods, 'for making laws ſo rigorous to reſtrain us, and at the ſame time giving us invincible deſires.' Whoever can bear theſe, may be aſſured he hath no taſte for paſtoral.

When I am ſpeaking of the Italians, it would be unpardonable to paſs by Sannazarius. He hath changed the ſcene in this kind of poetry from woods and lawns to the barren beach and boundleſs ocean; introduces ſea-calves in the room of kids and lambs, ſea-mews for the lark and the linnet, and preſents his miſtreſs with oyſters inſtead of fruits and flowers. How good ſoever his ſtyle and thoughts may be, yet who can pardon him for his arbitrary change of the ſweet manners and pleaſing objects of the country, for what in their own nature are uncomfortable and dreadful? I think he hath few or no followers; or if any, ſuch as knew little of his beauties, and only copied his faults, and ſo are loſt and forgotten.

The French are ſo far from thinking abſtruſely, that they often ſeem not to think at all. It is all a run of numbers, common place deſcriptions of woods, floods, gloves, loves, &c. Thoſe who write the moſt accurately fall into the manner of their country, which is gallantry. I cannot better illuſtrate what I would ſay of the French, than by the dreſs in which they make their ſhepherds appear in their paſtoral interludes upon the ſtage, as I find it deſcribed by a celebrated author. 'The ſhepherds,' ſaith he, 'are all embroidered, and acquit themſelves in a ball better than our Engliſh dancing-maſters. I have ſeen a couple of rivers appear in red ſtockings; and Alpheus, inſtead of having his head covered with ſedges and bulruſhes, making love in a fair full-bottomed periwig and a plume of feathers, but with a voice ſo full of ſhakes and quavers, that I ſhould have thought the murmurs of a country-brook the much more agreeable muſic.'

N°

No. 29. Tuesday, April 14.

Ride si sapis—— *Mart. Epig.* 41. *l.* 2. *v.* 1.

Laugh, if you're wise.

IN order to look into any person's temper, I generally make my first observation upon his laugh; whether he is easily moved, and what are the passages which throw him into that agreeable kind of convulsion. People are never so much unguarded as when they are pleased; and laughter being a visible symptom of some inward satisfaction, it is then, if ever, we may believe the face. There is perhaps no better index to point us to the particularities of the mind than this, which is in itself one of the chief distinctions of our rationality. For, as Milton says,

——Smiles from reason flow, to brutes deny'd,
And are of love the food——

It may be remarked in general under this head, that the laugh of men of wit is, for the most part, but a faint constrained kind of half-laugh, as such persons are never without some diffidence about them; but that of fools is the most honest, natural, open laugh in the world.

I have often had thoughts of writing a treatise upon this faculty, wherein I would have laid down rules for the better regulation of it at the theatre; I would have criticised on the laughs now in vogue, by which our comic writers might the better know how to transport an audience into this pleasing affection. I had set apart a chapter for a dissertation on the talents of some of our modern comedians; and as it was the manner of Plutarch to draw comparison of his heroes and orators, to set their actions and eloquence in a fairer light, so I would have made the parallel of Pinkethman, Norris, and Bullock

and ſo far ſhown their different methods of raiſing mirth, that any one ſhould be able to diſtinguiſh whether the jeſt was the poet's or the actor's.

As the playhouſe affords us the moſt occaſions of obſerving upon the behaviour of the face, it may be uſeful (for the direction of thoſe who would be critics this way) to remark, that the virgin-ladies uſually diſpoſe themſelves in the front of the boxes; the young married women compoſe the ſecond row; while the rear is generally made up of mothers of long ſtanding, undeſigning maids, and contented widows. Whoever will caſt his eye upon them under this view, during the repreſentation of a play, will find me ſo far in the right that a double entendre ſtrikes the firſt row into an affected gravity, or careleſs indolence; the ſecond will venture at a ſmile; but the third take the conceit entirely, and expreſs their mirth in a downright laugh.

When I deſcend to particulars, I find the reſerved prude will relapſe into a ſmile at the extravagant freedoms of the coquette, the coquette in her turn laughs at the ſtarchneſs and awkward affectation of the prude; the man of letters is tickled with the vanity and ignorance of the fop, and the fop confeſſes his ridicule at the unpoliteneſs of the pendant.

I fancy we may range the ſeveral kinds of laughers under the following heads:

The Dimplers,
The Smilers,
The Laughers,
The Grinners,
The Horſe-laughers.

The Dimple is practiſed to give a grace to the features, and is frequently made a bait to entangle a gazing lover. This was called by the ancients the Chian laugh.

The Smile is for the moſt part confined to the fair ſex, and their male retinue. It expreſſes our ſatiſfaction in a ſilent ſort of approbation, doth not too much diſorder the features, and is practiſed by lovers

of the moſt delicate addreſs. This tender motion of the phyſiognomy the ancients called the Ionic laugh.

The Laugh among us is the common *riſus* of the ancients.

The Grin, by writers of antiquity, is called the Syncruſian, and was then, as it is at this time, made uſe of to diſplay a beautiful ſet of teeth.

The Horſe-laugh, or the Sardonic, is made uſe of with great ſucceſs in all kinds of diſputation. The proficients in this kind, by a well-timid laugh, will baffle the moſt ſolid argument. This upon all occaſions ſupplies the want of reaſon; is always received with great applauſe in coffee-houſe-diſputes; and that ſide the laugh joins with is generally obſerved to gain the better of his antagoniſt.

The prude hath a wonderful eſteem for the Chian laugh, or Dimple: ſhe looks upon all the other kinds of laughter as exceſſes of levity; and is never ſeen upon the moſt extravagant jeſts to diſorder her countenance with the ruffle of a ſmile. Her lips are compoſed with a primneſs peculiar to her character; all her modeſty ſeems collected into her face; and ſhe but very rarely takes the freedom to ſink her cheek into a dimple.

The young widow is only a Chian for a time. Her ſmiles are confined by decorum, and ſhe is obliged to make her face ſympathize with her habit: ſhe looks demure by art; and by the ſtrict rules of decency is never allowed the ſmile till the firſt offer or advance towards her is over.

The effeminate fop, who by the long exerciſe of his countenance at the glaſs hath reduced it to an exact diſcipline, may claim a place in this clan. You ſee him upon any occaſion, to give ſpirit to his diſcourſe, admire his own eloquence by a dimple.

The Ionics are thoſe ladies that take a greater liberty with their features; yet even theſe may be ſaid to ſmother a laugh, as the former to ſtifle a ſmile.

The

The beau is an Ionic out of complaiſance, and practiſes the ſmile the better to ſympathize with the fair. He will ſometimes join in a laugh to humour the ſpleen of a lady, or applaud a piece of wit of his own; but always takes care to confine his mouth within the rules of good-breeding. He takes the laugh from the ladies, but is never guilty of ſo great an indecorum as to begin it.

The Ionic laugh is of univerſal uſe to men of power at their levees, and is eſteemed by judicious place-hunters a more particular mark of diſtinction than the whiſper. A young gentleman of my acquaintance valued himſelf upon his ſucceſs, having obtained this favour after the attendance of three months only.

A judicious author ſome years ſince publiſhed a collection of ſonnets, which he very ſucceſsfully called Laugh and be Fat; or, Pills to purge Melancholy. I cannot ſufficiently admire the facetious title of theſe volumes, and muſt cenſure the world of ingratitude while they are ſo negligent in rewarding the jocoſe labours of my friend Mr. D'Urfey, who was ſo large a contributor to this treatiſe, and to whoſe humourous productions ſo many rural ſquires in the remoteſt parts of this iſland are obliged for the dignity and ſtate which corpulency gives them. The ſtory of the ſick man's breaking an impoſthume by a ſudden fit of laughter, is too well known to need a recital. It is my opinion that the above pills would be extremely proper to be taken with aſſes milk, and mightily contribute towards the renewing and reſtoring decayed lungs. Democritus is generally repreſented to us as a man of the largeſt ſize, which we may attribute to his ſo frequent exerciſe of his riſible faculty. I remember Juvenal ſomewhere ſays of him,

Perpetuo riſu pulmonem agitare ſolebat. Sat. 10. v. 33.

He ſhook his ſides with a perpetual laugh.

That ſort of man whom a late writer has called the Butt, is a great promoter of this healthful agita-

tion, and is generally ſtocked with ſo much good humour as to ſtrike in with the gaiety of converſation though ſome innocent blunder of his own be the ſubject of the raillery.

I ſhall range all old amorous dotards under the denomination of Grinners. When a young blooming wench touches their fancy, by an endeavour to recal youth into their cheeks, they immediately overſtrain their muſcular features, and ſhrivel their countenance into this frightful merriment.

The wag is of the ſame kind, and by the ſame artifice labours to ſupport his impotence of wit; but he very frequently calls in the Horſe-Laugh to his aſſiſtance.

There are another kind of Grinners, which the ancients call Megarics, and ſome moderns have, not injudiciouſly, given them the name of Sneerers. Theſe always indulge their mirth at the expence of their friends; and all their ridicule conſiſts in unſeaſonable ill-nature. I could wiſh theſe laughers would conſider, that, let them do what they can, there is no laughing away their own follies by laughing at other people's.

The mirth of the tea-table is for the moſt part Megaric, and in viſits the ladies themſelves very ſeldom ſcruple the ſacrificing a friendſhip to a laugh of this denomination.

The coquette hath a great deal of the Megaric in her; but, in ſhort, ſhe is a proficient in laughter, and can run through the whole exerciſe of the features. She ſubdues the formal lover with the Dimple; accoſts the fop with the Smile; joins with the wit in the downright Laugh; to vary the air of her countenance, frequently rallies with the Grin; and when ſhe has ridiculed her lover quite out of his underſtanding, to complete his misfortunes, ſtrikes him dumb with the Horſe-Laugh.

The Horſe-Laugh is a diſtinguiſhing characteriſtic of the rural hoyden; and it is obſerved to be the laſt ſymptom of ruſticity that forſakes her under the diſcipline of the boarding-ſchool.

Pun-

Punſters, I find, very much contribute towards the Sardonic; and the extremes of either wit or folly ſeldom fail of raiſing this noiſy kind of applauſe. As the ancient phyſicians held the Sardonic-laugh very beneficial to the lungs, I ſhould, methinks, adviſe all my countrymen of conſumptive and hectical conſtitutions, to aſſociate with the moſt facetious punſters of the age. Perſius hath very elegantly deſcribed a Sardonic-laugher in the following line:

Ingeminat tremulos naſo criſpante cachinnos. Sat. 3. v. 87.

Redoubled peals of trembling laughter burſts,
Convulſing every feature of the face.

Laughter is a vent of any ſudden joy that ſtrikes upon the mind, which, being too volatile and ſtrong, breaks out in this tremor of the voice. The poets make uſe of this metaphor when they would deſcribe nature in her richeſt dreſs; for beauty is never ſo lovely as when adorned with the ſmile; and converſation never ſets eaſier upon us than when we now and then diſcharge ourſelves in a ſymphony of laughter, which may not improperly be called 'The 'chorus of converſation.'

No 30. Wedneſday, April 15.

——Redeunt Saturnia regna. *Virg. Ecl. 4. v. 6.*

——Saturnian times
Roll round again. *Dryden.*

THE Italians and French being diſpatched, I come now to the Engliſh, whom I ſhall treat with ſuch meekneſs as becomes a good patriot; and ſhall ſo far recommend this our iſland as a proper ſcene for paſtoral under certain regulations, as will ſatisfy the courteous reader that I am in the landed intereſt.

I muſt in the firſt place obſerve, that our countrymen have ſo good an opinion of the ancients, and think ſo modeſtly of themſelves, that the generality of paſtoral writers have either ſtoln all from the Greeks and Romans, or ſo ſervilely imitated their manners and cuſtoms, as makes them very ridiculous. In looking over ſome Engliſh paſtorals a few days ago, I peruſed at leaſt fifty lean flocks, and reckoned up an hundred left-handed ravens, beſides blaſted oaks, withering meadows, and weeping deities. Indeed moſt of the occaſional paſtorals we have are built upon one and the ſame plan. A ſhepherd aſks his fellow why he is ſo pale, if his favourite ſheep hath ſtrayed, if his pipe be broken, or Phyllis unkind? He anſwers, None of theſe misfortunes have befallen him, but one much greater, for Damon, or ſometimes the God Pan, is dead. This immediately cauſes the other to make complaints, and call upon the lofty pines and ſilver ſtreams to join in the lamentation. While he goes on, his friend interrupts him, and tells him, that Damon lives, and ſhows him a track of light in the ſkies to confirm it; then invites him to cheſnuts and cheeſe. Upon this ſcheme moſt of the noble families in Great Britain have been comforted; nor can I meet with any Right Honourable Shepherd that doth not die and live again, after the manner of the aforeſaid Damon.

Having already informed my reader wherein the knowledge of antiquity may be ſerviceable, I ſhall now direct him where he may lawfully deviate from the ancients. There are ſome things of an eſtabliſhed nature in paſtoral, which are eſſential to it; ſuch as a country-ſcene, innocence, ſimplicity. Others there are of a changeable kind; ſuch as habits, cuſtoms, and the like. The difference of the climate is alſo to be conſidered; for what is proper in Arcadia, or even in Italy, might be very abſurd in a colder country. By the ſame rule, the difference of the ſoil, of fruits and flowers, is to be obſerved. And in ſo fine a country as Britain, what occaſion

is

is there for that profuſion of hyacinths and Pæſtan roſes, and that cornucopia of foreign fruits, which the Britiſh ſhepherds never heard of! How much more pleaſing is the following ſcene to an Engliſh reader!

This place may ſeem for ſhepherds leiſure made,
So lovingly theſe elms unite their ſhade.
Th' ambitious woodbine, how it climbs to breathe
Its balmy ſweets around on all beneath!
The ground with graſs of chearful green beſpread,
Thro' which the ſpringing flow'r uprears its head.
Lo, here the king-cup of a golden hue,
Medly'd with daiſies white, and endive blue!
Hark, how the gaudy gold-finch, and the thruſh,
With tuneful warblings fill that bramble buſh!
In pleaſing conſort all the birds combine,
And tempt us in the various ſong to join.

The theology of the ancient paſtoral is ſo very pretty, that were pity entirely to change it; but I think that part only is to be retained which is univerſally known, and the reſt to be made up out of our own ruſtical ſuperſtition of hob-thruſhes, fairies, goblins, and witches. The fairies are capable of being made very entertaining perſons, as they are deſcribed by ſeveral of our poets; and particularly by Mr. Pope.

About this ſpring (if ancient fame ſay true)
The dapper elves their moon-light ſports purſue;
Their pygmy king, and little fairy queen
In circling dances gambol'd on the green,
While tuneful ſprights a merry conſort made,
And airy muſic warbled through the ſhade.

What hath been ſaid upon the difference of climate, ſoil, and theology, reaches the proverbial ſayings, dreſs, cuſtoms, and ſports of ſhepherds. The following examples of our paſtoral ſports are extremely beautiful:

Whilome did I, all as this poplar fair,
Upraiſe my heedleſs head, devoid of care,

'Mong

'Mong ruſtic routs the chief for wanton game;
Nor could they merry make till Lobbin came:
Who better ſeen than I in ſhepherds arts,
To pleaſe the lads, and win the laſſes hearts?
How deftly to mine oaten reed, ſo ſweet,
Wont they upon the green to ſhift their feet?
And when the dance was done, how would they yearn
Some well-deviſed tale from me to learn?
For many ſongs and tales of mirth had I,
To chaſe the ling'ring ſun a-down the ſky.
———O now! if ever, bring
The laurel green, the ſmelling eglantine,
And tender branches from the mantling vine,
The dewy cowſlip that in meadow grows,
The fountain-violet, and garden-roſe:
Your hamlets ſtrew, and every public way,
And conſecrate to mirth Albino's day.
Myſelf will laviſh all my little ſtore,
And deal about the goblet flowing o'er.
Old Moulin there ſhall harp, young Mico ſing,
And Cuddy dance the round amidſt the ring,
And Hobbinol his antic gambols play.

The reaſon why ſuch changes from the ancients ſhould be introduced is very obvious, namely, that poetry being imitation, and that imitation being the beſt which deceives the moſt eaſily, it follows that we muſt take up the cuſtoms which are moſt familiar, or univerſally known, ſince no man can be deceived or delighted with the imitation of what he is ignorant of.

It is eaſy to be obſerved that theſe rules are drawn from what our countrymen Spencer and Philips have performed in this way. I ſhall not preſume to ſay any more of them, than that both have copied and improved the beauties of the ancients, whoſe manner of thinking I would above all things recommend. As far as our language would allow them, they have formed a paſtoral ſtyle according to the Doric of Theocritus, in which I dare not ſay they

they have excelled Virgil; but I may be allowed, for the honour of our language, to ſuppoſe it more capable of that pretty ruſticity than the Latin. To their works I refer my reader to make obſervations upon the paſtoral ſtyle; where he will ſooner find that ſecret than from a folio of criticiſms.

N° 31. Thurſday, April 16.

Fortem poſce animum——— *Juv. St.* 10. *v.* 357.
Aſk of the gods content and ſtrength of mind.

MY Lady Lizard is never better pleaſed than when ſhe ſees her children about her engaged in any profitable diſcourſe. I found her laſt night ſitting in the midſt of her daughters, and forming a very beautiful ſemicircle about the fire. I immediately took my place in an elbow-chair, which is always left empty for me in one corner.

Our converſation fell inſenſibly upon the ſubject of happineſs, in which every one of the young ladies gave her opinion, with that freedom and unconcernedneſs which they always uſe when they are in company only with their mother and myſelf.

Mrs. Jane declared that ſhe thought it the greateſt happineſs to be married to a man of merit, and placed at the head of a well-regulated family. I could not but obſerve, that in her character of a man of merit, ſhe gave us a lively deſcription of Tom Worthy, who has long made his addreſſes to her. The ſiſters did not diſcover this at firſt, till ſhe began to run down fortune in a lover, and among the accompliſhments of a man of merit, unluckily mentioned white teeth and black eyes.

Mrs. Annabella, after having rallied her ſiſter upon her man of merit, talked much of conveniences of life, affluence of fortune, and eaſineſs of temper, in

in one whom ſhe would pitch upon for a huſband. In ſhort, though the baggage would not ſpeak out, I found the ſum of her wiſhes was a rich fool, or a man ſo turned to her purpoſes that ſhe might enjoy his fortune and inſult his underſtanding.

The romantic Cornelia was for living in a wood among choirs of birds, with zephyrs, echoes, and rivulets, to make up the conſort. She would not ſeem to include a huſband in her ſcheme; but at the ſame time talked ſo paſſionately of cooing turtles, moſſy banks, and beds of violets, that one might eaſily perceive ſhe was not without thoughts of a companion in her ſolitudes.

Miſs Betty placed her *ſummum bonum* in equipages, aſſemblies, balls, and birth-nights; talked in raptures of Sir Edward Shallow's gilt coach, and my Lady Tattle's room, in which ſhe ſaw company: nor would ſhe have eaſily given over, had ſhe not obſerved that her mother appeared more ſerious than ordinary, and by her looks ſhewed that ſhe did not approve ſuch a redundance of vanity and impertinence.

My favourite, the Sparkler, with an air of innocence and modeſty, which is peculiar to her, ſaid, that ſhe never expected ſuch a thing as happineſs, and that ſhe thought the moſt any one could do was to keep themſelves from being uneaſy; for, as Mr. Ironſide has often told us, ſays ſhe, we ſhould endeavour to be eaſy here, and happy hereafter. At the ſame time ſhe begged me to acquaint them by what rules this eaſe of mind, or if I would pleaſe to call it happineſs, is beſt attained.

My Lady Lizard joined in the ſame requeſt with her youngeſt daughter, adding, with a ſerious look, the thing ſeemed to her of ſo great conſequence that ſhe hoped I would for once forget they were all women, and give my real thoughts of it with the ſame juſtneſs I would uſe among a company of my own ſex. I complied with her deſire, and communicated my ſentiments to them on this ſubject, as near

near as I can remember, pretty much to the following purpoſe.

As nothing is more natural than for every one to deſire to be happy, it is not to be wondered at that the wiſeſt men in all ages have ſpent ſo much time to diſcover what happineſs is, and wherein it chiefly conſiſts. An eminent writer, named Varro, reckons up no leſs than two hundred and eighty-eight different opinions upon this ſubject; and another, called Lucian, after having given us a long catalogue of the notions of ſeveral philoſophers, endeavours to ſhew the abſurdity of all of them, without eſtabliſhing any thing of his own.

That which ſeems to have made ſo many err in this caſe, is the reſolution they took to fix a man's happineſs to one determined point, which I conceive cannot be made up but by the concurrence of ſeveral particulars.

I ſhall readily allow Virtue the firſt place, as ſhe is the mother of Content. It is this which calms our thoughts, and makes us ſurvey ourſelves with eaſe and pleaſure. Naked virtue, however, is not alone ſufficient to make a man happy: it muſt be accompanied with at leaſt a moderate proviſion for all the neceſſities of life, and not ruffled and diſturbed by bodily pains. A fit of the ſtone was ſharp enough to make a Stoic cry out, That Zeno, his maſter, taught him falſe, when he told him that pain was no evil.

But beſides this, Virtue is ſo far from being alone ſufficient to make a man happy, that the exceſs of it in ſome particulars, joined to a ſoft and feminine temper, may often give us the deepeſt wounds, and chiefly contribute to render us uneaſy. I might inſtance in pity, love, and friendſhip. In the two laſt paſſions it often happens that we ſo entirely give up our hearts as to make our happineſs wholly depend upon another perſon; a truſt for which no human creature, however excellent, can poſſibly give us a ſufficient ſecurity.

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The man, therefore, who would be truly happy, muſt, beſides an habitual virtue, attain to ſuch a ſtrength of mind as to confine his happineſs within himſelf, and keep it from being dependant upon others. A man of this make will perform all thoſe good-natured offices that could have been expected from the moſt bleeding pity, without being ſo far affected at the common misfortunes of human life as to diſturb his own repoſe. His actions of this kind are ſo much more meritorious than another's, as they flow purely from a principle of virtue, and a ſenſe of his duty, whereas a man of a ſofter temper, even while he is aſſiſting another, may in ſome meaſure be ſaid to be relieving himſelf.

A man endowed with that ſtrength of mind I am here ſpeaking of, though he leaves it to his friend or miſtreſs to make him ſtill more happy, does not put it in the power of either to make him miſerable.

From what has been already ſaid it will alſo appear that nothing can be more weak than to place our happineſs in the applauſe of others, ſince by this means we make it wholly independent of ourſelves. People of this humour, who place their chief felicity in reputation and applauſe, are alſo extremely ſubject to envy, the moſt painful as well as the moſt abſurd of all paſſions.

The ſureſt means to attain that ſtrength of mind and independent ſtate of happineſs I am here recommending, is a virtuous mind, ſufficiently furniſhed with ideas to ſupport ſolitude, and keep up an agreeable converſation with itſelf. Learning is a very great help on this occaſion, as it lays up an infinite number of notions in the memory, ready to be drawn out and ſet in order upon any occaſion. The mind often takes the ſame pleaſure in looking over theſe her treaſures, in augmenting and diſpoſing them into proper forms, as a prince does in a review of his army.

At the ſame time I muſt own, that as a mind thus furniſhed feels a ſecret pleaſure in the conſciouſneſs of

of its own perfection, and is delighted with ſuch occaſions as call upon it to try its force, a lively imagination ſhall produce a pleaſure very little inferior to the former in perſons of much weaker heads. As the firſt therefore may not be improperly called the heaven of a wiſe man, the latter is extremely well repreſented by our vulgar expreſſion, which terms it a fool's paradiſe. There is, however, this difference between them, that as the firſt naturally produces that ſtrength and greatneſs of mind I have been all along deſcribing, as ſo eſſential to render a man happy, the latter is ruffled and diſcompoſed by every accident, and loſt under the moſt common misfortune.

It is this ſtrength of mind that is not to be overcome by the changes of fortune, that riſes at the ſight of dangers, and could make Alexander (in that paſſage of his life ſo much admired by the Prince of Conde), when his army mutinied, bid his ſoldiers return to Macedon, and tell their countrymen that they had left their king conquering the world, ſince for his part he could not doubt of raiſing an army wherever he appeared. It is this that chiefly exerts itſelf when a man is moſt oppreſſed, and gives him always in proportion to whatever malice or injuſtice would deprive him of. It is this, in ſhort, that makes the virtuous man inſenſibly ſet a value upon himſelf, and throws a varniſh over his words and actions, that will at laſt command eſteem, and give him a greater aſcendant over others than all the advantages of birth and fortune.

No 32. Friday, April 17.

——ipſe volens, faciliſque ſequetur,
Si te fata vocant: aliter non viribus ullis
Vincas—— *Virg. Æn. 6. v. 146.*

The willing metal will obey thy hand,
Following with eaſe, if, favour'd by thy fate,
Thou art foredoom'd to view the Stygian ſtate:
If not, no labour can the tree conſtrain;
And ſtrength of ſtubborn arms, and ſteel, are vain.
Dryden.

HAVING delivered my thoughts upon paſtoral poetry after a didactic manner, in ſome foregoing papers, wherein I have taken ſuch hints from the critics as I thought rational, and departed from them according to the beſt of my judgment, and ſubſtituted others in their place, I ſhall cloſe the whole with the following fable or allegory.

In ancient times there dwelt in a pleaſant vale of Arcadia a man of very ample poſſeſſions, named Menalcas, who, deriving his pedigree from the god Pan, kept very ſtrictly up to the rules of the paſtoral life, as it was in the golden age. He had a daughter, his only child, called Amaryllis. She was a virgin of a moſt enchanting beauty, of a moſt eaſy and unaffected air; but having been bred up wholly in the country was baſhful to the laſt degree. She had a voice that was exceeding ſweet; yet had a ruſticity in its tone, which however, to moſt who heard her, ſeemed an additional charm. Though in her converſation in general ſhe was very engaging, yet to her lovers, who were numerous, ſhe was ſo coy, that many left her in diſguſt after a tedious courtſhip, and matched themſelves where they were better received. For Menalcas had not only reſolved to take a ſon-in-law, who ſhould inviolably maintain the cuſtoms of his family, but had received one evening, as he walked in the fields, a pipe of an antique form, from a Faun, or, as ſome ſay, from Oberon

Oberon the fairy, with a particular charge not to beſtow his daughter upon any one who could not play the ſame tune upon it as at that time he entertained him with.

When the time that he had deſigned to give her in marriage was near at hand, he publiſhed a decree, whereby he invited the neighbouring youths to make trial of this muſical inſtrument, with promiſe that the victor ſhould poſſeſs his daughter, on condition that the vanquiſhed ſhould ſubmit to what puniſhment he thought fit to inflict. Thoſe who were not yet diſcouraged, and had high conceits of their own worth, appeared on the appointed day, in a dreſs and equipage ſuitable to their reſpective fancies.

The place of meeting was a flowery meadow, through which a clear ſtream murmured in many irregular meanders. The ſhepherds made a ſpacious ring for the contending lovers; and in one part of it there ſat upon a little throne of turf under an arch of eglantine and woodbines, the father of the maid, and at his right hand the damſel, crowned with roſes and lilies. She wore a flying robe of a ſlight green ſtuff: ſhe had her ſheep-hook in one hand, and the fatal pipe in the other.

The firſt who approached her was a youth of a graceful preſence and courtly air, but dreſſed in a richer habit than had ever been ſeen in Arcadia. He wore a crimſon veſt, cut indeed after the ſhepherd's faſhion, but ſo enriched with embroidery, and ſparkling with jewels, that the eyes of the ſpectators were diverted from conſidering the mode of the garment by the dazzling of the ornaments. His head was covered with a plume of feathers, and his ſheep-hook glittered with gold and enamel. He accoſted the damſel after a very gallant manner, and told her, '* Madam, You needed not to conſult your glaſs 'to adorn yourſelf to-day; you may ſee the great-'neſs of your beauty in the number of your con-'queſts.' She having never heard any compliment

* Vid. Fontenelle.

ſo polite, could give him no anſwer, but preſented the pipe. He applied it to his lips, and began a tune, which he ſet off with ſo many graces and quavers, that the ſhepherds and ſhepherdeſſes, who had paired themſelves in order to dance, could not follow it; as indeed it required great ſkill and regularity of ſteps, which they had never been bred to. Menalcas ordered him to be ſtript of his coſtly robes, and to be clad in a plain ruſſet weed, and confined him to tend the flocks in the valleys for a year and a day.

The ſecond that appeared, was in a very different garb. He was clothed in a garment of rough goat-ſkins; his hair was matted, his beard neglected, in his perſon uncouth, and awkward in his gait. He came up fleering to the nymph, and told her, '* He 'had hugged his lambs, and kiſſed his young kids, 'but he hoped to kiſs one that was ſweeter.' The fair one bluſhed with modeſty and anger, and prayed ſecretly againſt him as ſhe gave him the pipe. He ſnatched it from her, but with ſome difficulty made it ſound; which was in ſuch harſh and jarring notes, that the ſhepherds cried, one and all, that he underſtood no muſic. He was immediately ordered to the moſt craggy parts of Arcadia to keep the goats, and c mmanded never to touch a pipe any more.

Th. third that advanced appeared in cloaths, that were ſo ſtrait and uneaſy to him that he ſeemed to move with pain. He marched up to the maiden with a thoughtful look and ſtately pace, and ſaid, '† Divine Amaryllis, you wear not thoſe roſes to improve your beauty, but to make them aſham-'ed.' As ſhe did not comprehend his meaning, ſhe preſented the inſtrument without reply. The tune that he played was ſo intricate and perplexing, that the ſhepherds ſtood ſtock-ſtill, like people aſtoniſhed and confounded. In vain did he plead that it was the perfection of muſic, and compoſed by the moſt ſkilful maſter in Heſperia. Menalcas

* Vid. Theocritus. † Vid. Taſſo.

finding

finding that he was a ſtranger, hoſpitably took compaſſion on him, and delivered him to an old ſhepherd, who was ordered to get him cloaths that would fit him, and teach him to ſpeak plain.

The fourth that ſtepped forwards was young Amyntas, the moſt beautiful of all the Arcadian ſwains, and ſecretly beloved by Amaryllis. He wore that day the ſame colours as the maid for whom he ſighed. He moved towards her with an eaſy but unaſſured air. She bluſhed as he came near her; and when ſhe gave him the fatal preſent, they both trembled, but neither could ſpeak. Having ſecretly breathed his vows to the gods, he poured forth ſuch melodious notes, that though they were a little wild and irregular, they filled every heart with delight. The ſwains immediately mingled in the dance; and the old ſhepherds affirmed that they had often heard ſuch muſic by night, which they imagined to be played by ſome of the rural deities. The good old man leaped from his throne, and after he had embraced him, preſented him to his daughter, which cauſed a general acclamation.

While they were in the midſt of their joy, they were ſurpriſed with a very odd appearance. A perſon in a blue mantle, crowned with ſedges and ruſhes, ſtepped into the middle of the ring. He had an angling rod in his hand, a panier upon his back, and a poor meagre wretch in wet cloaths carried ſome oyſters before him. Being aſked whence he came, and what he was? he told them he was come to invite Amaryllis from the plains to the ſea-ſhore, that his ſubſtance conſiſted in ſea-calves, and that he was acquainted with the Nereids and the Naiads. 'Art thou acquainted with the Naiads?' ſaid Menalcas; 'to them then ſhalt thou return. The ſhepherds immediately hoiſted him up as an enemy to Arcadia, and plunged him in the river, where he ſunk, and was never heard of ſince.

Amyntas and Amaryllis lived a long and happy life, and governed the vales of Arcadia. Their generation was very long lived, their having been

but four deſcents in above two thouſand years. His heir was called Theocritus, who left his dominions to Virgil; Virgil left his to his ſon Spencer, and Spencer was ſucceeded by his eldeſt-born Philips.

No 33. Saturday, April 18.

——Dignum ſapiente, bonoque eſt.

Hor. Ep. 4. l. 1. v. 5.

Worthy a wiſe man and a good.

I HAVE made it a rule to myſelf not to publiſh any thing on a Saturday but what ſhall have ſome analogy to the duty of the day enſuing. It is an unſpeakable pleaſure to me that I have lived to ſee the time wherein I can obſerve ſuch a law to myſelf, and yet turn my diſcourſe upon what is done at the playhouſe. I am ſure the reader knows I am going to mention the Tragedy of CATO. The principal character is moved by no conſideration but reſpect to that ſort of virtue, the ſenſe of which is retained in our language under the word public ſpirit. All regards to his domeſtic are wholly laid aſide, and the hero is drawn as having, by this motive, ſubdued inſtinct itſelf, and taking comfort from the diſtreſſes of his family, which are brought upon them by their adherence to the cauſe of truth and liberty. There is nothing uttered by Cato but what is worthy the beſt of men; and the ſentiments which are given him, are not only the moſt warm for the conduct of this life, but ſuch as we may think will not need to be eraſed, but conſiſt with the happineſs of the human ſoul in the next. This illuſtrious character has its proper influence on all below it. The other virtuous perſonages are in their degree as worthy and as exemplary as the principal.

principal. The conduct of the lovers who are more warm, though more discreet, than ever yet appeared on the stage, has in it a constant sense of the great catastrophe which was expected from the approach of Cæsar. But to see the modesty of an heroine, whose country and family were at that time in the most imminent danger, preserved, while she breaks out into the most fond and open expressions of her passion for her lover, is an instance of no common address. Again, to observe the body of a gallant young man brought before us, who, in the bloom of his youth, in the defence of all that is good and great, had received numberless wounds; I say, to observe that this dead youth is introduced only for the example of his virtue, and that his death is so circumstantiated, that we are satisfied, for all his virtue, it was for the good of the world, and his own family, that his warm temper was not to be put upon further trial, but his task of life ended while it was yet virtuous, is an employment worthy the consideration of our young Britons. We are obliged to authors that can do what they will with us, that they do not play our affections and passions against ourselves: but to make us so soon resigned to the death of Marcus, of whom we were so fond, is a power that would be unfortunately lodged in a man without the love of virtue.

Were it not that I speak on this occasion rather as a Guardian than a critic, I could proceed to the examination of the justness of each character, and take notice that the Numidian is as well drawn as the Roman. There is not an idea in all the part of Syphax which does not apparently arise from the habits which grow in the mind of an African; and the scene between Juba and his general, where they talk for and against a liberal education, is full of instruction. Syphax urges all that can be said against philosophy, as it is made subservient to ill ends by men who abuse their talents; and Juba sets the less excellencies of activity, labour, patience of hunger, and strength of body, which are the admired qualifications of

of a Numidian, in their proper ſubordination to the accompliſhments of the mind. But this play is ſo well recommended by others, that I will not, for that and ſome private reaſons, enlarge any farther. Dr. Garth has very agreeably rallied the mercenary traffic between men and women of this age, in the epilogue by Mrs. Porter, who acted Lucia; and Mr. Pope has prepared the audience for a new ſcene of paſſion and tranſport, on a more noble foundation than they have before been entertained with in the prologue. I ſhall take the liberty to gratify the impatience of the town, by inſerting theſe two excellent pieces, as earneſts of the work itſelf, which will be printed within a few days.

PROLOGUE to CATO.

By Mr. POPE.

Spoken by Mr. WILKS.

TO wake the ſoul by tender ſtrokes of art,
To raiſe the genius, and to mend the heart;
To make mankind in conſcious virtue bold,
Live o'er each ſcene, and be what they behold:
For this the Tragic Muſe firſt trod the ſtage,
Commanding tears to ſtream through ev'ry age;
Tyrants no more their ſavage nature kept,
And foes to virtue wonder'd how they wept.
Our author ſhuns by vulgar ſprings to move
The hero's glory, or the virgin's love;
In pitying love we but our weakneſs ſhow,
And wild Ambition well deſerves its woe.
Here tears ſhall flow from a more gen'rous cauſe,
Such tears as patriots ſhed for dying laws.
He bids your breaſts with ancient ardour riſe,
And calls forth Roman drops from Britiſh eyes.
Virtue confeſs'd in human ſhape he draws,
What Plato thought, and godlike Cato was.
No common object to your ſight diſplays;
But what with pleaſure heav'n itſelf ſurveys.

A brave

A brave man ſtruggling in the ſtorms of Fate,
And greatly falling with a falling ſtate.
While Cato gives his little ſenate laws,
What boſom beats not in his country's cauſe?
Who ſees him act, but envies ev'ry deed?
Who hears him groan, and does not wiſh to bleed?
Ev'n when proud Cæſar, 'miſt triumphal cars,
The ſpoils of nations, and the pomp of wars,
Ignobly vain, and impotently great,
Show'd Rome her Cato's figure drawn in ſtate;
As her dead father's rev'rend image paſt,
The pomp was darken'd, and the day o'ercaſt,
The triumph ceas'd,——tears guſh'd from ev'ry eye;
The world's great victor paſt unheeded by;
Her laſt good man dejected Rome ador'd,
And honour'd Cæſar's leſs than Cato's ſword.
Britons, attend: Be worth like this approv'd,
And ſhow you have the virtue to be mov'd.
With honeſt ſcorn the firſt-fam'd Cato view'd
Rome learning arts from Greece, whom ſhe ſubdu'd.
Our ſcene precariouſly ſubſiſts too long
On French tranſlation, and Italian ſong.
Dare to have ſenſe yourſelves, aſſert the ſtage,
Be juſtly warm'd with your own native rage.
Such plays alone ſhould pleaſe a Britiſh ear,
As Cato's ſelf had not diſdain'd to hear.

EPILOGUE TO CATO.

By Dr. GARTH.

Spoken by Mrs. PORTER.

WHAT odd fantaſtic things we women do!
Who wou'd not liſten when young lovers woo?
What! die a maid, yet have the choice of two!
Ladies are often cruel to their coſt,
To give you pain, themſelves they puniſh moſt.
Vows of virginity ſhou'd well be weigh'd;
Too oft they're cancell'd, tho' in convents made.
Wou'd

Wou'd you revenge ſuch raſh reſolves—you may
Be ſpiteful——and believe the thing we ſay;
We hate you, when you're eaſily ſaid nay.
How needleſs, if you knew us, were your fears?
Let love have eyes, and beauty will have ears.
Our hearts are form'd, as you yourſelves would chuſe,
Too proud to aſk, too humble to refuſe.
We give to merit, and to wealth we ſell;
He ſighs with moſt ſucceſs that ſettles well.
The woes of wedlock with the joys we mix;
'Tis beſt repenting in a coach and ſix.
Blame not our conduct, ſince we but purſue
Thoſe lively leſſons we have learn'd from you.
Your breaſts no more the fire of beauty warms,
But wicked wealth uſurps the pow'r of charms;
What pains to get the gaudy thing you hate,
To ſwell in ſhow, and be a wretch in ſtate!
At plays you ogle, at the ring you bow;
Ev'n churches are no ſanctuaries now;
There golden idols all your vows receive;
She is no goddeſs who has nought to give.
Oh! may once more the happy age appear,
When words were artleſs, and the ſoul ſincere;
When gold and grandeur were unenvy'd things,
And crowns leſs coveted than groves and ſprings.
Love then ſhall only mourn when Truth complains,
And Conſtancy feel tranſports in its chains;
Sighs with ſucceſs their own ſoft anguiſh tell,
And eyes ſhall utter what the lips conceal:
Virtue again to its bright ſtation climb,
And beauty fear no enemy but time:
The fair ſhall liſten to deſert alone,
And ev'ry Lucia find a Cato's ſon.

No

No 34. Monday, April 20.

——Mores multorum vidit.——

Hor. Ars Poet. v. 142.

He many men and many manners ſaw.

IT is a moſt vexatious thing to an old man who endeavours to ſquare his notions by reaſon, and to talk from reflection and experience, to fall in with a circle of young ladies at their afternoon tea-table. This happened very lately to be my fate. The converſation for the firſt half-hour was ſo very rambling that it is hard to ſay what was talked of, or who ſpoke leaſt to the purpoſe. The various motions of the fan, the toſſings of the head, intermixed with all the pretty kinds of laughter, made up the greateſt part of the diſcourſe. At laſt, this modiſh way of ſhining, and being witty, ſettled into ſomething like converſation, and the talk ran upon fine gentlemen. From the ſeveral characters that were given, and the exceptions that were made, as this or that gentleman happened to be named, I found that a lady is not difficult to be pleaſed, and that the town ſwarms with fine gentlemen. A nimble pair of heels, a ſmooth complexion, a full-bottom wig, a laced ſhirt, an embroidered ſuit, a pair of fringed gloves, a hat and feather; any one or more of theſe and the like accompliſhments enobles a man, and raiſes him above the vulgar, in a female imagination. On the contrary, a modeſt ſerious behaviour, a plain dreſs, a thick pair of ſhoes, a leathern belt, a waiſtcoat not lined with ſilk, and ſuch like imperfections, degrade a man, and are ſo many blots in his eſcutcheon. I could not forbear ſmiling at one of the prettieſt and livelieſt of this gay aſſembly, who excepted to the gentility of Sir William Hearty, becauſe he wore a frize coat, and breakfaſted upon toaſt and ale. I pretended to admire the fineneſs of her taſte, and to ſtrike in with her in ridiculing thoſe awk-

awkward healthy gentlemen, that ſeek to make nouriſhment the chief end of eating. I gave her an account of an honeſt Yorkſhire gentleman, who, when I was a traveller, uſed to invite his acquaintance at Paris, to break their faſt with him upon cold roaſt beef and mum. There was, I remember, a little French Marquis, who was often pleaſed to rally him unmercifully upon beef and pudding: of which our countryman would diſpatch a pound or two with great alacrity, while this antagoniſt was piddling at a muſhroom or the haunch of a frog. I could perceive the lady was pleaſed with what I ſaid, and we parted very good friends, by virtue of a maxim I always obſerve, Never to contradict or reaſon with a ſprightly female. I went home, however, full of a great many ſerious reflections upon what had paſſed; and though in complaiſance I diſguiſed my ſentiments, to keep up the good humour of my fair companions, and to avoid being looked upon as a teſty old fellow; yet, out of the good-will I bear to the ſex, and to prevent for the future their being impoſed upon by counterfeits, I ſhall give them the diſtinguiſhing marks of a true fine gentleman.

When a good artiſt would expreſs any remarkable character in ſculpture, he endeavours to work up his figure into all the perfection his imagination can form, and to imitate not ſo much what is, as what may or ought to be. I ſhall follow their example in the idea I am going to trace out of a fine gentleman, by aſſembling together ſuch qualifications as ſeem requiſite to make the character complete. In order to this, I ſhall premiſe in general, that by a fine gentleman, I mean a man completely qualified, as well for the ſervice and good, as for the ornament and delight of ſociety. When I conſider the frame of mind peculiar to a gentleman, I ſuppoſe it graced with all the dignity and elevation of ſpirit that human nature is capable of. To this I would have joined a clear underſtanding, a reaſon free from prejudice, a ſteady judgment, and an ex-

extenſive knowledge. When I think of the heart of a gentleman, I imagine it firm and intrepid, void of all inordinate paſſions, and full of tenderneſs, compaſſion, and benevolence. When I view the fine gentleman with regard to his manners, methinks I ſee him modeſt without baſhfulneſs, frank and affable without impertinence, obliging and complaiſant without ſervility, chearful and in good-humour without noiſe. Theſe amiable qualities are not eaſily obtained; neither are there many men that have a genius to excel this way. A finiſhed gentleman is, perhaps, the moſt uncommon of all the great characters in life. Beſides the natural endowments with which this diſtinguiſhed man is to be born, he muſt run through a long ſeries of education. Before he makes his appearance, and ſhines in the world, he muſt be principled in religion, inſtructed in all the moral virtues, and led through the whole courſe of the polite arts and ſciences. He ſhould be no ſtranger to courts and to camps; he muſt travel, to open his mind, to enlarge his views, to learn the policies and intereſts of foreign ſtates, as well as to faſhion and poliſh himſelf, and to get clear of national prejudices, of which every country has its ſhare. To all theſe more eſſential improvements, he muſt not forget to add the faſhionable ornaments of life, ſuch as are the languages, and the bodily exerciſes moſt in vogue. Neither would I have him think even dreſs itſelf beneath his notice.

It is no very uncommon thing in the world to meet with men of probity. There are likewiſe a great many men of honour to be found: men of courage, men of ſenſe, and men of letters, are frequent. But a true fine gentleman is what one ſeldom ſees. He is properly a compound of the various good qualities that embelliſh mankind. As the great poet animates all the different parts of learning by the force of his genius, and irradiates all the compaſs of his knowledge by the luſtre and brightneſs of his imagination; ſo all the great and ſolid perfections of life appear in the finiſhed gentleman with a beautiful gloſs and

varniſh; every thing he ſays or does is accompanied with a manner, or rather a charm, that draws the admiration and good-will of every beholder.

ADVERTISEMENT.

For the benefit of my female readers.

N. B. 'The gilt chariot, the diamond ring, the 'gold ſnuff-box, and brocade ſword-knot, are no 'eſſential parts of a fine gentleman; but may be 'uſed by him, provided he caſts his eye upon them 'but once a day.'

No 35. Tueſday, April 21.

O vitæ philoſophia dux, virtutis indagatrix! *Cicero.*

O philoſophy, thou guide of life and diſcoverer of virtue!

To NESTOR IRONSIDE, Eſq;

SIR,

I AM a man who have ſpent great part of that time in rambling through foreign countries, which young gentlemen uſually paſs at the univerſity; by which courſe of life, although I have acquired no ſmall inſight into the manners and converſation of men, yet I could not make proportionable advances in the way of ſcience and ſpeculation. In my return through France, as I was one day ſetting forth this my caſe to a certain gentleman of that nation, with whom I had contracted a friendſhip, after ſome pauſe he conducted me into his cloſet, and opening a little amber cabinet, took from thence a ſmall box of ſnuff, which he ſaid was given him by an uncle of his, the author of the Voyage to the World of Deſcartes; and, with many profeſſions of gratitude and affection, made me a preſent of it, telling me at the ſame time, that he knew no readier way

way to furniſh and adorn a mind with knowledge in the arts and ſciences than that ſame ſnuff rightly applied.

You muſt know, ſaid he, that Deſcartes was the firſt who diſcovered a certain part of the brain, called by anatomiſts the *pineal gland*, to be the immediate receptacle of the ſoul, where ſhe is affected with all ſorts of perceptions, and exerts all her operations by the intercourſe of the animal ſpirits, which run through the nerves that are thence extended to all parts of the body. He added, that the ſame philoſopher, having conſidered the body as a machine, or piece of clock-work, which performed all the vital operations without the concurrence of the will, began to think a way may be found out for ſeparating the ſoul for ſome time from the body, without any injury to the latter; and that after much meditation on the ſubject, the above-mentioned virtuoſo compoſed the ſnuff he then gave me, which, if taken in a certain quantity, would not fail to diſengage my ſoul from my body. Your ſoul (continued he) being at liberty to tranſport herſelf with a thought wherever ſhe pleaſes, may enter into the pineal gland of the moſt learned philoſopher, and being ſo placed, become ſpectator of all the ideas in his mind, which would inſtruct her in a much leſs time than the uſual methods. I returned him thanks, and accepted his preſent, and with it a paper of directions.

You may imagine it was no ſmall improvement and diverſion to paſs my time in the pineal glands of philoſophers, poets, beaux, mathematicians, ladies, and ſtateſmen: one while to trace a theorem in mathematics through a long labyrinth of intricate turns, and ſubtilities of thought; another, to be conſcious of the ſublime ideas and comprehenſive views of a philoſopher, without any fatigue or waſting of my own ſpirits; ſometimes to wander through perfumed groves, or enamelled meadows, in the fancy of a poet; at others to be preſent when a battle or a ſtorm raged, or a glittering palace roſe in his imagination; or to behold the pleaſures of a country-life, the

paſſion of a generous love, or the warmth of devotion wrought up to rapture; or (to uſe the words of a very ingenious author) to

Behold the raptures which a writer knows,
When in his breaſt a vein of fancy glows;
Behold his buſineſs while he works the mine,
Behold his temper, when he ſees it ſhine.
Eſſay on the different ſtyles of poetry.

Theſe gave me inconceivable pleaſure. Nor was it an unpleaſant entertainment ſometimes to deſcend from theſe ſublime and magnificent ideas to the impertinences of a beau, the dry ſchemes of a coffee-houſe politician, or the tender images in the mind of a young lady. And, as in order to frame a right idea of human happineſs, I thought it expedient to make a trial of the various manners wherein men of different purſuits were affected; I one day entered into the pineal gland of a certain perſon, who ſeemed very fit to give me an inſight into all that which conſtitutes the happineſs of him who is called a man of pleaſure. But I found myſelf not a little diſappointed in my notion of the pleaſures which attend a voluptuary, who has ſhaken off the reſtraints of reaſon.

His intellectuals, I obſerved, were grown unſerviceable by too little uſe, and his ſenſes were decayed and worn out by too much. That perfect inaction of the higher powers prevented appetite in prompting him to ſenſual gratifications, and the out-running natural appetite produced a loathing inſtead of a pleaſure. I there beheld the intemperate cravings of youth without the enjoyments of it, and the weakneſs of old age without its tranquillity. When the paſſions were teaſed and rouſed by ſome powerful object, the effect was, not to delight or ſooth the mind, but to torture it between the returning extremes of appetite and ſatiety. I ſaw a wretch racked, at the ſame time, with a painful remembrance of paſt miſcarriages, a diſtaſte of the preſent objects that ſolicit his ſenſes, and a ſecret dread

dread of futurity. And I could ſee no manner of relief or comfort in the ſoul of this miſerable man, but what conſiſted in preventing his cure, by inflaming his paſſions, and ſuppreſſing his reaſon. But though it muſt be owned he had almoſt quenched that light which his Creator had ſet up in his ſoul, yet, in ſpite of all his efforts, I obſerved at certain ſeaſons frequent flaſhes of remorſe ſtrike through the gloom, and interrupt that ſatisfaction he enjoyed in hiding his own deformities from himſelf.

I was alſo preſent at the original formation or production of a certain book in the mind of a Freethinker; and believing it may not be unacceptable to let you into the ſecret manner, and internal principles by which that phænomenon was formed, I ſhall in my next give you an account of it. I am, in the mean time,

Your moſt obedient humble ſervant,

ULYSSES COSMOPOLITA.

N. B. Mr. Ironſide has lately received out of France ten pounds avoirdupois weight, of this philoſophical ſnuff. and gives notice, that he will make uſe of it in order to diſtinguiſh the real from the profeſſed ſentiments of all perſons of eminence in court, city, town, and country.

N° 36. Wedneſday, April 22.

Punnica ſe quantis attollet gloria rebus!!

Virg. Æn. 4. . 49.

What *rebuſes* exalt the punic fame!

THE gentleman who doth me the favour to write the following letter ſaith as much for himſelf as the thing will bear. I am particularly

pleaſed to find, that, in his apology for punning, he only celebrates the art as it is a part of converſation. I look upon premeditated quibbles and puns committed to the preſs as unpardonable crimes. There is as much difference betwixt theſe and the ſtarts in common diſcourſe as betwixt caſual rencounters and murder with malice prepenſe.

To NESTOR IRONSIDE, Eſq;

SIR,

I HAVE, from your writings, conceived ſuch an opinion of your benevolence to mankind, that I truſt you will not ſuffer any art to be vilified which helps to poliſh and adorn us. I do not know any ſort of wit that hath been uſed ſo reproachfully as the pun; and I perſuade myſelf that I ſhall merit your eſteem by recommending it to your protection, ſince there can be no greater glory to a generous ſoul than to ſuccour the diſtreſſed. I ſhall therefore, without further preface, offer to your conſideration the following modeſt apology for punning, wherein I ſhall make uſe of no double meanings or equivocations, ſince I think it unneceſſary to give it any other praiſes than truth and common ſenſe, its profeſſed enemies, are forced to grant.

In order to make this an uſeful work, I ſhall ſtate the nature and extent of the pun; I ſhall diſcover the advantages that flow from it, the moral virtues that it produces, and the tendency that it hath to promote vigour of body and eaſe of mind.

The pun is defined by one who ſeems to be no well-wiſher to it, to be a conceit ariſing from the uſe of two words that agree in the ſound, but differ in the ſenſe. Now, if this be the eſſence of the pun, how great muſt we allow the dignity of it to be, when we conſider that it takes in moſt of the conſiderable parts of learning! For is it not moſt certain that all learned diſputes are rather about ſounds than ſenſe? Are not the controverſies of divines about the different interpretations of terms? Are not the diſputations of philoſophers about words, and all

all their pompous distinctions only so many unravellings of double-meanings? Who ever lost his estate in Westminster-hall but complained that he was quibbled out of his right? Or what monarch ever broke a treaty but by virtue of equivocation? In short, so great is the excellence of this art, so diffusive its influence, that when I go into a library, I say to myself, 'What volumes of puns do I be-'hold!' When I look upon the men of business, I cry out, 'How powerful is the tribe of quibblers!' When I see statesmen and ambassadors, I reflect, 'How splendid the equipage of the quirk! in 'what pomp do the punsters appear!'

But as there are serious puns, such as I have instanced in, so likewise there are puns comical. These are what I would recommend to my countrymen; which I shall do, by displaying the advantages flowing from them.

The first advantage of punning is, that it gives us the compass of our own language. This is very obvious. For the great business of the punster is to hunt out the several words in our tongue that agree in sound, and have various signification. By this means he will likewise enter into the nicety of spelling; an accomplishment regarded only by middling people, and much neglected by persons of great and no quality. This error may produce unnecessary folios amongst grammarians yet unborn. But to proceed: A man of learning hath in this manner of wit great advantages; as indeed what advantages do not flow from learning? If the pun fails in English, he may have speedy recourse to the Latin, or the Greek, and so on. I have known wonders performed by this secret. I have heard the French assisted by the German, the Dutch mingle with the Italian; and where the jingle hath seemed desperate in the Greek, I have known it revive in the Hebrew. My friend Dick Babel hath often, to show his parts, started a conceit at the equinoctial, and pursued it through all the degrees of latitude; and after he had punned round the globe, hath sat down like Alexander,

ander, and mourned that he had no more worlds to conquer.

Another advantage in punning is, that it ends diſputes, or, what is all one, puns comical deſtroy puns ſerious. Any man that drinks a bottle knows very well, that, about twelve, people that do not kiſs or cry are apt to debate. This often occaſions heats and heart-burnings, unleſs one of the diſputants vouchſafes to end the matter with a joke. How often have Ariſtotle and Carteſius been reconciled by a merry conceit! how often have Whigs and Tories ſhook hands over a quibble, and the claſhing of ſwords been prevented by the jingling of words!

Attention of mind is another benefit enjoyed by punſters. This is diſcoverable from the perpetual gape of the company where they are, and the earneſt deſire to know what was ſpoken laſt, if a word eſcapes any one at the table. I muſt add, that quick apprehenſion is required in the hearer, readily to take ſome things which are very far-fetched, as likewiſe great vivacity in the performer, to reconcile diſtant, and even hoſtile ideas, by the mere mimicry of words and energy of ſound.

Mirth or good-humour is the laſt advantage, that, out of a million, I ſhall produce to recommend punning. But this will more naturally fall in when I come to demonſtrate its operation upon the mind and body. I ſhall now diſcover what moral virtues it promotes, and ſhall content myſelf with inſtancing in thoſe which every reader will allow of.

A punſter is adorned with humility. This our adverſaries will not deny; becauſe they hold it to be a condeſcenſion in any man to trifle, as they arrogantly call it, with words. I muſt however confeſs, for my own ſhare, I never punned out of the pride of my heart, nor did I ever know one of our fraternity that ſeemed to be troubled with the thirſt of glory.

The virtue called urbanity by the moraliſts, or a courtly behaviour, is much cultivated by this ſcience.

For

For the whole ſpirit of urbanity conſiſts in a deſire to pleaſe the company; and what elſe is the deſign of the punſter? Accordingly we find ſuch burſts of laughter, ſuch agitations of the ſides, ſuch contortions of the limbs, ſuch earneſt attempts to recover the dying laugh, ſuch tranſport in the enjoyment of it, in equivocating aſſemblies, as men of common ſenſe are amazed at, and own they never felt.

But nothing more diſplays itſelf in the punſter than juſtice, the queen of all the virtues. At the quibbling-board every performer hath his due. The ſoul is ſtruck at once, and the body recogniſes the merit of each joke by ſudden and comical emotions. Indeed how ſhould it be otherwiſe, where not only words, but even ſyllables, have juſtice done them; where no man invades the right of another, but with perfect innocence and good-nature takes as much delight in his neighbour's joy as in his own?

From what hath been advanced, it will eaſily appear that this ſcience contributes to eaſe of body and ſerenity of mind. You have, in a former precaution, adviſed your hectical readers to aſſociate with thoſe of our brotherhood, who are for the moſt part of a corpulent make, and a round vacant countenance. It is natural, the next morning after a merriment, to reflect how we behaved ourſelves the night before; and I appeal to any one, whether it will not occaſion greater peace of mind, to conſider that he hath only been waging harmleſs war with words, than if he had ſtirred his brother to wrath, grieved the ſoul of his neighbour by calumny, or increaſed his own wealth by fraud? As for health of body, I look upon punning as a *noſtrum*, a *medicina gymnaſtica*, that throws off all the bad humours, and occaſions ſuch a briſk circulation of the blood as keeps the lamp of life in a clear and conſtant flame. I ſpeak, as all phyſicians ought to do, from experience. A friend of mine, who had the ague this ſpring, was, after the failing of ſeveral medicines and charms, adviſed by me to enter into a courſe of quibbling.

He

He threw his electuaries out at his window, and took Abracadabra off from his neck, and, by the mere force of punning upon that long magical word, threw himself into a fine breathing sweat, and a quiet sleep. He is now in a fair way of recovery, and says pleasantly, he is less obliged to the Jesuits for their powder than for their equivocation.

Sir, this is my modest apology for punning, which I was the more encouraged to undertake, because we have a learned university where it is in request; and I am told that a famous club hath given it protection. If this meets with encouragement I shall write a vindication of the *rebus*, and do justice to the *conundrum*. I have indeed looked philosophically into their natures, and made a sort of *arbor porphyriana* of the several subordinations and divisions of low wit. This the ladies perhaps may not understand; but I shall thereby give the beaux an opportunity of showing their learning. I am, SIR,

With great respect,

Your most obedient humble servant.

N° 37. Thursday, April 23.

Me duce damnosas homines compescite curas.
Ovid. Rem. Amor. v. 69.

Learn, mortals, from my precepts to controul
The furious passions that disturb the soul.

IT is natural for an old man to be fond of such entertainments as revive in his imagination the agreeable impressions made upon it in his youth. The set of wits and beauties he was first acquainted with, the balls and drawing-rooms in which he made an agreeable figure, the music and actors he heard and saw when his life was fresh, and his spirits vigorous and quick, have usually the preference in his

his eſteem to any ſucceeding pleaſures that preſent themſelves when his taſte is grown more languid. It is for this reaſon I never ſee a picture of Sir Peter Lely's, who drew ſo many of my friends and acquaintance, without a ſenſible delight; and I am in raptures when I reflect on the compoſitions of the famous Mr. Henry Laws, long before Italian muſic was introduced into our nation. Above all, I am pleaſed in obſerving, that the tragedies of Shakeſpeare, which in my youthful days have ſo frequently filled my eyes with tears, hold their rank ſtill, and are the great ſupport of our theatre.

It was with this agreeable prepoſſeſſion of mind I went ſome time ago to ſee the old tragedy of Othello, and took my female wards with me, having promiſed them a little before to carry them to the firſt play of Shakeſpeare's which ſhould be acted. Mrs. Cornelia, who is a great reader, and never fails to peruſe the play-bills, which are brought to her every day, gave me notice of it early in the morning. When I came to my Lady Lizard's at dinner I found the young folks all dreſſed, and expecting the performance of my promiſe. I went with them at the proper time, placed them together in the boxes, and myſelf by them in a corner-ſeat. As I have the chief ſcenes of the play by heart I did not look much on the ſtage; but formed to myſelf a new ſatisfaction in keeping an eye on the faces of my little audience, and obſerving, as it were by reflection, the different paſſions of the play repreſented in their countenances. Mrs. Betty told us the names of ſeveral perſons of diſtinction, as they took their places in the boxes, and entertained us with the hiſtory of a new marriage or two till the curtain drew up. I ſoon perceived that Mrs. Jane was touched with the love of Deſdemona, and in a concern to ſee how ſhe would come off with her parents. Annabella had a rambling eye, and for ſome time was more taken up with obſerving what gentlemen looked at her, and with criticiſing the dreſs of the ladies, than with any thing that paſſed on the ſtage.

Mrs.

Mrs. Cornelia, who I have often ſaid is addicted to the ſtudy of romances, commended that ſpeech in the play, in which Othello mentions his hair-breadth eſcapes in the imminent deadly breach, and recites his travels and adventures with which he had captivated the heart of Deſdemona. The Sparkler looked ſeveral times frighted; and as the diſtreſs of the play was heightened their different attention was collected, and fixed wholly on the ſtage, till I ſaw them all, with a ſecret ſatisfaction, betrayed into tears.

I have often conſidered this play as a noble, but irregular production of a genius, which had the power of animating the theatre beyond any writer we have ever known. The touches of nature in it are ſtrong and maſterly; but the œconomy of the fable, and in ſome particulars the probability, are too much neglected. If I would ſpeak of it in the moſt ſevere terms, I ſhould ſay, as Waller does of the Maid's Tragedy,

Great are its faults, but glorious is its flame.

But it would be a poor employment in a critic to obſerve upon the faults, and ſhew no taſte for the beauties, in a work that has always ſtruck the moſt ſenſible part of our audiences in a very forcible manner.

The chief ſubject of this piece is the paſſion of jealouſy, which the poet has repreſented at large, in its birth, its various workings and agonies, and its horrid conſequences. From this paſſion, and the innocence and ſimplicity of the perſon ſuſpected, ariſes a very moving diſtreſs.

It is a remark, as I remember, of a modern writer who is thought to have penetrated deeply into the nature of the paſſions, that the moſt extravagant love is neareſt to the ſtrongeſt hatred. The Moor is furious in both theſe extremes. His love is tempeſtuous, and mingled with a wildneſs peculiar to his character, which ſeems very artfully to prepare for the change which is to follow.

How

How ſavage, yet how ardent, is that expreſſion of the raptures of his heart, when looking after Deſdemona as ſhe withdraws, he breaks out,

Excellent wretch! perdition catch my ſoul,
But I do love thee; and when I love thee not,
Chaos is come again!

The deep and ſubtile villainy of Iago, in working this change from love to jealouſy in ſo tumultuous a mind as that of Othello, prepoſſeſſed with a confidence in the diſintereſted affection of the man who is leading him on inſenſibly to his ruin, is likewiſe drawn with a maſterly hand. Iago's broken hints, queſtions, and ſeeming care to hide the reaſon of them; his obſcure ſuggeſtions to raiſe the curioſity of the moor; his perſonated confuſion, and refuſing to explain himſelf, while Othello is drawn on and held in ſuſpenſe, till he grows impatient and angry; then his throwing in the poiſon, and naming to him in a caution the paſſion he would raiſe,

———O beware of jealouſy!———

are inimitable ſtrokes of art, in that ſcene which has always been juſtly eſteemed one of the beſt which was ever repreſented on the theatre.

To return to the character of Othello: his ſtrife of paſſions, his ſtarts, his returns of love, and threatnings to Iago, who had put his mind on the rack; his relapſes afterwards to jealouſy; his rage againſt his wife; and his aſking pardon of Iago, whom he thinks he had abuſed for his fidelity to him, are touches which no one can overlook that has the ſentiments of human nature, or has conſidered the heart of man in its frailties, its penances, and all the variety of its agitations. The torments which the moor ſuffers are ſo exquiſitely drawn, as to render him as much an object of compaſſion, even in the barbarous action of murdering Deſdemona, as the innocent perſon herſelf who falls under his hand.

But there is nothing in which the poet has more ſhown his judgment in this play than in the circumſtance of the handkerchief, which is employed as a

confirmation to the jealouſy of Othello already raiſed. What I would here obſerve is, that the very ſlightneſs of this circumſtance is the beauty of it. How finely has Shakeſpeare expreſſed the nature of jealouſy in thoſe lines, which on this occaſion he puts into the mouth of Iago,

Trifles light as air
Are to the jealous confirmation ſtrong
As proofs of holy writ.

It would be eaſy for a taſteleſs critic to turn any of the beauties I have here mentioned into ridicule; but ſuch an one would only betray a mechanical judgment, formed out of borrowed rules and common-place reading, and not ariſing from any true diſcernment in human nature and its paſſions.

As the moral of this tragedy is an admirable caution againſt haſty ſuſpicions, and the giving way to the firſt tranſports of rage and jealouſy, which may plunge a man in a few minutes into all the horrors of guilt, diſtraction, and ruin, I ſhall further enforce it, by relating a ſcene of misfortunes of the like kind, which really happened ſome years ago in Spain; and is an inſtance of the moſt tragical hurricane of paſſion I have ever met with in hiſtory. It may be eaſily conceived, that an heart, ever big with reſentments of its own dignity, and never allayed by reflections which make us honour ourſelves for acting with reaſon and equality, will take fire precipitantly. It will on a ſudden flame too high to be extinguiſhed. The ſhort ſtory I am going to tell is a lively inſtance of the truth of this obſervation, and a juſt warning to thoſe of jealous honour to look about them, and begin to poſſeſs their ſouls as they ought; for no man of ſpirit knows how terrible a creature he is till he comes to be provoked.

Don Alonzo, a Spaniſh nobleman, had a beautiful and virtuous wife, with whom he had lived for ſome years in great tranquillity. This gentleman, however, was not free from the faults uſually imputed to his nation; he was proud, ſuſpicious, and impetu-

ous.

ous. He kept a moor in his houſe, whom, on a complaint from his lady, he had puniſhed for a ſmall offence with the utmoſt ſeverity. The ſlave vowed revenge, and communicated his reſolution to one of the lady's women, with whom he lived in a criminal way. This creature alſo hated her miſtreſs; for ſhe feared ſhe was obſerved by her: ſhe therefore undertook to make Don Alonzo jealous, by inſinuating that the gardener was often admitted to his lady in private, and promiſing to make him an eye-witneſs of it. At a proper time agreed on between her and the Moriſco, ſhe ſent a meſſage to the gardener, that his lady having ſome haſty orders to give him, would have him come that moment to her in her chamber. In the mean time ſhe had placed Alonzo privately in an outer room, that he might obſerve who paſſed that way. It was not long before he ſaw the gardener appear. Alonzo had not patience, but following him into the apartment, ſtruck him at one blow with a dagger to the heart; then dragging his lady by the hair, without enquiring farther, he inſtantly killed her.

Here he pauſed, looking on the dead bodies with all the agitations of a dæmon of revenge; when the wench who had occaſioned theſe terrors, diſtracted with remorſe, threw herſelf at his feet, and in a voice of lamentation without ſenſe of the conſequence, repeated all her guilt. Alonzo was overwhelmed with all the violent paſſions at one inſtant, and uttered the broken voices and motions of each of them for a moment; till at laſt he recollected himſelf enough to end his agony of love, anger, diſdain, revenge, and remorſe, by murdering the maid, the moor, and himſelf.

No 38. Friday, April 24.

———Prodire tenus, ſi non datur ultrá.

Hor. Ep. 1. *l.* 1. *v.* 22.

Thus far at leaſt, though here we ſtop.

I Have lately given a precaution concerning the difficulty in arriving at what ought to be eſteemed a fine gentleman. That character has been long wholly engroſſed by well-dreſſed beaux, and men of ſenſe have given up all pretence to it. The higheſt any of them contend for is the character of a pretty gentleman. For here the dreſs may be more careleſs, and ſome wit is thought neceſſary; whereas a fine gentleman is not obliged to converſe further than the offering his ſnuff-box round the room. However, the pretty gentleman muſt have his airs; and though they are not ſo pompous as thoſe of the other, yet they are ſo affected, that few who have underſtanding can bring themſelves to be proficients this way, though ever ſo uſeful towards being well received. But if they fail here, they ſucceed with ſome difficulty in being allowed to have much of the gentleman in them. To obtain this epithet, a man of ſenſe muſt arrive at a certain deſire to appear more than is natural to him. But as the world goes, it is fit he ſhould be encouraged in this attempt, ſince nothing can mend the general taſte but ſetting the true character in as public a view as the falſe. This indeed can never be done to the purpoſe while the majority is ſo great on the wrong ſide; one of a hundred will have the ſhout againſt him. But if people of wit would be as zealous to aſſiſt old IRONSIDE as he is to promote them and their intereſt, a little time would give theſe things a new turn. However, I will not deſpair but I ſhall be able to ſummon all the good ſenſe in the nation to my aſſiſtance, in my ambition to produce a new race of mankind, to take the places of ſuch as have hitherto pretended to engroſs

groſs the faſhion. The univerſity ſcholar ſhall be called upon to learn his exerciſe, and frequent mixed company; the military and the travelled man to read the beſt authors; the country gentleman to divide his time, ſo as, together with the care of his eſtate, to make an equal progreſs in learning and breeding; and when the ſeveral candidates think themſelves prepared, I ſhall appoint under officers to examine their qualifications; and as I am ſatisfied with their report, give out my paſſports, recommending them to all companies as the Guardian's fine gentlemen. If my recommendations appear juſt, I will not doubt but ſome of the preſent fine gentlemen will ſee the neceſſity of retirement, till they can come abroad with approbation. I have indeed already given out orders in this behalf, and have directed ſearchers to attend at the inns, where the Oxford and Cambridge coaches ſtand, and commanded them to bring any young fellow, of any hopes in the world, directly to my lodgings as ſoon as he lands; for I will take him, though I know I can only make him much of a gentleman; for when I have gone thus far, one would think it ſhould be eaſy to make him a gentleman-like man. As the world now goes, we have no adequate idea of what is meant by gentlemanly, gentleman-like, or much of a gentleman. You cannot be cheated at play, but it is certainly done by a very gentleman-like man; you cannot be deceived in your affairs, but it was done in ſome gentlemanly manner; you cannot be wronged in your bed, but all the world will ſay of him that did the injury it muſt be allowed he is very much of a gentleman. Here is a very pleaſant fellow, a correſpondent of mine, that puts in for that appellation even to highwaymen. I muſt confeſs the gentleman he perſonates is very apparently ſuch; though I did not look upon that ſort of fellow in that light till he favoured me with his letter, which is as follows:

Mr. IRONSIDE,

I Have been upon the highway theſe ſix years, in the park, at the play, at Bath, Tunbridge, Epſom, and at every other place where I could have any proſpect of ſtealing a fortune; but have met with no ſucceſs, being diſappointed either by ſome of your damned IRONSIDE race, or by old curſed curs, who put more bolts on their doors, and bars on their windows, than are in Newgate. All that ſee me own I am a gentleman-like man; and whatever raſcally things the grave folks ſay I am guilty of, they themſelves acknowledge I am a gentlemanly kind of man, and in every reſpect accompliſhed for running away with a lady. I have been bred up to no buſineſs, and illiterate, have ſpent the ſmall fortune I had in purchaſing favours from the fair ſex. The bounty of their purſes I have received, as well as the endearments of their perſons; but I have gratefully diſpoſed of it among themſelves; for I always was a keeper when I was kept. I am fearleſs in my behaviour, and never fail of putting your bookiſh ſort of fellows, your men of merit, forſooth, out of countenance. I triumph when I ſee a modeſt young woman bluſh at an aſſembly, or a virgin betrayed into tears at a well-wrought ſcene in a tragedy. I have long forgot ſhame; for it proceeds from a conſciouſneſs of ſome defect, and I am, as I told you, a gentlemanly man. I never knew any but you muſty philoſophers applaud bluſhes; and you yourſelves will allow that they are cauſed, either by ſome real imperfection, or the apprehenſion of defect where there is not any. But for my part I hate miſtakes, and ſhall not ſuſpect myſelf wrongfully. Such as I am, if you approve of my perſon, eſtate, and character, I deſire you would admit me as a ſuitor to one of the Lizards, and beg your ſpeedy anſwer to this; for it is the laſt time my black coat will bear ſcouring, or my long wig buckling. I am,

SIR,

The fair ladies, and your humble ſervant,

WILL BAREFACE.

Thoſe on the highway who make a ſtand with a piſtol at your breaſt, compelled perhaps by neceſſity, misfortune, or driven out of an honeſt way of life, to anſwer the wants of a craving family, are much more excuſable than thoſe of their fraternity, who join the converſations of gentlemen, and get into a ſhare of their fortunes without one good art about them. What a crowd of theſe gentleman-like men are about this town? For from an unjuſt modeſty, and incapacity for common life, the ordinary failings of men of letters and induſtry in our nation, it happens that impudence ſuppreſſes all virtue, and aſſumes the reward and eſteem which are due to it. Hence it is that worthleſs rogues have the ſmiles of the fair, and the favours of the great. To be well dreſſed and in health, and very impudent, in this licentious undiſtinguiſhing age, is enough to conſtitute a perſon very much of a gentleman. And to this paſs are we come, by the proſtitution of wit in the cauſe of vice, which has made the moſt unreaſonable and unnatural things prevail againſt all the ſuggeſtions of common ſenſe. Nobody denies that we live in a Chriſtian country, and yet he who ſhould decline, upon reſpective opportunities to commit adultery or murder, would be thought very little of a gentleman.

N° 39. Saturday, April 25.

——— Ægri ſomnia. *Hor. Ars Poet. v. 7.*

A ſick man's dreams.

MY correſpondent, who has acquired the faculty of entering into other men's thoughts, having, in purſuance to a former letter, ſent me an account of certain uſeful diſcoveries he has made by the help of that invention, I ſhall communicate the ſame to the public in this paper.

Mr.

Mr. IRONSIDE,

ON the 11th day of October, in the year 1712, having left my body locked up ſafe in my ſtudy, I repaired to the Grecian coffeehouſe, where entering into the pineal gland of a certain eminent Freethinker, I made directly to the higheſt part of it, which is the ſeat of the underſtanding, expecting to find there a comprehenſive knowledge of all things human and divine; but, to my no ſmall aſtoniſhment, I found the place narrower than ordinary, inſomuch that there was not any room for a miracle, prophecy, or ſeparate ſpirit.

This obliged me to deſcend a ſtory lower into the imagination, which I found larger, indeed, but cold and comfortleſs. I diſcovered Prejudice, in the figure of a woman, ſtanding in a corner, with her eyes cloſe ſhut, and her fore-fingers ſtuck in her ears; many words in a confuſed order, but ſpoken with great emphaſis, iſſued from her mouth. Theſe being condenſed by the coldneſs of the place, formed a ſort of miſt, through which methought I ſaw a great caſtle, with a fortification caſt round it, and a tower adjoining to it, that through the windows appeared to be filled with racks and halters. Beneath the caſtle I could diſcern vaſt dungeons; and all about it lay ſcattered the bones of men. It ſeemed to be garriſoned by certain men in black, of gigantic ſize, and moſt terrific forms. But as I drew near, the terror of the appearance vaniſhed, and the caſtle I found to be only a church, whoſe ſteeple, with its clock and bell ropes, was miſtaken for a tower filled with racks and halters. The terrible giants in black ſhrunk into a few innocent clergymen. The dungeons were turned into vaults, deſigned only for the habitation of the dead: and the fortification proved to be a church-yard, with ſome ſcattered bones in it, and a plain ſtone wall round it.

I had not been long here before my curioſity was raiſed by a loud noiſe that I heard in the inferior region. Deſcending thither, I found a mob of the paſſions aſſembled in a riotous manner. Their tumultuary

multuary proceedings ſoon convinced me that they affected a democracy. After much noiſe and wrangle, they at length all hearkened to Vanity, who propoſed the raiſing of a great army of notions, which ſhe offered to lead againſt thoſe dreadful phantoms in the imagination that had occaſioned all this uproar.

Away poſted Vanity, and I after her, to the ſtore-houſe of ideas, where I beheld a great number of lifeleſs notions confuſedly thrown together; but, upon the approach of Vanity, they began to crawl. Here were to be ſeen, among other odd things, ſleeping deities, corporeal ſpirits, and worlds formed by chance, with an endleſs variety of Heathen notions, the moſt irregular and groteſque imaginable. And with theſe were jumbled ſeveral of Chriſtian extraction; but ſuch was the dreſs and light they were put in, and their features were ſo diſtorted, that they looked little better than Heathens. There was likewiſe aſſembled no ſmall number of phantoms in ſtrange habits, who proved to be idolatrous prieſts of different nations. Vanity gave the word, and ſtraightway the Talopoins, Faquirs, Bramins, and Bonzes, drew up in a body. The right wing conſiſted of ancient Heathen notions, and the left wing of Chriſtians naturalized. All theſe together, for numbers, compoſed a very formidable army. But the precipitation of vanity was ſo great, and ſuch was their own inbred averſion to the tyranny of rules and diſcipline, that they ſeemed rather a confuſed rabble than a regular army. I could nevertheleſs obſerve that they all agreed in a ſquinting look, or caſt of their eyes, towards a certain perſon in a maſk, who was placed in the centre, and who, by ſure ſigns and tokens, I diſcovered to be Atheiſm.

Vanity had no ſooner led her forces into the imagination, but ſhe reſolved upon ſtorming the caſtle, and giving no quarter. They began the aſſault with a loud outcry and great confuſion. I for my part made the beſt of my way, and re-entered my own lodging. Some time after, enquiring at a bookſeller's for a diſcourſe

diſcourſe on Free-thinking, which had made ſome noiſe, I met with the repreſentatives of all theſe notions drawn up in the ſame confuſed order upon paper. Sage NESTOR, I am

Your moſt obedient humble ſervant,

ULYSSES COSMOPOLITA.

N. B. I went round the table, but could not find a wit or mathematician among them.

I imagine the account here given may be uſeful in directing to the proper cure of a Free-thinker. In the firſt place, it is plain his underſtanding wants to be opened and enlarged, and he ſhould be taught the way to order and methodiſe his ideas; to which end the ſtudy of the mathematics may be uſeful. I am farther of opinion, that as his imagination is filled with amuſements ariſing from prejudice, and the obſcure or falſe lights in which he ſees things, it will be neceſſary to bring him into good company, and now and then carrying him to church; by which means he may in time come to a right ſenſe of religion, and wear off the ill impreſſions he has received. Laſtly, I adviſe whoever undertakes the reformation of a modern Free-thinker, that above all things he be careful to ſubdue his vanity; that being the principal motive which prompts a little genius to diſtinguiſh itſelf by ſingularities that are hurtful to mankind.

Or, if the paſſion of vanity, as it is for the moſt part very ſtrong in your Free thinkers, cannot be ſubdued, let it be won over to the intereſt of religion, by giving them to underſtand that the greateſt genii of the age have a reſpect for things ſacred; that their rhapſodies find no admirers; and that the name Free-thinker has, like Tyrant of old, degenerated from its original ſignification, and is now ſuppoſed to denote ſomething contrary to wit and reaſon. In fine, let them know, that whatever temptations a few men of parts might formerly have had, from the novelty of the thing, to oppoſe the received opinions

of

of Chriſtians; yet that now the humour is worn out, and blaſphemy and irreligion are diſtinctions which have long ſince deſcended down to laqueys and drawers.

But it muſt be my buſineſs to prevent all pretenders in this kind from hurting the ignorant and unwary. In order to this, I communicated an intelligence, which I received, of a gentleman's appearing very ſorry that he was not well during a late fit of ſickneſs, contrary to his own doctrine, which obliged him to be merry upon that occaſion, except he was ſure of recovering. Upon this advice to the world the following advertiſement got a place in the Poſt-boy:

WHereas, in the paper called the Guardian, of Saturday the 11th of April inſtant, a corollary reflection was made on Monſieur D——, a member of the Royal Academy of Sciences in Paris, author of a book lately publiſhed, intituled, A Philological Eſſay, or Reflections on the Death of Free-thinkers, with the characters of the moſt eminent perſons of both ſexes, ancient and modern, that died pleaſantly and unconcerned, &c. Sold by J. Baker in Pater-noſter-row, ſuggeſting, as if that gentleman, now in London, was very much out of humour in a late fit of ſickneſs, till he was in a fair way of recovery. This is to aſſure the public, that the ſaid gentleman never expreſſed the leaſt concern at the approach of death, but expected the fatal minute with a moſt heroical and philoſophical reſignation; of which a copy of verſes he writ in the ſerene intervals of his diſtemper, is an invincible proof.

All that I contend for is, that this gentleman was out of humour when he was ſick; and the advertiſer, to confute me, ſays, that in the ſerene intervals of his diſtemper, that is, when he was not ſick, he writ verſes. I ſhall not retract my advertiſement till I ſee thoſe verſes; and I'll chuſe what to believe then, except they are underwritten by his nurſe; nor then neither, except ſhe is an houſekeeper. I muſt

muſt tie this gentleman cloſe to the argument; for if he had not actually his fit upon him, there is nothing couragious in the thing, nor does it make for his purpoſe, nor are they heroic verſes.

The point of being merry at the hour of death is a matter that ought to be ſettled by divines; but the publiſher of the philological eſſay produces his chief authorities from Lucretius, the Earl of Rocheſter, and Mr. John Dryden, who were gentlemen that did not think themſelves obliged to prove all they ſaid; or elſe proved their aſſertions, by ſaying or ſwearing they were all fools that believed to the contrary. If it be abſolutely neceſſary that a man ſhould be facetious at his death, it would be very well if theſe gentlemen, Monſieur D—— and Mr. B——, would repent betimes, and not truſt to a deathbed ingenuity. By what has appeared hitherto, they have only raiſed our longing to ſee their poſthumous works.

The author of *Poetæ ruſticantis literatum otium* is but a mere phraſeologiſt) the philological publiſher is but a tranſlator; but I expected better uſage from Mr. Abel Roper, who is an original.

No 40. Monday, April 27.

Compulerantque greges Corydon et Thyrſis in unum,
Ex illo Corydon, Corydon eſt tempore nobis.

Virg. Ecl. 7. v. 2. et ult.

Their ſheep and goats together graz'd the plains——
Since when 'tis Corydon among the ſwains,
Young Corydon without a rival reigns. *Dryden.*

I Deſigned to have troubled the reader with no farther diſcourſes of paſtorals; but being informed that I am taxed of partiality, in not mentioning an author whoſe eclogues are publiſhed in the ſame volume with Mr. Philips's, I ſhall employ this paper in obſervations upon him, written in the free ſpirit of criticiſm, and without apprehenſion of offending

offending that gentleman, whoſe character it is, that he takes the greateſt care of his works before they are publiſhed, and has the leaſt concern for them afterwards.

I have laid it down as the firſt rule of paſtoral, that its idea ſhould be taken from the manners of the golden age, and the moral formed upon the repreſentation of innocence; it is therefore plain that any deviations from that deſign degrade a poem from being true paſtoral. In this view it will appear that Virgil can only have two of his eclogues allowed to be ſuch. His firſt and ninth muſt be rejected, becauſe they deſcribe the ravages of armies, and oppreſſions of the innocent; Corydon's criminal paſſion for Alexis throws out the ſecond; the calumny and railing in the third are not proper to that ſtate of concord; the eighth repreſents unlawful ways of procuring love by enchantments, and introduces a ſhepherd, whom an inviting precipice tempts to ſelf-murder. As to the fourth, ſixth, and tenth, they are given up by Heinſius, Salmaſius, Rapin, and the critics in general §. They likewiſe obſerve, that but eleven of all the Idyllia of Theocritus are to be admitted as paſtorals, and even out of that number the greater part will be excluded, for one or other of the reaſons abovementioned. So that when I remarked in a former paper, that Virgil's eclogues, taken altogether, are rather ſelect poems than paſtorals, I might have ſaid the ſame thing with no leſs truth of Theocritus. The reaſon of this I take to be yet unobſerved by the critics, viz. they never meant them all for paſtorals, which it is plain Philips hath done, and in that particular excelled both Theocritus and Virgil.

As ſimplicity is the diſtinguiſhing characteriſtic of paſtoral, Virgil has been thought guilty of too courtly a ſtyle; his language is perfectly pure, and he often forgets he is among peaſants. I have frequently wondered, that, ſince he was ſo converſant

§ See Rapin de Carm. Paſt. p. 3.

in the writings of Ennius, he had not imitated the ruſticity of the Doric, as well by the help of the old obſolete Roman language, as Philips hath by the antiquated Engliſh. For example, might he not have ſaid *quoi* inſtead of *cui*, *quoijam* for *cujam*, *volt* for *vult*, &c. as well as our modern hath welladay for alas, whilome for of old, make mock for deride, and witleſs younglings for ſimple lambs, &c. by which means he hath attained as much of the air of Theocritus as Philips hath of Spenſer.

Mr. Pope hath fallen into the ſame error with Virgil. His clowns do not converſe in all the ſimplicity proper to the country: his names are borrowed from Theocritus and Virgil, which are improper to the ſcene of his paſtorals. He introduces *Daphnis*, *Alexis*, and *Thyrſis*, on Britiſh plains, as Virgil had done before him on the Mantuan; whereas Philips, who hath the ſtricteſt regard to propriety, makes choice of names peculiar to the country, and more agreeable to a reader of delicacy, ſuch as Hobbinol, Lobbin, Cuddy, and Colin Clout.

So eaſy as paſtoral writing may ſeem, in the ſimplicity we have deſcribed it, yet it requires great reading, both of the ancients and moderns, to be a maſter of it. Philips hath given us manifeſt proofs of his knowledge of books. It muſt be confeſſed his competitor hath imitated ſome ſingle thoughts of the ancients well enough, if we conſider he had not the happineſs of an univerſity education; but he hath diſperſed them here and there, without that order and method which Mr. Philips obſerves, whoſe whole third paſtoral is an inſtance how well he hath ſtudied the fifth of Virgil, and how judiciouſly reduced Virgil's thoughts to the ſtandard of paſtoral, as his contention of Colin Clout and the Nightingale ſhows with what exactneſs he has imitated Strada.

When I remarked it as a principal fault to introduce fruits and flowers of a foreign growth, in deſcriptions where the ſcene lies in our country, I did not deſign that obſervation ſhould extend alſo to animals, or the ſenſitive life; for Philips hath, with great

great judgment, deſcribed wolves in England in his firſt paſtoral. Nor would I have a poet ſlaviſhly confine himſelf, as Mr. Pope hath done, to one particular ſeaſon of the year, one certain time of the day, and one unbroken ſcene in each eclogue. It is plain Spenſer neglected this pedantry, who, in his paſtoral of November, mentions the mournful ſong of the nightingale.

Sad Philomel, her ſong in tears doth ſteep.

And Mr. Philips, by a poetical creation, hath raiſed up finer beds of flowers than the moſt induſtrious gardener; his roſes, lilies, and daffodiles, blow in the ſame ſeaſon.

But the better to diſcover the merits of our two contemporary paſtoral writers, I ſhall endeavour to draw a parallel of them, by ſetting ſeveral of their particular thoughts in the ſame light, whereby it will be obvious how much Philips hath the advantage. With what ſimplicity he introduces two ſhepherds ſinging alternately:

Hobb. Come, Roſalind, O come! for without thee
What pleaſure can the country have for me?
Come, Roſalind, O come! my brinded kine,
My ſnowy ſheep, my farm, and all is thine.

Lanq. Come, Roſalind, O come! here are ſhady bow'rs,
Here are cool fountains, and here ſpringing flow'rs.
Come, Roſalind, here ever let us ſtay,
And ſweetly waſte our live-long time away.

Our other paſtoral writer, in expreſſing the ſame thought, deviates into downright poetry.

Streph. In ſpring the fields, in autumn hills I love,
At morn the plains, at noon the ſhady grove,
But Delia always; forc'd from Delia's ſight,
Nor plains at morn, nor groves at noon delight.

Daph. Sylvia's like autumn ripe, yet mild as May,
More bright than noon, yet freſh as early day:

Ev'n ſpring diſpleaſes, when ſhe ſhines not here;
But bleſs'd with her, 'tis ſpring throughout the year.

In the firſt of theſe authors, two ſhepherds thus innocently deſcribe the behaviour of their miſtreſſes.

Hobb. As Marian bath'd, by chance I paſſed by,
She bluſh'd, and at me caſt a ſide-long eye;
Then ſwift beneath the chryſtal wave ſhe try'd
Her beauteous form, but all in vain to hide.

Lang. As I to cool me bath'd one ſultry day,
Fond Lydia lurking in the ſedges lay;
The wanton laugh'd, and ſeem'd in haſte to fly;
Yet often ſtopp'd, and often turn'd her eye.

The other modern, who it muſt be confeſſed hath a knack of verſifying, hath it as follows:

Streph. Me gentle Delia beckons from the plain,
Then, hid in ſhades, eludes her eager ſwain;
But feigns a laugh, to ſee me ſearch around,
And by that laugh the willing fair is found.

Daph. The ſprightly Sylvia trips along the green;
She runs, but hopes ſhe does not run unſeen;
While a kind glance at her purſuer flies,
How much at variance are her feet and eyes!

There is nothing the writers of this kind of poetry are fonder of than deſcriptions of paſtoral preſents. Philips ſays thus of a ſheep-hook:

Of ſeaſon'd elm, where ſtuds of braſs appear,
To ſpeak the giver's name, the month and year,
The hook of poliſh'd ſteel, the handle turn'd,
And richly by the graver's ſkill adorn'd.

The other, of a bowl emboſſed with figures,

——————where wanton ivy twines,
And ſwelling cluſters bend the curling vines;
Four figures riſing from the work appear,
The various ſeaſons of the rolling year;

And

And what is that which binds the radiant ſky,
Where twelve bright ſigns in beauteous order lye.

The ſimplicity of the ſwain in this place, who forgets the name of the zodiac, is no ill imitation of Virgil; but how much more plainly and unaffectedly would Philips have dreſſed this thought in his Doric?

And what that hight which girds the welkin ſheen,
Where twelve gay ſigns in meet array are ſeen.

If the reader would indulge his curioſity any farther in the compariſon of particulars, he may read the firſt paſtoral of Philips, with the ſecond of his contemporary, and the fourth and ſixth of the former, with the fourth and firſt of the latter, where ſeveral parallel places will occur to every one.

Having now ſhewn ſome parts in which theſe two writers may be compared, it is a juſtice I owe to Mr. Philips to diſcover thoſe in which no man can compare with him. Firſt, that beautiful ruſticity, of which I ſhall only produce two inſtances, out of a hundred not yet quoted.

O woeful day! O day of woe, quoth he,
And woeful I, who live that day to ſee!

That ſimplicity of diction, the melancholy flowing of the numbers, the ſolemnity of the ſound, and the eaſy turn of the words, in this dirge (to make uſe of our author's expreſſion) are extremely elegant.

In another of his paſtorals, a ſhepherd utters a dirge, not much inferior to the former, in the following lines:

Ah me the while! ah me! the luckleſs day,
Ah luckleſs lad! the rather might I ſay;
Ah ſilly I! more ſilly than my ſheep;
Which on the flow'ry plains I once did keep.

How he ſtill charms the ear with theſe artful repetitions of the epithets; and how ſignificant is the laſt verſe! I defy the moſt common reader to repeat them without feeling ſome emotions of compaſſion.

In the next place I ſhall rank his proverbs, in which I formerly obſerved he excels; for example,

A rolling ſtone is ever bare of moſs;
And, to their coſt, green years old proverbs croſs.
———He that late lies down, as late will riſe,
And, ſluggard-like, till noon-day ſnoring lies.
Againſt ill luck all cunning foreſight fails;
Whether we ſleep or wake it nought avails.
———Nor fear, from upright ſentence, wrong.

Laſtly, his elegant dialect, which alone might prove him the eldeſt born of Spenſer, and our only true Arcadian; I ſhould think it proper for the ſeveral writers of paſtoral, to confine themſelves to their ſeveral counties. Spenſer ſeems to have been of this opinion; for he hath laid the ſcene of one of his paſtorals in Wales, where, with all the ſimplicity natural to that part of our iſland, one ſhepherd bids the other good-morrow in an unuſual and elegant manner.

Diggon Davy, I bid hur god-day:
Or Diggon hur is, or I miſ-ſay.

Diggon anſwers,

Hur was hur while it was day-light;
But now hur is a moſt wretched wight, &c.

But the moſt beautiful example of this kind that I ever met with, is in a very valuable piece, which I chanced to find among ſome old manuſcripts, intituled, A paſtoral ballad, which I think, for its nature and ſimplicity, may, notwithſtanding the modeſty of the title, be allowed a perfect paſtoral. It is compoſed in the Somerſetſhire dialect, and the names ſuch as are proper to the country people. It may be obſerved, as a farther beauty of this paſtoral, the words *Nymph*, *Dryad*, *Naiad*, *Faun*, *Cupid*, or *Satyr*, are not once mentioned through the whole. I ſhall make no apology for inſerting ſome few lines of this excellent piece. Cicily breaks thus into the ſubject, as ſhe is going a-milking.

Cicily.

Cicily. Rager go vetch tha kee *, or elſe tha zun
Will quite be go, be vore c'have half a don.

* that is, the kine or cows.

Roger. Thou ſhouldſt not ax ma tweece, but I've a be
To dreave our bull to bull tha parſon's kee.

It is to be obſerved, that this whole dialogue is formed upon the paſſion of jealouſy; and his mentioning the parſon's kine, naturally revives the jealouſy of the ſhepherdeſs Cicily, which ſhe expreſſes as follows:

Cicily. Ah Rager, Rager, chez was zore avraid,
Ween in yond vield you kiſs'd tha parſon's maid,
Is this the love that once to me you zed,
When from the wake thou brought'ſt me gingerbread?

Roger. Cicily, thou charg'ſt me falſe.—I'll zwear to thee,
The parſon's maid is ſtill a maid for me.

In which anſwer of his are expreſſed at once, that ſpirit of religion, and that innocence of the golden age, ſo neceſſary to be obſerved by all writers of paſtoral.

At the concluſion of this piece, the author reconciles the lovers, and ends the eclogue the moſt ſimply in the world.

So Rager parted vor to vetch the kee,
And vor her bucket in went Cicily.

I am loth to ſhow my fondneſs for antiquity, ſo far as to prefer this ancient Britiſh author to our preſent Engliſh writers of paſtoral; but I cannot avoid making this obvious remark, that both Spencer and Philips have hit into the ſame road with this old weſt-country bard of ours.

After all that hath been ſaid, I hope none can think it any injuſtice to Mr. Pope, that I forbore to mention him as a paſtoral writer; ſince, upon the whole, he is of the ſame claſs with Moſchus and Bion, whom we have excluded that rank; and of whoſe eclogues, as well as ſome of Virgil's, it may be ſaid, that, according to the deſcription we have given of this ſort of poetry, they are by no means paſtorals, but ſomething better.

No 41. Tuesday, April 28.

Even churches are no sanctuaries now.

Epilogue to Cato.

THE following letter has so much truth and reason in it, that I believe every man of sense and honour in England will have a just indignation against the person who could commit so great a violence, as that of which my correspondent complains.

To the Author of the GUARDIAN.

SIR,

I Claim a place in your paper for what I now write to you, from the declaration which you made at your first appearance, and the very title you assume to yourself.

If the circumstance which I am going to mention is overlooked by one who calls himself Guardian, I am sure honour and integrity, innocence and virtue, are not the objects of his care.—The Examiner ends his discourse of Friday the 24th instant, with these words:

'No sooner was D—— among the Whigs, and 'confirmed past retrieving, but Lady Char—te is 'taken knotting in St. James's chapel during divine 'service, in the immediate presence both of God and 'her Majesty, who were affronted together; that the 'family might appear to be entirely come over. I 'spare the beauty for the sake of her birth; but cer 'tainly there was no occasion for so public a proof 'that her fingers are more dextrous in tying a knot 'than her father's brains in perplexing the govern- 'ment.'

It is apparent that the person here intended is by her birth a Lady, and daughter of an Earl of Great Britain; and the treatment this author is pleased to give her, he makes no scruple to own she is exposed to

to by being his daughter. Since he has assumed a licence to talk of this nobleman in print to his disadvantage, I hope his Lordship will pardon me, that, out of the interest which I and all true Englishmen have in his character, I take the liberty to defend him.

I am willing, on this occasion, to allow the claim and pretension to merit to be such as the same author describes in his preceding paper.

'By active merit,' says the Examiner of the 21st, 'I understand not only the power and ability to 'serve, but the actual exercise of any one or more 'virtues, for promoting the good of one's country, 'and a long and steady course of real endeavours to 'appear useful in a government; or where a person 'eminently qualified for public affairs, distinguishes 'himself in some critical juncture, and at the expence 'of his ease and fortune, or with the hazard of his 'person, exposes himself to the malice of a designing 'faction, by thwarting their wicked purposes, and 'contributing to the safety, repose, and welfare of a 'people.'

Let us examine the conduct of this noble Earl by this description. Upon the late glorious revolution, when it was in debate, in what manner the people of England should express their gratitude to their deliverer, this Lord, from the utmost tenderness and loyalty to his unhappy prince, and apprehensive of the danger of so great a change, voted against King William's accession to the throne. However, his following services sufficiently testified the truth of that his memorable expression, though he could not make a king, he could obey him. The whole course and tenor of his life ever since has been visibly animated by a steady and constant zeal for the monarchy and episcopacy of these realms. He has been ever reviled by all who are cold to the interests of our established religion, or dissenters from it, as a favourer of persecution, and a bigot to the church, against the civil rights of his fellow-subjects. Thus it stood with him at the trial of Dr. Sacheverell, when this noble Earl had a very great share in obtaining the gentle sentence

tence which the houſe of Lords pronounced on that occaſion. But indeed I have not heard that any of his Lordſhip's dependents joined Saint Harry in the pilgrimage which that meek man took afterwards round England, followed by drum, trumpet, and acclamations, to viſit the churches.—Civil prudence made it perhaps neceſſary to throw the public affairs into ſuch hands as had no pretenſions to popularity in either party, but from the diſtribution of the Queen's favours.

During ſuch and other later tranſactions, which are too freſh to need being recounted, the Earl of Nottingham has had the misfortune to differ with the Lords who have the honour to be employed in the adminiſtration; but even among theſe incidents he has highly diſtinguiſhed himſelf in procuring an act of parliament to prevent that thoſe who diſſent from the church ſhould ſerve in the ſtate.

I hope theſe are great and critical junctures, wherein this gentleman has ſhown himſelf a patriot, and lover of the church, in as eminent a manner as any other of his fellow-ſubjects. He has at all times and in all ſeaſons, ſhown the ſame ſteady abhorrence to all innovations. But it is from this behaviour that he has deſerved ſo ill of the Examiner, as to be termed a late convert to thoſe whom he calls factious, and introduced in his profane dialogue of April the 6th, with a ſervant and a madwoman. I think I have, according to the Examiner's own deſcription of merit, ſhown how little this nobleman deſerves ſuch treatment. I ſhall now appeal to all the world, to conſider whether the outrage committed againſt the young lady, had not been cruel and inſufferable towards the daughter of the higheſt offender?

The utmoſt malice and invention could go no farther than to forge a ſtory of her having inadvertently done an indifferent action in a ſacred place. Of what temper can this man be made, that could have no ſenſe of the pangs he muſt give a young lady, to be barely mentioned in a public paper? much more to be named in a libellous manner, as having offended God and man?

But

But the wretch, as dull as he is wicked, felt it ſtrike on his imagination, that knotting and perplexing would make a quaint ſting at the end of his paper, and had no compunction, though he introduced his witticiſm at the expence of a young lady's quiet, and, as far as in him lies, her honour. Does he thus finiſh his diſcourſe of religion? This is indeed to lay at us, and make every blow fell to the ground.

There is no party concerned in this circumſtance; but every man that hopes for a virtuous woman to his wife, that would defend his child, or protect his miſtreſs, ought to receive this inſolence as done to himſelf. 'In the immediate preſence of God and 'her majeſty, that the family might appear to be 'entirely come over,' ſays the fawning miſcreant ——It is very viſible which of thoſe powers (that he has put together) he is the more fearful of offending. But he miſtakes his way in making his court to a pious ſovereign, by naming her with the Deity, in order to find protection for inſulting a virtuous woman, who comes to call upon him in the royal chapel.

If life be, as it ought to be with people of their character whom the Examiner attacks, leſs valuable and dear than honour and reputation, in that proportion is the Examiner worſe than an aſſaſſin. We have ſtood by and tamely heard him aggravate the diſgraces of the brave and the unfortunate, we have ſeen him double the anguiſh of the unhappy man, we have ſeen him trample on the aſhes of the dead; but all this has concerned greater life, and could touch only public characters, they did but remotely affect our private and domeſtic intereſt; but when due regard is not had to the honour of women, all human ſociety is aſſaulted. The higheſt perſon in the world is of that ſex, and has the utmoſt ſenſibility of an outrage committed againſt it. She who was the beſt wife that ever prince was bleſſed with, will, though ſhe ſits on a throne, jealouſly regard the honour of a young lady who has not entered into that condition.

Lady

Lady Char—te's quality will make it impoſſible that this cruel uſage can eſcape her Majeſty's notice; and it is the buſineſs of every honeſt man to trace the offender, and expoſe him to the indignation of his ſovereign.

N° 42. Wedneſday, April 29.

Non miſſura cutem, niſi plena cruoris hirudo.
Hor. Ars Poet. v. ult.

Sticking like leeches till they burſt with blood.
Roſcommon.

TOM Lizard told us a ſtory, the other day, of ſome perſons which our family know very well, with ſo much humour and life, that it cauſed a great deal of mirth at the tea-table. His brother Will, the Templar, was highly delighted with it; and the next day being with ſome of his inns-of-court acquaintance, reſolved, whether out of the benevolence, or the pride of his heart, I will not determine, to entertain them, with what he called, a pleaſant humour enough. I was in great pain for him when I heard him begin, and was not at all ſurpriſed to find the company very little moved by it. Will bluſhed, looked round the room, and with a forced laugh, 'Faith Gentlemen,' ſaid he, 'I do not 'know what makes you look ſo grave; it was an ad-'mirable ſtory when I heard it.'

When I came home, I fell into a profound contemplation upon ſtory-telling; and as I have nothing ſo much at heart as the good of my country, I reſolved to lay down ſome precautions upon this ſubject.

I have often thought that a ſtory-teller is born as well as a poet. It is, I think, certain, that ſome men have ſuch a peculiar caſt of mind, that they ſee things in another light than men of grave diſpoſitions. Men of a lively imagination, and a mirthful temper,

temper, will repreſent things to their hearers in the ſame manner as they themſelves were affected with them; and whereas ſerious ſpirits might perhaps have been diſguſted at the ſight of ſome odd occurrences in life, yet the very ſame occurrences ſhall pleaſe them in a well-told ſtory, where the diſagreeable parts of the images are concealed, and thoſe only which are pleaſing exhibited to the fancy. Story-telling is therefore not an art, but what we call a knack; it doth not ſo much ſubſiſt upon wit as upon humour; and I will add, that is not perfect without proper geſticulations of the body, which naturally attend ſuch merry emotions of the mind. I know very well that a certain gravity of countenance ſets ſome ſtories off to advantage, where the hearer is to be ſurpriſed in the end. But this is by no means a general rule; for it is frequently convenient to aid and aſſiſt, by cheerful looks, and whimſical agitations. I will go yet further, and affirm, that the ſucceſs of a ſtory very often depends upon the make of the body, and formation of the features, of him who relates it. I have been of this opinion ever ſince I criticiſed upon the chin of Dick Dewlap. I very often had the weakneſs to repine at the proſperity of his conceits, which made him paſs for a wit with the widow at the coffee-houſe, and the ordinary mechanics that frequent it; nor could I myſelf forbear laughing at them moſt heartily, though upon examination I thought moſt of them very flat and inſipid. I found after ſome time that the merit of his wit was founded upon the ſhaking of a fat paunch, and the toſſing up of a pair of roſy jowls. Poor Dick had a fit of ſickneſs, which robbed him of his fat and his fame at once; and it was full three months before he regained his reputation, which roſe in proportion to his floridity. He is now very jolly and ingenious, and hath a good conſtitution for wit.

Thoſe who are thus adorned with the gifts of nature are apt to ſhow their parts with too much oſtentation: I would therefore adviſe all profeſſors of this

art never to tell ſtories, but as they ſeem to grow out of the ſubject matter of the converſation, or as they ſerve to illuſtrate or enliven it. Stories that are very common are generally irkſome; but may be aptly introduced, provided they be only hinted at, and mentioned by way of alluſion. Thoſe that are altogether new ſhould never be uſhered in without a ſhort and pertinent character of the chief perſons concerned; becauſe, by that means, you make the company acquainted with them; and it is a certain rule, that ſlight and trivial accounts of thoſe who are familiar to us adminiſter more mirth than the brighteſt points of wit in unknown characters. A little circumſtance, in the complexion or dreſs of the man you are talking of, ſets his image before the hearer, if it be choſen aptly for the ſtory. Thus I remember, Tom Lizard, after having made his ſiſters merry with an account of a formal old man's way of complimenting, owned very frankly that his ſtory would not have been worth one farthing if he had made the hat of him whom he repreſented one inch narrower. Beſides the marking diſtinct characters, and ſelecting pertinent circumſtances, it is likewiſe neceſſary to leave off in time, and end ſmartly. So that there is a kind of drama in the forming of a ſtory, and the manner of conducting and pointing it is the ſame as in an epigram. It is a miſerable thing, after one hath raiſed the expectation of the company by humorous characters, and a pretty conceit, to purſue the matter too far. There is no retreating; and how poor is it for a ſtory-teller to end his relation, by ſaying, 'that is all!'

As the chuſing of pertinent circumſtances is the life of a ſtory, and that wherein humour principally conſiſts, ſo the collectors of impertinent particulars are the very bane and opiates of converſation. Old men are great tranſgreſſors this way. Poor Ned Poppy—he is gone!—was a very honeſt man, but was ſo exceſſively tedious over his pipe, that he was not to be endured. He knew ſo exactly what they had for dinner; when ſuch a thing happened; in what ditch

ditch his bay ſtone-horſe had his ſprain at that time; and how his man John,—no! it was William, ſtarted a hare in the common field, that he never got to the end of his tale. Then he was extremely particular in marriages and intermarriages, and couſins twice or thrice removed; and whether ſuch a thing happened at the latter end of July or the beginning of Auguſt. He had a marvellous tendency likewiſe to digreſſions, inſomuch that if a conſiderable perſon was mentioned in his ſtory he would ſtraightway launch out into an epiſode of him; and again, if in that perſon's ſtory he had occaſion to remember a third man, he broke off, and gave us his hiſtory, and ſo on. He always put me in mind of what Sir William Temple informs us of the tale-tellers in the north of Ireland, who are hired to tell ſtories of giants and inchanters to lull people aſleep. Theſe hiſtorians are obliged, by their bargain, to go on without ſtopping; ſo that after the patient hath, by this benefit, enjoyed a long nap, he is ſure to find the operator proceeding in his work. Ned procured the like effect in me the laſt time I was with him. As he was in the third hour of his ſtory, and very thankful that his memory did not fail him, I fairly nodded in the elbow-chair. He was much affronted at this, till I told him, 'Old friend, you have your 'infirmity, and I have mine.'

But of all evils in ſtory-telling, the humour of telling tales one after another, in great numbers, is the leaſt ſupportable. Sir Harry Pandolf and his ſon gave my Lady Lizard great offence in this particular. Sir Harry hath what they call a ſtring of ſtories, which he tells over every Chriſtmas. When our family viſits there, we are conſtantly, after ſupper, entertained with the Glaſtonbury thorn. When we have wondered at that a little, 'Ay, but father,' ſaith the ſon, 'let us have the ſpirit in the wood.'—After that hath been laughed at, 'Ay, but father,' cries the booby again, 'tell us how you ſerved the robber.' 'Alack-a-day,' ſaid Sir Harry, with a ſmile, and rubbing his forehead, 'I have almoſt forgot

'that, but it is a pleaſant conceit to be ſure.' Accordingly he tells that and twenty more in the ſame independent order, and without the leaſt variation, at this day, as he hath done to my knowledge, ever ſince the revolution. I muſt not forget a very odd compliment that Sir Harry always makes my Lady when he dines here. After dinner he ſtrokes his belly, and ſays with a feigned concern in his countenance, 'Madam, I have loſt by you to-day.' 'How 'ſo, Sir Harry?' replies my Lady. 'Madam,' ſays he, 'I have loſt an excellent ſtomach.' At this his ſon and heir laughs immoderately, and winks upon Mrs. Annabella. This is the thirty-third time that Sir Harry hath been thus arch, and I can bear it no longer.

As the telling of ſtories is a great help and life to converſation, I always encourage them, if they are pertinent and innocent, in oppoſition to thoſe gloomy mortals who diſdain every thing but matter of fact. Thoſe grave fellows are my averſion, who ſift every thing with the utmoſt nicety, and find the malignity of a lie in a piece of humour puſhed a little beyond exact truth. I likewiſe have a poor opinion of thoſe who have got a trick of keeping a ſteady countenance, that cock their hats, and look glum when a pleaſant thing is ſaid, and aſk, Well! and what then? Men of wit and parts ſhould treat one another with benevolence; and I will lay it down as a maxim, that if you ſeem to have a good opinion of another man's wit, he will allow you to have judgment.

No. 43. Thurſday, April 30.

Eſſutire leves indigna tragœdia verſus,
Ut feſtis matrona moveri juſſa diebus.

Hor. Ars Poet. v. 231.

——Tragedy ſhould bluſh as much to ſtoop
To the low mimic follies of a farce,
As a grave matron would to dance with girls.

Roſcommon.

I HAD for ſome days obſerved ſomething in agitation, which was carried by ſmiles and whiſpers between my Lady Lizard and her daughters, with a profeſſed declaration that Mr. Ironſide ſhould not be in the ſecret. I would not treſpaſs upon the integrity of the Sparkler ſo much as to ſolicit her to break her word even in a trifle; but I take it for an inſtance of her kindneſs to me that as ſoon as ſhe was at liberty ſhe was impatient to let me know it; and this morning ſent me the following billet:

SIR,

MY brother Tom waited upon us all laſt night to Cato; we ſat in the firſt ſeats in the box of the eighteen-penny gallery. You muſt come hither this morning, for we ſhall be full of debates about the characters. I was for Marcia laſt night, but find that partiality was owing to the awe I was under in her father's preſence; but this morning Lucia is my woman. You will tell me whether I am right or no when I ſee you; but I think it is a more difficult virtue to forbear going into a family, though ſhe was in love with the heir of it, for no other reaſon but becauſe her happineſs was inconſiſtent with the tranquillity of the whole houſe to which ſhe ſhould be allied; I ſay I think it a more generous virtue in Lucia to conquer her love from this motive,

than in Marcia to ſuſpend her's in the preſent circumſtances of her father and her country. But pray be here to ſettle theſe matters. I am,

Your moſt obliged and
obedient humble ſervant,
MARY LIZARD.

I made all the haſte imaginable to the family, where I found Tom with the play in his hand, and the whole company with a ſublime chearfulneſs in their countenance, all ready to ſpeak to me at once; and before I could draw my chair, my Lady herſelf repeated,

'Tis not a ſet of features or complexion,
The tincture of a ſkin that I admire;
Beauty ſoon grows familiar to the lover,
Fades in his eye, and palls upon the ſenſe.
The virtuous Marcia tow'rs above her ſex;
True, ſhe is fair, (O how divinely fair!)
But ſtill the lovely maid improves her charms,
With inward greatneſs, unaffected wiſdom,
And ſanctity of manners.

I was going to ſpeak when Mrs. Cornelia ſtood up, and with the moſt gentle accent, and ſweeteſt tone of voice, ſucceeded her mother.

So the pure limpid ſtream, when foul with ſtains
Of ruſhing torrents and deſcending rain,
Works itſelf clear, and as it runs refines,
Till by degrees the floating mirror ſhines,
Reflects each flow'r that on the border grows,
And a new heav'n in its fair boſom ſhows.

I thought they would now have given me time to draw a chair; but the Sparkler took hold of me, and I heard her, with the utmoſt delight, purſue her admiration of Lucia, in the words of Portius.

——Athwart the terrors that thy vow
Has planted round thee, thou appear'ſt more fair,
More amiable, and riſeſt in thy charms.
Loveliеſt of women! heav'n is in thy ſoul;

Beauty

Beauty and virtue ſhine for ever round thee,
Bright'ning each other; thou art all divine!

When the ladies had done ſpeaking, I took the liberty to take my place; while Tom, who, like a juſt courtier, thinks the intereſt of his prince and country the ſame, dwelt upon theſe lines:

Remember, O my friends, the laws, the rights,
The gen'rous plan of power deliver'd down
From age to age, by your renown'd forefathers,
(So dearly bought, the price of ſo much blood).
Oh let it never periſh in your hands!
But piouſly tranſmit it to your children.

Though I would not take notice of it at that time, it went to my heart, that Annabella, for whom I have long had ſome apprehenſions, ſaid nothing on this occaſion, but indulged herſelf in the ſneer of a little mind, to ſee the reſt ſo much affected. Mrs. Betty alſo, who knows forſooth more than us all, overlooked the whole drama; but acknowledged the dreſſes of Syphax and Juba were very prettily imagined. The love of virtue, which has been ſo warmly rouſed by this admirable piece in all parts of the theatre, is an unanſwerable inſtance of how great force the ſtage might be towards the improvement of the world, were it regarded and encouraged as much as it ought. There is no medium in this caſe; for the advantages of action, and the repreſentation of vice and virtue in an agreeable or odious manner before our eyes are ſo irreſiſtibly prevalent, that the theatre ought to be ſhut up, or carefully governed, in any nation that values the promotion of virtue or guard of innocence among its people. Speeches or ſermons will ever ſuffer, in ſome degree, from the characters of thoſe that make them; and mankind are ſo unwilling to reflect on what makes for their own mortification, that they are ever cavilling againſt the lives of thoſe who ſpeak in the cauſe of goodneſs, to keep themſelves in countenance, and continue in beloved infirmities. But in the caſe of the ſtage, envy and detraction are baffled, and none are offended;

but

but all inſenſibly won by perſonated characters, which they neither look upon as their rivals or ſuperiors. Every man that has any degree of what is laudable in a theatrical character, is ſecretly pleaſed and encouraged in the proſecution of that virtue, without fancying any man about him has more of it. To this purpoſe I fell a talking at the tea-table, when my Lady Lizard, with a look of ſome ſeverity towards Annabella and Mrs. Betty, was pleaſed to ſay, that it muſt be from ſome trifling prepoſſeſſion of mind that any one could be unmoved with the characters of this tragedy; nor do I yet underſtand to what circumſtance in the family her Ladyſhip alluded, when ſhe made all the company look ſerious, and rehearſed, with a tone more exalted, thoſe words of the heroine:

In ſpite of all the virtue we can boaſt,
The woman that deliberates is loſt.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Whereas Bat. Pigeon in the Strand, hair-cutter to the family of the Lizards, has attained to great proficience in his art, Mr. IRONSIDE adviſes all perſons of fine heads, in order to have juſtice done them, to repair to that induſtrious mechanic.

N. B. Mr. Pigeon has orders to talk with, and examine into the parts and characters of young perſons, before he thins the covering near the ſeat of the brain.

N° 44. Friday, May 1.

——Hac iter Elyſium nobis. *Virg. Æn. 6. v.* 542.
This path conducts us to th' Elyſian fields.

I Have frequently obſerved in the walks belonging to all the inns of court, a ſet of old fellows who appear

appear to be humouriſts, and wrapped up in themſelves; but have long been at a loſs, when I have ſeen them ſmile, and name my name as I paſſed by, and ſay, 'Old IRONSIDE wears well.' I am a mere boy to ſome of them who frequent Gray's-inn; but am not a little pleaſed to find they are even with the world, and return upon it its neglect towards them, which is all the defence we old fellows have againſt the petulency of young people. I am very glad to obſerve, that theſe ſages of this Peripatetic ſect ſtudy tranquillity and indolence of body and mind, in the neighbourhood of ſo much contention as is carried on among the ſtudents of Littleton. The following letter gives us ſome light into the manners and maxims of theſe philoſophers:

To the GUARDIAN.

SIR,

AS the depredations of time and fortune have been lamented in all ages, thoſe perſons who have reſiſted and diſputed the tyranny of either of theſe, have employed the ſublimeſt ſpeculations of the writers in all languages. As theſe deceaſed heroes have had their places judiciouſly aſſigned them already in the temple of Fame, I would immortalize ſome perſons now alive, who to me are greater objects of envy, both as their bravery is exerciſed with the utmoſt tranquillity and pleaſure to themſelves, and as they are ſubſtantially happy on this ſide the grave, in oppoſition to all the Greek and Latin ſcraps to the contrary.

As therefore I am naturally ſubject to cruel inroads from the ſpleen, as I affirm all evil to come from the eaſt, as I am the weather-glaſs of every company I come into, I ſometimes, according to Shakeſpear,

Sit like my grandſire cut in alabaſter,
Sleep whilſt I wake, and creep into the jaundice
By being peeviſh.——

I would furniſh out a table of merry fame, in envious admiration of thoſe jovial blades who diſappoint

point the ſtrokes of age and fortune with the ſame gaiety of ſoul as when, through youth or affluence, they were in their prime for fancy, frolic, and atchievement. There are, you may obſerve, in all public walks, perſons, who, by a ſingular ſhabbineſs of their attire, make a very ridiculous appearance in the opinion of the men of dreſs. They are very ſullen and involved, and appear in ſuch a ſtate of diſtreſs and tribulation as to be thought inconſolable. They are generally of that complexion which was in faſhion during the pleaſurable reign of Charles II. Some of them indeed are of a lighter brown, whoſe fortunes fell with that of King James. Now, theſe, who are the jeſt of ſuch as take themſelves, and the world uſually takes, to be in proſperity, are the very perſons whoſe happineſs, were it underſtood, would be looked upon with burning envy. I fell into the diſcovery of them in the following manner: One day laſt ſummer, being particularly under the dominion of the ſpleen, I reſolved to ſooth my melancholy in the company of ſuch whoſe appearance promiſed a full return of any complaints I could poſſibly utter. Living near Gray's-inn walks, I went thither in ſearch of the perſons above deſcribed, and found ſome of them ſeated upon a bench, where, as Milton ſings,

——The unpierced ſhade
Imbrown'd their noontide bow'r.

I ſqueezed in among them; and they did not only receive my moanings with ſingular humanity, but gave me all poſſible encouragement to enlarge them. If the blackneſs of my ſpleen raiſed an imaginary diſtemper of body, ſome one of them immediately ſympathized with me. If I ſpoke of any diſappointment in my fortune, another of them would abate my ſorrowing, by recounting to me his own defeat upon the very ſame circumſtances. If I touched upon overlooked merit, the whole aſſembly ſeemed to condole with me very feelingly upon that particular. In ſhort, I could not make myſelf ſo calamitous in mind, body, or circumſtances, but ſome one of them was upon

upon a level with me. When I had wound up my diſcourſe, and was ripe for their intended raillery, at firſt they crowned my narration with ſeveral piteous ſighs and groans, but after a ſhort pauſe, and a ſignal given for the onſet, they burſt out into a moſt incomprehenſible fit of laughter. You may be ſure I was notably out of countenance; which gave occaſion to a ſecond exploſion of the ſame mirth. What troubled me moſt was, that their figure, age, and ſhort ſwords, preſerved them from any imputation of cowardice upon refuſal of battle, and their number from inſult. I had now no other way to be upon good terms with them, but deſiring I might be admitted into this fraternity. This was at firſt vigouroufly oppoſed; it being objected to me, that I affected too much the appearance of an happy man, to be received into a ſociety ſo proud of appearing the moſt afflicted. However, as I only ſeemed to be what they really were, I am admitted, by way of triumph, upon probation for a year; and if within that time it ſhall be poſſible for them to infuſe any of their gaiety into me, I can, at Monmouth-ſtreet, upon mighty eaſy terms, purchaſe the robes neceſſary for my inſtalment into this order; and when they have made me as happy, ſhall be willing to appear as miſerable as any of this aſſembly. I confeſs I have ever ſince been aſhamed that I ſhould once take that place to be ſacred to the diſconſolate, which I now muſt affirm to be the only Elyſium on this ſide the Styx; and that ever I ſhould look upon thoſe perſonages as lively inſtances of the outrage of time and fortune, who diſallow their empire with ſuch inimitable bravery. Some of theſe are pretty good claſſical ſcholars; and they follow theſe ſtudies always walking, upon account of a certain ſentence in Pliny's Epiſtles, to the following effect: 'It is inconceivable how much the 'underſtanding is enlivened by the exerciſe of the 'body.' If therefore their author is a little difficult, you will ſee them fleeting with a very precipitate pace; and when it has been very perplexed and abſtruſe,

ſtruſe, I have ſeen a couple of theſe ſtudents prepare their apprehenſions by ſtill quicker motions, till they run into wiſdom. Theſe courſes do not only make them go through their ſtudies with pleaſure and profit, but there is more ſpirit and vigour in their dialogues, after the heat and hurry of theſe perambulations. This place was choſen as the peculiar reſort of theſe ſages, not only upon account of its air and ſituation, but in regard to certain edifices and ſeats therein raiſed with great magnificence and convenience; and here, after the toil of their walks, and upon any ſtreſs of weather, theſe bleſſed inhabitants aſſemble themſelves. There is one building particularly, in which, if the day permit, they have the moſt frequent conferences; not ſo much becauſe of the lovelineſs of its eminence, as a ſentence of literature incircling the extremities of it, which I think is as follows: 'Franciſcus Bacon Eques Auratus execu-'tor teſtamenti Jeremiæ Bettenham hujus hoſpitii 'viri abſtemii et contemplativi, hanc ſedem poſuit in 'memoriam ejuſdem.' Now, this ſtructure being erected in honourable memory of the abſtemious, the contemplative Mr. Bettenham, they take frequent occaſion to rally this erudition, which is to continue the remembrance of a perſon, who, according to their tranſlation of the words, being confeſſed to have been of moſt ſplenetic memory, ought rather to lie buried in oblivion.

Leſt they ſhould flag in their own way of converſation, they admit a fair one to relieve them with her's. There are two or three thin exiſtences among them, which I think I may call the ghoſts of departed beaus, who pay their court more particularly to this lady, though their paſſion never riſes higher than a kiſs, which is always

> Yielded with coy ſubmiſſion, modeſt pride,
> And ſweet reluctant amorous delay. *Milton.*

As it is the character of this fraternity to turn their ſeeming misfortunes to their advantage, they affirm it to be the greateſt indulgence imaginable in theſe

theſe amours, that nature perpetuates their good inclinations to the fair, by an inability to extinguiſh them.

During my year of probation, I am to prepare myſelf with ſuch parts of hiſtory as have engaged their application during the leiſure of their ill fortune. I am therefore to read Ruſhworth and Clarendon. In the peruſal of which authors I am not obliged to enter into the juſtneſs of their reflections and characters, but am deſired to read, with an eye particularly curious, the battles of Marſton-moor and Edge-hill, in one of which every man of this aſſembly has loſt a relation; and each has a ſtory which none who has not read theſe battles is able to taſte.

I had almoſt forgot to mention a moſt unexampled piece of their gallantry. Some time ſince, in a prodigious foggy morning, I went in ſearch of theſe perſons to their uſual place of reſort, and perhaps ſhall hardly be believed, when I affirm, that, notwithſtanding they ſucked in ſo condenſed and poiſonous an æther, I found them enjoying themſelves with as much vivacity as if they had breathed in the ſerenity of Montpelier.

I am, SIR,
Your moſt humble ſervant,
J. W.

No 45. Saturday, May 2.

I DO not know that I have been more intimately moved with pity in my whole life, than when I was reading a letter from a young woman not yet nineteen, in which there are theſe lamentable words: 'Alas! whither ſhall I fly? he has deceived, ruin-'ed, and left me.' The circumſtances of her ſtory are only thoſe ordinary ones, that her lover was a man of greater fortune than ſhe could expect would addreſs to her upon honourable terms; but ſhe ſaid

to herſelf, 'She had wit and beauty, and ſuch 'charms as often captivate ſo far as to make men 'forget thoſe meaner conſiderations; and innocent 'freedoms were not to be denied: a gentleman of 'condition is not to be ſhunned purely for being 'ſuch; and they who took notice of it did it only 'out of malice, becauſe they were not uſed by him 'with the ſame diſtinction.' But I would have young women, who are orphans, or unguarded with powerful alliances, conſider with horror the inſolence of wealth. Fortune does in a great meaſure denominate what is vice and virtue; or, if it does not go ſo far, innocence is helpleſs, and oppreſſion unpuniſhed, without its aſſiſtance. For this reaſon it is that I would ſtrictly recommend to my young females not to dally with men whoſe circumſtances can ſupport them againſt their falſehood, and have the faſhion of a baſe ſelf-intereſted world on their ſide, which, inſtead of avenging the cauſe of an abuſed woman, will proclaim her diſhonour; while the perſon injured is ſhunned like a peſtilence, he who did the wrong ſees no difference in the reception he meets with, nor is he the leſs welcome to the reſt of the ſex who are ſtill within the pale of honour and innocence.

What makes this circumſtance the more lamentable is, that it frequently falls upon thoſe who have greateſt merit and underſtanding. Gentleneſs of diſpoſition, and taſte of polite converſation, I have often known ſnares towards vice in ſome, whilſt ſullenneſs and diſreliſh of any thing that was agreeable have been the only defences of virtue in others. I have my unhappy correſpondent's letter before me, and ſhe ſays ſhe is ſure he is ſo much a gentleman, and he has that natural ſoftneſs, that if he reads any thing moving on this ſubject in my paper, it will certainly make him think. Poor girl! 'Cæſar 'aſhamed! has not he ſeen Pharſalia?' Does the poor creature imagine that a ſcrip of paper, a collection of ſentences, and an old man's talk of pleaſures which he is paſt, will have an effect upon him

who

who could go on in a ſeries of falſehood; let drop ambiguous ſentences in her abſence, to give her falſe hope from the repetition of them by ſome friend that heard them; that could paſs as much time in the purſuit of her as would have attained ſome uſeful art or ſcience; and that only to attain a ſhort revel of his ſenſes, under a ſtupor of faith, honour, and conſcience? No; the deſtruction of a well-educated young woman is not accompliſhed, by the criminal who is guilty of it, in a ſudden ſtart of deſire; he is not ſurpriſed into it by frailty, but arrives at it by care, ſkill, and meditation. It is no ſmall aggravation of the guilt that it is a thouſand times conquered and reſiſted even while it is proſecuted. He that waits for fairer occaſions, for riper wiſhes, for the removal of a particular objection, or the conqueſt of any certain ſcruple, has it in his power to obey his conſcience, which often calls him, during the intrigue, a villain and a deſtroyer. There can be nothing ſaid for ſuch an evil, but that the reſtraints of ſhame and ignominy are broken down by the prevalence of cuſtom. I do not indeed expect that my precautions will have any great weight with men of mode; but I know not but they may be ſome way efficacious on thoſe who have not yet taken their party as to vice and virtue for life. But I know not how it is, but our ſex has uſurped a certain authority to exclude chaſtity out of the catalogue of maſculine virtues, by which means females adventure all againſt thoſe who have nothing to loſe; and they have nothing but empty ſighs, tears, and reproaches, againſt thoſe who reduced them to real ſorrow and infamy. But as I am now talking to the world yet untainted, I will venture to recommend chaſtity as the nobleſt male qualification.

It is, methinks, very unreaſonable, that the difficulty of attaining all other good habits is what makes them honourable, but in this caſe the very attempt is become ridiculous. But in ſpite of all the raillery of the world, truth is ſtill truth, and will have beauties inſeparable from it. I ſhould upon this occaſion

bring examples of heroic chaſtity, were I not afraid of having my paper thrown away by the modiſh part of the town, who go no farther at beſt than the mere abſence of ill, and are contented to be rather irreproachable than praiſe-worthy. In this particular, a gentleman, in the court of Cyrus, reported to his Majeſty the charms and beauty of Panthea; and ended his panegyric by telling him, that ſince he was at leiſure, he would carry him to viſit her. But that prince, who is a very great man to this day, anſwered the pimp, becauſe he was a man of quality, without roughneſs, and ſaid with a ſmile, 'If I ſhould 'viſit her upon your introduction now I have lei'ſure, I do not know but I might go again upon 'her own invitation, when I ought to be better 'employed.' But when I caſt about all the inſtances which I have met with in all my reading, I find not one ſo generous, ſo honeſt, and ſo noble, as that of Joſeph in holy writ. When his maſter had truſted him ſo unreſervedly (to ſpeak it in the emphatical manner of the ſcripture) he knew not ought he had, ſave the bread which he did eat; he was ſo unhappy as to appear irreſiſtibly beautiful to his miſtreſs. But when this ſhameleſs woman proceeds to ſolicit him, how gallant is his anſwer? 'Behold my 'maſter wotteth not what is with me in the houſe, 'and hath committed all that he hath to my hand: 'There is none greater in this houſe than I; neither 'hath he kept back any thing from me, but thee, be'cauſe thou art his wife.' The ſame argument which a baſe mind would have made to itſelf for committing the evil, was to this brave man the greateſt motive for forbearing it, that he could do it with impunity. The malice and falſehood of the diſappointed woman naturally aroſe on that occaſion; and there is but a ſhort ſtep from the practice of virtue to the hatred of it. It would therefore be worth ſerious conſideration in both ſexes, and the matter is of importance enough to them, to aſk themſelves, whether they would change lightneſs of heart, indolence of mind, chearful meals, untroubled ſlumbers, and gentle

gentle diſpoſitions, for a conſtant pruriency, which ſhuts out all things that are great or indifferent, clouds the imagination with inſenſibility and prejudice to all manner of delight, but that which is common to all creatures that extend their ſpecies?

A looſe behaviour, and an inattention to every thing that is ſerious, flowing from ſome degree of this petulancy, is obſervable in the generality of the youth of both ſexes in this age. It is the one common face of moſt public meetings, and breaks in upon the ſobriety, I will not ſay ſeverity, that we ought to exerciſe in churches. The pert boys and flippant girls are but faint followers of thoſe in the ſame inclinations at more advanced years. I know not who can oblige them to mend their manners. All that I pretend to is, to enter my proteſt, that they are neither fine gentlemen nor fine ladies for this behaviour. As for the portraitures which I would propoſe, as the images of agreeable men and women, if they are not imitated or regarded, I can only anſwer, as I remember Mr. Dryden did on the like occaſion, when a young fellow, juſt come from the play of Cleomenes, told him in raillery againſt the continency of his principal character, 'If I had been alone 'with a lady I ſhould not have paſſed my time 'like your Spartan.' 'That may be,' anſwered the bard with a very grave face; 'but give me leave to 'tell you, Sir, you are no hero.'

No 46. Monday, May 4.

Sola eſt cœleſti digna reperta toro.

Ovid. Ep. 1. *l.* 3. *de Ponto, v.* 118.

Alone found worthy a celeſtial bed.

YEſterday, at my Lady Lizard's tea-table, the diſcourſe happened to turn upon women of renown, ſuch as have diſtinguiſhed themſelves in the

world by ſurpriſing actions, or by any great and ſhining qualities, ſo as to draw upon themſelves the envy of their own ſex, and the admiration of ours. My Lady has been curious in collecting the lives of the moſt famous, of which ſhe has a conſiderable number both in print and in manuſcript. This naturally led me to ſpeak of Madam Maintenon; and, at the requeſt of my Lady and her daughters, I have undertaken to put together ſuch circumſtances of her life as I had formerly gathered out of books, and picked up from converſation in my travels.

Madam Maintenon was born a gentlewoman. Her name is Frances Daubigne. Monſieur Daubigne, her grandfather, was not only a perſon of condition, but likewiſe of great merit. He was born in the year 1550, and died in 1630, the 80th year of his age. A little before his death he writ his own epitaph, which is engraven upon his tomb-ſtone in the cloiſter of St. Peter's church at Geneva, and may be ſeen in Spon's hiſtory of that republic. He was a leading man among the proteſtants in France, and much courted to come over to the oppoſite party. When he perceived there was no ſafety for him any longer in his own country, he fled for refuge to Geneva about the year 1619. The magiſtrates, and the clergy there, received him with great marks of honour and diſtinction; and he paſſed the remaining part of his life amongſt them in great eſteem. Mezeray, the French hiſtorian, ſays, that he was a man of great courage and boldneſs, of a ready wit, and of a fine taſte in polite learning, as well as of good experience in matters of war.

The ſon of this Daubigne was father to the preſent Madam Maintenon. This gentleman was thrown into priſon when he was but a youth; for what reaſon I cannot learn. But his life it ſeems was in queſtion, if the keeper of the priſon's daughter, touched with his misfortunes and his merit, had not determined with herſelf to ſet him at liberty. Accordingly a favourable opportunity preſenting itſelf, ſhe ſet the priſoner at large, and accompanied him herſelf

ſelf in his flight. The lovers finding themſelves now in no danger of being apprehended, Monſieur Daubigne acquitted himſelf of the promiſe he had given his fair deliverer, and married her publicly. To provide againſt their immediate want in a ſtrange place, ſhe had taken with her what ſhe found at home moſt valuable, and eaſy to be carried off. All this was converted into money; and while their little treaſure laſted, our new-married couple thought themſelves the happieſt perſons living. But their proviſion now began to fail; and Monſieur Daubigne, who plainly ſaw the ſtraits to which they muſt be in a little time reduced, notwithſtanding all his love and tenderneſs, thought he ſhould ſoon be in a far worſe condition than that from which he had ſo lately eſcaped. But what moſt afflicted him was, to ſee that his wife, whom he loved ſo tenderly, muſt be reduced to the utmoſt neceſſity, and that too at a time when ſhe was big with child.

Monſieur Daubigne, preſſed with theſe difficulties, formed to himſelf a very hazardous reſolution; and ſince the danger he ſaw in it was only to his perſon, he put it in execution, without ever conſulting his wife. The purpoſe he entered upon was, to venture back into France, and to endeavour there to get up ſome of his effects, and in a ſhort time to have the pleaſure of returning to his wife with ſome little means of ſubſiſtence. He flattered himſelf that he was now no longer thought of in his own country, and that, by the help of a friend, he might continue there unknown for ſome time. But upon trial it happened quite otherwiſe; for he was betrayed by thoſe in whom he confided, ſo that he was a ſecond time caſt into priſon. I ſhould have mentioned that he left his wife without ever taking leave; and that the firſt notice ſhe had of his deſign, was by a letter which he ſent her from the place where he lay the firſt night. Upon the reading of it, ſhe was immediately alarmed for the life of a huſband ſo very dear to her: but ſhe fell into the laſt affliction, when ſhe received the news of his being impriſoned again,

of

of which ſhe had been apprehenſive from the beginning. When her concern was a little abated, ſhe conſidered that the afflicting of herſelf could give him no relief; and deſpairing ever to be able a ſecond time to bring about the delivery of her huſband, and likewiſe finding it impoſſible for her to live long ſeparated from him, ſhe reſolved to ſhare in his misfortunes, and to live and die with him in his priſon; therefore, without the leaſt regard to the danger of a woman's travelling in her condition (for ſhe was now far gone with child), ſhe entered upon her journey, and having found out her huſband, voluntarily gave herſelf up to remain a priſoner with him: and here it was that ſhe was delivered of that daughter who has ſince proved the wonder of her age.

The relations of Monſieur Daubigne, diſſatisfied with his conduct and his marriage, had all of them abandoned him, excepting Madam Villete, his ſiſter, who uſed to viſit him. She could not but be touched with the condition in which ſhe found him, entirely deſtitute of all the conveniences, and almoſt the very neceſſaries of life. But that which moſt moved her compaſſion was to ſee, in the arms of a diſconſolate mother, the poor helpleſs infant expoſed, amidſt her cries, to cold, to nakedneſs, and hunger. In this extremity Madam Villete took the child home with her, and gave her to the care of her daughter's nurſe, with whom ſhe was bred up for ſome time as a foſter-ſiſter. Beſides this, ſhe ſent the two priſoners ſeveral neceſſaries. Some time after, Monſieur Daubigne found means, by changing his religion, to get out of priſon, upon condition he would quit the kingdom; to which he conſented.

Monſieur Daubigne, knowing he was never like to ſee France more, got together what little ſubſtance he could, in order to make a long voyage; and ſo, with a ſmall family, he embarked for America, where he and his wife lived in quiet, and made it their principal care to give their children, a ſon and a daughter, good education.

Theſe

These unfortunate parents died both in their exile, leaving their children very young. The daughter, who was elder than her brother, as she grew up, began to be very desirous of seeing her native country. This, together with the hopes she had of recovering something of that which once belonged to her father, made her willing to take the first opportunity of returning into France. Finding therefore a ship that was ready to sail thither, she went on board, and landed at Rochelle. From thence she proceeded directly to Poitou, and there made it her business first to enquire out Madam Villete her aunt, who she knew very well was the person to whom she owed her life. Madam Villete received her with great marks of affection, and after informing her that she must not expect to recover any thing of what had belonged to her father, since that was all irreparably lost and dissipated by his banishment, and the proceedings against him, she added, that she should be welcome, if she thought fit, to live with her, where at least she should never be reduced to want a subsistence.

Mademoiselle Daubigne accepted the offer which her aunt made her, and studied, by all means imaginable, to render herself necessary and agreeable to a person upon whom she saw that she must entirely depend for every thing. More especially she made it her business to insinuate herself into the affections of her cousin, with whom she had one common nurse. And to omit nothing that might please them, she expressed a great desire to be instructed in the religion of her ancestors. She was impatient to have some conversation with ministers, and to frequent their sermons; so that in a short time she began to take a great liking to the Protestant religion. And it is not to be doubted but that she would have openly professed this way of worship, if some of her father's relations that were papists, and who forsook him in his adversity, had not, to make their own court, been busy in advertising some great men of the danger Mademoiselle Daubigne was in as to her salvation,

ſalvation, and demanding thereupon an order to have her put into the hands of Catholics. This piece of zeal was acceptable to the ruling party, and orders were immediately given that ſhe ſhould be taken from her aunt Villete, and put into the hands of her officious relations. This was ſoon executed; and Mademoiſelle Daubigne was in a manner forced by violence from Madam Villete, who was the only relation that had ever taken any care of her. She ſhed abundance of tears at parting, and aſſured her aunt and her couſin (who was now married to Monſieur Saint Hermine), that ſhe ſhould always preſerve, with the remembrance of their kindneſs, the good impreſſions ſhe had received of their religion, and never fail to acknowlege both the one and the other, when ſhe found a time and occaſion proper for it.

No 47. Tueſday, May 5.

MAdemoiſelle Daubigne was conducted from Madam Villete's to a relation, who had a law-ſuit then depending at Paris; and being, for that reaſon, obliged to go thither, ſhe carried Mademoiſelle Daubigne with her. This lady hired apartments in the ſame houſe where the famous Scaron was lodged. She made an acquaintance with him; and one day, being obliged to go abroad alone upon a viſit, ſhe deſired he would give her couſin leave, in the mean time, to come and ſit with him, knowing very well that a young lady was in no danger from ſuch a perſon, and that perhaps it might turn to her advantage. Monſieur Scaron was, of all men living, the moſt unhappy in an untoward frame of body, being not only deformed, but likewiſe very infirm. In conſideration of his wit and parts, he had a yearly penſion from the court of five hundred crowns.—Scaron was charmed with the converſation of Mademoiſelle Daubigne; and her kinſwoman took frequent

quent opportunities of leaving her with him. This gave Scarron occaſion to diſcover ſtill new beauties in her from time to time. She would ſometimes entertain him with the ſtory of her adventures and her misfortunes, beginning even with what ſhe ſuffered before ſhe was born; all which ſhe knew how to deſcribe in ſo expreſſive and moving a manner, that he found himſelf touched with a ſtrong compaſſion towards her; and reſolved with himſelf, if not to make her happy, at leaſt to ſet her at eaſe, by placing her in a nunnery at his own expence. But upon farther deliberation he found himſelf very much inclined to lay before her an alternative, which, in all likelihood, ſhe never expected. One day, therefore, when ſhe was left alone with him, as uſual, he opened his intentions to her, as it is ſaid, much after the following manner: 'I am, Mademoiſelle,' ſays he, 'not 'a little moved with your misfortunes, and the great 'ſufferings you have undergone. I am likewiſe 'very ſenſible of the uneaſy circumſtances under 'which you labour at preſent; and I have now for 'ſome days been contriving with myſelf how to extricate you out of all your difficulties. At laſt I 'have fallen upon two ways of doing what I ſo 'much deſire. I leave you to determine, according to your inclinations, in the choice of the one 'or the other, or, if neither of them pleaſe you, to 'refuſe them both. My fortunes are two narrow to 'enable me to make your's anſwerable to your merit. All that I am capable of doing is, either to 'make you a joint partaker with myſelf of the little 'I have, or to place you, at my own expence, in 'any convent you ſhall chuſe. I wiſh it were in my 'power to do more for you. Conſult your own inclinations, and do what you think will be moſt 'agreeable to yourſelf. As for my perſon, I do 'not pretend to recommend it to you. I know I 'make but an ungainly figure, but I am not able 'to new-mould it. I offer myſelf to you ſuch as I 'am; and yet ſuch as you ſee me, I do aſſure you that 'I would not beſtow myſelf upon another; and that

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'I muſt have a very great eſteem for you, ever to 'propoſe a marriage, which, of all things in the 'world, I have had the leaſt in my thoughts hither-'to. Conſider, therefore, and take your final reſo-'lutions, either to turn nun, or to marry me, or to 'continue in your preſent condition without repin-'ing, ſince theſe do all of them depend upon your 'own choice.'

Mademoiſelle Daubigne returned Monſieur Scaron the thanks he ſo well deſerved. She was too ſenſible of the diſagreeableneſs of a dependent ſtate, not to be glad to accept of a ſettlement that would place her at leaſt above want. Finding therefore in herſelf no call towards a nunnery, ſhe anſwered Monſieur Scaron, without heſitation, that ſhe had too great a ſenſe of her obligations to him, not to be deſirous of that way of life that would give her the moſt frequent occaſions of ſhewing her gratitude to him. Scaron, who was prepoſſeſſed with the flattering hopes of paſſing his life with a perſon he liked ſo well, was charmed with her anſwer. They both came to a reſolution that he ſhould aſk her relation's conſent that very evening. She gave it very frankly; and this marriage, ſo ſoon concluded, was, as it were, the inlet to all the future fortunes of Madam Maintenon. She made a good wife to Scaron, living happily with him, and wanted no conveniencies during his life. But loſing him ſhe loſt all; his penſion ceaſed upon his death, and ſhe found herſelf again reduced to the ſame indigent condition in which ſhe had been before her marriage.

Upon this ſhe retired into the convent in the Place Royale, founded for the relief of neceſſitous perſons, where the friends of her deceaſed huſband took care of her. It was here the friendſhip between her and Madam Saint Baſile, a nun, had its beginning, which has continued ever ſince; for ſhe ſtill goes to viſit her frequently in the convent de la Raquette, where ſhe now lives. And to the honour of Madam Maintenon, it muſt be allowed that ſhe has always been of a grateful temper, and mindful, in her

her high fortunes, of her old friends, to whom ſhe had formerly been obliged.

Her huſband's friends did all they could to prevail upon the court to continue to her the penſion which Monſieur Scaron had enjoyed. In order to this petitions were frequently given in, which began always with, The widow Scaron moſt humbly prays your Majeſty, &c. But all theſe petitions ſignified nothing; and the king was ſo weary of them that he has been heard to ſay, 'Muſt I always be peſter-'ed with the widow Scaron?' Notwithſtanding which, her friends were reſolved not to be diſcouraged in their endeavours to ſerve her.

After this ſhe quitted the convent, and went to live in the hotel d'Albert, where her huſband had always been very much eſteemed. Here, it is ſaid, ſomething very remarkable happened to her, which I ſhall relate, becauſe I find it ſo confidently affirmed upon the knowledge of a certain author. There were maſons at work in the hotel d'Albert, not far from the apartment of Madam Scaron: One of them came into her chamber, and finding two or three viſitants of her own ſex, deſired he might ſpeak with her in private. She carried him into her cloſet, where he took upon him to tell her all the future events of her life. But whence he drew this knowledge (continues my author), which time has ſo wonderfully verified, is a myſtery ſtill to me. As for Madam Scaron, ſhe ſaw then ſo little appearance of probability in his predictions that ſhe hardly gave the leaſt heed to them. Nevertheleſs the company, upon her return, remarked ſome alteration in her countenance; and one of the ladies ſaid, 'Surely 'this man has brought you ſome very pleaſing 'news, for you look with a more chearful air than 'you did before he came in.' 'There would be ſuf-'ficient reaſon for my doing ſo,' replied ſhe, 'if I 'could give any credit to what this fellow has pro-'miſed me. And I can tell you,' ſays ſhe, ſmiling, 'that if there ſhould be any thing in it, you will do 'well to begin to make your court to me before-'hand.'

'hand.' Theſe ladies could not prevail upon her to ſatisfy their curioſity any farther; but ſhe communicated the whole ſecret to a boſom-friend after they were gone; and it is from that lady it came to be known, when the events foretold were come to paſs, and ſo ſcrupulous a ſecrecy in that point did no longer ſeem neceſſary.

Some time after this, ſhe was adviſed to ſeek all occaſions of inſinuating herſelf into the favour of Madam Mounteſpan, who was the king's miſtreſs, and had an abſolute influence over him. Madam Scaron, therefore found the means of being preſented to Madam Mounteſpan, and at that time ſpoke to her with ſo good a grace, that Madam Mounteſpan, pitying her circumſtances, and reſolving to make them more eaſy, took upon her to carry a petition from her to the king, and to deliver it with her own hands. The king, upon her preſenting it to him, ſaid, 'What, the widow Scaron again? Shall I 'never ſee any thing elſe?' 'Indeed, Sir,' ſays Ma-'dam Mounteſpan, 'it is now a long time ſince you 'ought not to have had her name mentioned to you 'any more; and it is ſomething extraordinary that 'your majeſty has done nothing all this while for a 'poor woman, who, without exception, deſerves a 'much better condition, as well upon the account of 'her own merit as of the reputation of her late 'huſband.' The king, who was always glad of any opportunity to pleaſe Madam Mounteſpan, granted the petitioner all that was deſired. Madam Scaron came to thank her patroneſs; and Madam Mounteſpan took ſuch a liking to her that ſhe would by all means preſent her to the king, and after that propoſed to him that ſhe might be made governante to their children. His majeſty conſented to it; and Madam Scaron, by her addreſs and good conduct, won ſo much upon the affections and eſteem of Madam Mounteſpan, that in a little time ſhe became her favourite and confidant.

It happened one night that Madam Mounteſpan ſent for her, to tell her that ſhe was in great perplexity.

ity. She had juſt then, it ſeems, received a billet from the King, which required an immediate anſwer; and though ſhe did by no means want wit, yet in that inſtant ſhe found herſelf incapable of writing any thing with ſpirit. In the mean time the meſſenger waited for an anſwer, while ſhe racked her invention to no purpoſe. Had there been nothing more requiſite but to ſay a few tender things, ſhe needed only to have copied the dictates of her heart; but ſhe had, over and above, the reputation of her ſtyle and manner of writing to maintain; and her invention played her falſe in ſo critical a juncture. This reduced her to the neceſſity of deſiring Madam Scaron to help her out, and giving her the king's billet, ſhe bid her make an anſwer to it immediately. Madam Scaron would, out of modeſty, have excuſed herſelf; but Madam Mounteſpan laid her abſolute commands upon her, ſo that ſhe obeyed, and writ a moſt agreeable billet, full of wit and tenderneſs. Madam Mounteſpan was very much pleaſed with it; ſhe copied it, and ſent it. The king was infinitely delighted with it. He thought Madam Mounteſpan had ſurpaſſed herſelf; and he attributed her more than ordinary wit upon this occaſion to an increaſe of tenderneſs. The principal part of his amuſement that night, was to read over and over again this letter, in which he diſcovered new beauties upon every reading. He thought himſelf the happieſt and the moſt extraordinary man living, to be able to inſpire his miſtreſs with ſuch ſurpriſing ſentiments and turns of wit.

Next morning, as ſoon as he was dreſſed, he went directly to make a viſit to Madam Mounteſpan. 'What happy genius, Madam,' ſays he, upon his firſt coming into her chamber, 'influenced your 'thoughts laſt night? Never certainly was there 'any thing ſo charming, and ſo finely writ, as the 'billet you ſent me! and if you truly feel the ten'derneſs you have ſo well deſcribed, my happineſs is 'compleat.' Madam Mounteſpan was in confuſion with theſe praiſes, which properly belonged to ano-

ther; and ſhe could not help betraying ſomething of it by her bluſhes. The king perceived the diſorder ſhe was in, and was earneſt to know the cauſe of it. She would fain have put it off; but the king's curioſity ſtill increaſing, in proportion to the excuſes ſhe made, ſhe was forced to tell him all that had paſſed, leſt he ſhould of himſelf imagine ſomething worſe. The king was extremely ſurpriſed, though in civility he diſſembled his thoughts at that time. Nevertheleſs he could not help deſiring to ſee the author of the letter that had pleaſed him ſo much, to ſatisfy himſelf whether her wit in converſation was equal to what it appeared in writing. Madam Scaron now began to call to mind the predictions of the maſon; and from the deſire the king had to ſee her, conceived no ſmall hopes. Notwithſtanding ſhe now had paſſed the flower of her age, yet ſhe flattered herſelf that her deſtiny had reſerved this one conqueſt in ſtore for her, and this mighty monarch to be her captive. She was exactly ſhaped, had a noble air, fine eyes, and a delicate mouth, with freſh ruddy lips. She has, beſides, the art of expreſſing every thing with her eyes, and of adjuſting her looks to her thoughts in ſuch a manner that all ſhe ſays goes directly to the heart. The king was already prepoſſeſſed in her favour; and after three or four times converſing with her, began viſibly to cool in his affections towards Madam Mounteſpan.

The king in a little time purchaſed for Madam Scaron thoſe lands which carry the name of Maintenon, a title which ſhe from that time has taken. Never was there an inſtance of any favourite having ſo great a power over a prince, as what ſhe has hitherto maintained. None can obtain the leaſt favour, but by immediate application to her. Some are of opinion that ſhe has been the occaſion of all the ill treatment which the Proteſtants have met with, and conſequently of the damage the whole kingdom has received from thoſe proceedings. But it is more reaſonable to think that whole revolution was brought about by the contrivances of the Jeſuits; and ſhe has always

always been known to be too little a favourer of that order of men, to promote their intrigues. Beſides, it is not natural to think that ſhe, who formerly had a good opinion of the reformed religion, and was pretty well inſtructed in the Proteſtant faith and way of worſhip, ſhould ever be the author of a perſecution againſt thoſe innocent people, who never had in any thing offended her.

N° 48. Wedneſday, May 6.

IT is the general opinion that Madam Maintenon has, of late years, influenced all the meaſures of the court of France. The king, when he has taken the air after dinner, never fails of going to ſit with her till about ten o'clock; at which time he leaves her to go to his ſupper. The comptroller-general of the finances likewiſe comes to her apartments to meet the king. While they are in diſcourſe, Madam Maintenon ſits at her wheel towards the other end of the room, not ſeeming to give the leaſt attention to what is ſaid. Nevertheleſs, the miniſter never makes a propoſition to the king but his majeſty turns towards her, and ſays, 'What think you, Madam, of 'this?' She expreſſes her opinion after a modeſt manner; and whatſoever ſhe ſays is done. Madam Maintenon never appears in public, except when ſhe goes with the king to take the air; and then ſhe ſits on the ſame ſeat with the king, with her ſpectacles on, working a piece of embroidery, and does not ſeem to be ſo much as ſenſible of the great fortunes and honours to which ſhe has raiſed herſelf. She is always very modeſtly dreſſed, and never appears with any train of ſervants. Every morning ſhe goes to St. Cyr, to give her orders there; it being a kind of nurſery founded by herſelf, for the education of young ladies of good families, but no fortune. She returns from thence about the time the king riſes,

who never fails to pay her a morning viſit. She goes to maſs always by break of day, to avoid the concourſe of people. She is rarely ſeen by any, and almoſt inacceſſible to every body, excepting three or four particular acquaintance of her own ſex. Whether it be that ſhe would by this conduct avoid envy, as ſome think, or, as others would have it, that ſhe is afraid the rank which ſhe thinks due to her ſhould be diſputed in all viſits and public places, is doubtful. It is certain, that upon all occaſions ſhe declines the taking of any rank; and the title of Marquiſſe, which belongs to the lands the king purchaſed for her, is ſuppreſſed before her name. Neither will ſhe accept of the title of a Ducheſs; aſpiring in all probability at ſomething ſtill higher, as will appear by what follows.

From ſeveral particulars in the conduct of the French king, as well as in that of Madam Maintenon, it has for ſome years been the prevailing opinion of the court that they are married. And it is ſaid, that her ambition of being declared Queen broke out at laſt; and that ſhe was reſolved to give the king no quiet till it was done. He for ſome time reſiſted all her ſolicitations upon that head; but at length, in a fit of tenderneſs and good nature, he promiſed her that he would conſult his confeſſor upon that point. Madam Maintenon was pleaſed with this, not doubting but that Father la Chaiſe would be glad of this occaſion of making his court to her; but he was too ſubtile a courtier not to perceive the danger of engaging in ſo nice an affair; and for that reaſon evaded it, by telling the king that he did not think himſelf a caſuiſt able enough to decide a queſtion of ſo great importance; and for that reaſon deſired he might conſult with ſome man of ſkill and learning, for whoſe ſecrecy he would be reſponſible. The king was apprehenſive leſt this might make the matter too public. But as ſoon as Father la Chaiſe named Monſieur Fenelon, the archbiſhop of Cambray, his fears were over; and he bid him go and find him out. As ſoon as the confeſſor had communicated the

the buſineſs he came upon to the biſhop, he ſaid, 'What have I done, Father, that you ſhould ruin 'me! But it is no matter; let us go to the king.' His Majeſty was in his cloſet, expecting them. The biſhop was no ſooner entered but he threw himſelf at the king's feet, and begged of him not to ſacrifice him. The king promiſed him that he would not, and then propoſed the caſe to him. The biſhop, with his uſual ſincerity, repreſented to him the great prejudice he would do himſelf by declaring his marriage, together with the ill conſequences that might attend ſuch a proceeding. The king very much approved his reaſons, and reſolved to go no farther in this affair. Madam Maintenon ſtill preſſed him to comply with her. But it was now all to no purpoſe; and he told her, it was not a thing to be done. She aſked him, if it was Father la Chaiſe who diſſuaded him from it. He for ſome time refuſed to give her any anſwer; but at laſt, overcome by her importunities, he told her every thing as it had paſſed. She upon this diſſembled her reſentment, that ſhe might be the more able to make it prove effectual. She did by no means think the Jeſuit was to be forgiven. But the firſt marks of her vengeance fell upon the archbiſhop of Cambray. He and all his relations were, in a little time, put out of all their employments at court. Upon which he retired to live quietly upon his biſhoprick; and there have no endeavours been ſpared to deprive him even of that. As a farther inſtance of the incontrollable power of this great favourite, and of her reſenting even the moſt trivial matters that ſhe thinks might tend to her prejudice, or the diminution of her honour, it is remarkable, that the Italian comedians were driven out of Paris for playing a comedy called La Fauſſe Prude, which was ſuppoſed to reflect upon Madam Maintenon in particular.

It is ſomething very extraordinary that ſhe has been able to keep entire the affections of the king ſo many years, after her youth and beauty were gone, and never fall into the leaſt diſgrace, notwithſtanding

ing the number of enemies ſhe has had, and the intrigues that have been formed againſt her from time to time. This brings into my memory a ſaying of King William's that I have heard on this occaſion: 'That the king of France was, in his conduct, quite 'oppoſite to other princes, ſince he made choice of 'young miniſters, and an old miſtreſs.' But this lady's charms have not lain ſo much in her perſon as in her wit and good ſenſe; ſhe has always had the addreſs to flatter the vanity of the king, and to mix always ſomething ſolid and uſeful with the more agreeable parts of her converſation. She has known how to introduce the moſt ſerious affairs of ſtate into their hours of pleaſure, by telling his Majeſty that a monarch ſhould not love, nor do any thing, like other men; and that he, of all men living, knew beſt how to be always a king, and always like himſelf, even in the midſt of his diverſions. The king now converſes with her as a friend, and adviſes with her upon his moſt ſecret affairs. He has a true love and eſteem for her, and has taken care, in caſe he ſhould die before her, that ſhe may paſs the remainder of her life with honour in the abbey of St. Cyr. There are apartments ready fitted up for her in this place. She and all her domeſtics are to be maintained out of the rents of the houſe; and ſhe is to receive here all the honours due to a foundreſs. This abbey ſtands in the park of Verſailles. It is a fine piece of building, and the king has endowed it with large revenues. The deſign of it, as I have mentioned before, is to maintain and educate young ladies, whoſe fortunes do not anſwer to their birth. None are accounted duly qualified for this place but ſuch as can give ſufficient proofs of the nobility of their family on the father's ſide for an hundred and forty years; beſides which, they muſt have a certificate of their poverty under the hand of their biſhop. The age at which perſons are capable of being admitted here is from ſeven years old till twelve. Laſtly, it is required that they ſhould have no defect nor blemiſh of body or mind; and for this reaſon there

there are perſons appointed to viſit and examine them before they are received into the college. When theſe young ladies are once admitted, their parents and relations have no need to put themſelves to any farther expence or trouble about them. They are provided with all neceſſaries for maintenance and education; they ſtyle themſelves of the order of St. Lewis. When they arrive to an age to be able to chuſe a ſtate of life for themſelves, they may either be placed as nuns in ſome convent at the king's expence, or to be married to ſome gentleman, whom Madam Maintenon takes care, upon that condition, to provide for, either in the army or in the finances; and the lady receives, beſides, a portion of four hundred piſtoles. Moſt of theſe marriages have proved very ſucceſsful; and ſeveral gentlemen have made by them great fortunes, and been advanced to very conſiderable employments.

I muſt conclude this ſhort account of Madam Maintenon, with advertiſing my readers that I do not pretend to vouch for the ſeveral particulars that I have related. All I can ſay is, that a great many of them are atteſted by ſeveral writers; and that I thought this ſketch of a woman, ſo remarkable all over Europe, would be no ill entertainment to the curious, till ſuch time as ſome pen, more fully inſtructed in her whole life and character, ſhall undertake to give it to the public.

N° 49. Thurſday, May 7.

——Quæ poſſit facere et ſervare beatum.

Hor. Ep. 6. l. 1. v. 2.

To make men happy, and to keep them ſo. *Creech.*

IT is of great uſe to conſider the pleaſures which conſtitute human happineſs, as they are diſtinguiſhed into natural and fantaſtical. Natural pleaſures

ſures I call thoſe, which, not depending on the faſhion and caprice of any particular age or nation, are ſuited to human nature in general, and were intended by Providence as rewards for the uſing our faculties agreeably to the ends for which they were given us. Fantaſtical pleaſures are thoſe, which, having no natural fitneſs to delight our minds, preſuppoſe ſome particular whim or taſte accidentally prevailing in a ſet of people, to which it is owing that they pleaſe.

Now, I take it, that the tranquillity and chearfulneſs with which I have paſſed my life, are the effect of having, ever ſince I came to years of diſcretion, continued my inclinations to the former ſort of pleaſures; but, as my experience can be a rule only to my own actions, it may probably be a ſtronger motive to induce others to the ſame ſcheme of life, if they would conſider that we are prompted to natural pleaſures by an inſtinct impreſſed on our minds by the Author of our nature, who beſt underſtands our frames, and conſequently beſt knows what thoſe pleaſures are which will give us the leaſt uneaſineſs in the purſuit, and the greateſt ſatisfaction in the enjoyment of them. Hence it follows that the objects of our natural deſires are cheap, or eaſy to be obtained; it being a maxim that holds throughout the whole ſyſtem of created beings, That nothing is made in vain, much leſs the inſtincts and appetites of animals, which the benevolence as well as wiſdom of the Deity is concerned to provide for. Nor is the fruition of thoſe objects leſs pleaſing than the acquiſition is eaſy; and the pleaſure is heightened by the ſenſe of having anſwered ſome natural end, and the conſciouſneſs of acting in concert with the Supreme Governor of the univerſe.

Under natural pleaſures I comprehend thoſe which are univerſally ſuited, as well to the rational as the ſenſual part of our nature; and of the pleaſures which affect our ſenſes, thoſe only are to be eſteemed natural that are contained within the rules of reaſon, which is allowed to be as neceſſary an ingredient of human

human nature as ſenſe: and, indeed, exceſſes of any kind are hardly to be eſteemed pleaſures, much leſs natural pleaſures.

It is evident that a deſire terminated in money is fantaſtical; ſo is the deſire of outward diſtinctions, which bring no delight of ſenſe, nor recommend us as uſeful to mankind; and the deſire of things merely becauſe they are new or foreign. Men who are indiſpoſed to a due exertion of their higher parts, are driven to ſuch purſuits as theſe from the reſtleſſneſs of the mind, and the ſenſitive appetites being eaſily ſatisfied. It is in ſome ſort owing to the bounty of Providence, that diſdaining a cheap and vulgar happineſs, they frame to themſelves imaginary goods, in which there is nothing can raiſe deſire but the difficulty of obtaining them. Thus men become the contrivers of their own miſery, as a puniſhment on themſelves for departing from the meaſures of nature. Having by an habitual reflection on theſe truths made them familiar, the effect is, that I, among a number of perſons who have debauched their natural taſte, ſee things in a peculiar light, which I have arrived at, not by any uncommon force of genius or acquired knowledge, but only by unlearning the falſe notions inſtilled by cuſtom and education.

The various objects that compoſe the world were by nature formed to delight our ſenſes; and as it is this alone that makes them deſirable to an uncorrupted taſte, a man may be ſaid naturally to poſſeſs them, when he poſſeſſeth thoſe enjoyments which they are fitted by nature to yield. Hence it is uſual with me to conſider myſelf as having a natural property in every object that adminiſters pleaſure to me. When I am in the country, all the fine ſeats near the place of my reſidence, and to which I have acceſs, I regard as mine. The ſame I think of the groves and fields where I walk, and muſe on the folly of the civil landlord in London, who has the fantaſtical pleaſure of draining dry rent into his coffers, but is a ſtranger to freſh air and rural enjoyments. By theſe principles I am poſſeſſed of half a dozen of the fineſt

fineſt ſeats in England, which in the eye of the law belong to certain of my acquaintance, who being men of buſineſs chuſe to live near the court.

In ſome great families, where I chuſe to paſs my time, a ſtranger would be apt to rank me with the other domeſtics; but in my own thoughts, and natural judgment, I am maſter of the houſe; and he who goes by that name is my ſteward, who eaſes me of the care of providing for myſelf the conveniences and pleaſures of life.

When I walk the ſtreets I uſe the foregoing natural maxim, viz. That he is the true poſſeſſor of a thing who enjoys it, and not he that owns it without the enjoyment of it; to convince myſelf that I have a property in the gay part of all the gilt chariots that I meet, which I regard as amuſements deſigned to delight my eyes, and the imagination of thoſe kind people who ſit in them gaily attired only to pleaſe me. I have a real, and they only an imaginary pleaſure, from their exterior embelliſhments. Upon this ſame principle, I have diſcovered that I am the natural proprietor of all the diamond necklaces, the croſſes, ſtars, brocades, and embroidered clothes which I ſee at a play or birth-night, as giving more natural delight to the ſpectator than to thoſe that wear them. And I look on the beaus and ladies as ſo many paraquets in an aviary, or tulips in a garden, deſigned purely for my diverſion. A gallery of pictures, a cabinet or library that I have free acceſs to, I think my own. In a word, all that I deſire is the uſe of things, let who will have the keeping of them. By which maxim I am grown one of the richeſt men in Great Britain, with this difference, that I am not a prey to my own cares, or the envy of others.

The ſame principles I find of great uſe in my private œconomy. As I cannot go to the price of hiſtory-painting, I have purchaſed, at eaſy rates, ſeveral beautifully-deſigned pieces of landſcape and perſpective, which are much more pleaſing to a natural taſte than unknown faces or Dutch gambols, though done by the beſt maſters. My couches, beds, and window-

window-curtains, are of Iriſh ſtuff, which thoſe of that nation work very fine, and with a delightful mixture of colours. There is not a piece of china in my houſe; but I have glaſſes of all ſorts, and ſome tinged with the fineſt colours, which are not the leſs pleaſing becauſe they are domeſtic, and cheaper than foreign toys. Every thing is neat, entire, and clean, and fitted to the taſte of one who had rather be happy than be thought rich.

Every day, numberleſs innocent and natural gratifications occur to me, while I behold my fellow-creatures labouring in a toilſome and abſurd purſuit of trifles; one, that he may be called by a particular appellation; another, that he may wear a particular ornament, which I regard as a bit of ribbon that has an agreeable effect on my ſight, but is ſo far from ſupplying the place of merit where it is not, that it ſerves only to make the want of it more conſpicuous. Fair weather is the joy of my ſoul: About noon I behold a blue ſky with rapture, and receive great conſolation from the roſy daſhes of light which adorn the clouds of the morning and evening. When I am loſt among green trees, I do not envy a great man with a great crowd at his levee; and I often lay aſide thoughts of going to an opera, that I may enjoy the ſilent pleaſure of walking by moon-light, or viewing the ſtars ſparkle in their azure ground; which I look upon as part of my poſſeſſions, not without a ſecret indignation at the taſteleſſneſs of mortal men, who, in their race through life, overlook the real enjoyments of it.

But the pleaſure which naturally affects a human mind with the moſt lively and tranſporting touches, I take to be the ſenſe that we act in the eye of infinite wiſdom, power, and goodneſs, that will crown our virtuous endeavours here with a happineſs hereafter, large as our deſires, and laſting as our immortal ſouls. This is a perpetual ſpring of gladneſs in the mind. This leſſens our calamities, and doubles our joys. Without this the higheſt ſtate of life is inſipid, and with it the loweſt is a paradiſe. What

unnatural wretches then are thoſe who can be ſo ſtupid as to imagine a merit, in endeavouring to rob virtue of her ſupport, and man of his preſent as well as future bliſs? But as I have frequently taken occaſion to animadvert on that ſpecies of mortals, ſo I propoſe to repeat my animadverſions on them, till I ſee ſome ſymptoms of amendment.

N° 50. Friday, May 8.

O rus quando ego te aſpiciam?———

Hor. Sat. 6. l. 2. v. 60.

Oh! when ſhall I enjoy my country ſeat? *Creech.*

THE perplexities and diverſions, recounted in the following letter, are repreſented with ſome pleaſantry; I ſhall therefore make this epiſtle the entertainment of the day.

To NESTOR IRONSIDE, Eſq;

SIR,

THE time of going into the country drawing near, I am extremely enlivened with the agreeable memorial of every thing that contributed to my happineſs when I was laſt there. In the recounting of which, I ſhall not dwell ſo much upon the verdure of the fields, the ſhade of woods, the trilling of rivulets, or melody of birds, as upon ſome particular ſatisfactions, which, though not merely rural, muſt naturally create a deſire of ſeeing that place where only I have met with them. As to my paſſage, I ſhall make no other mention than of the pompous pleaſure of being whirled along with ſix horſes, the eaſy grandeur of lolling in an handſome chariot, the reciprocal ſatisfaction the inhabitants of all towns and villages received from, and returned to paſſengers of ſuch diſtinction. The gentleman's ſeat, with whom among others I had the honour to go down, is the

remains

remains of an ancient caſtle, which has ſuffered very much for the loyalty of its inhabitants. The ruins of the ſeveral turrets and ſtrong-holds gave my imagination more pleaſant exerciſe than the moſt magnificent ſtructure could, as I look upon the honourable wounds of a defaced ſoldier with more veneration than the moſt exact proportion of a beautiful woman. As this deſolation renewed in me a general rememberance of the calamities of the late civil wars, I began to grow deſirous to know the hiſtory of the particular ſcene of action in this place of my abode. I here muſt beſeech you not to think me tedious in mentioning a certain barber, who, for his general knowledge of things and perſons, may be had in equal eſtimation with any of that order among the Romans. This perſon was allowed to be the beſt hiſtorian upon the ſpot; and the ſequel of my tale will diſcover that I did not chuſe him ſo much for the ſoft touch of his hand as his abilities to entertain me with an account of the leaguer time, as he calls it; the moſt authentic relations of which, through all parts of the town, are derived from this perſon. I found him indeed extremely loquacious, but withal a man of as much veracity as an impetuous ſpeaker could be. The firſt time he came to ſhave me, before he applied his weapon to my chin, he gave me a flouriſh with it, very like the ſalutation the prize-fighters give the company with theirs; which made me apprehend inciſion would as certainly enſue. The dexterity of this overture conſiſts in playing the razor with a nimble wriſt, mighty near the noſe, without touching it. Convincing him, therefore, of the dangerous conſequence of ſuch an unneceſſary agility, with much perſuaſion I ſuppreſſed it. During the peruſal of my face, he gives me ſuch accounts of the families in the neighbourhood, as tradition and his own obſervation have furniſhed him with. Whenever the precipitation of his account makes him blunder, his cruel right hand correſponds, and the razor diſcovers on my face at what part of it he was in the peaceable, and at what part in the bloody incidents of his nar-

rative. But I had long before learned to expoſe my perſon to any difficulties that might tend to the improvement of my mind. His breath, I found, was very peſtilential; and being obliged to utter a great deal of it for the carrying on his narrations, I beſeeched him, before he came into my room, to go into the kitchen and mollify it with a breakfaſt. When he had taken off my beard, with part of my face, and dreſſed my wounds in the capacity of a barber-ſurgeon, we traverſed the outworks about the caſtle; where I received particular information in what places any of note among the beſiegers or the beſieged received any wound; and I was carried always to the very ſpot where the fact was done, howſoever dangerous (ſcaling part of the walls, or ſtumbling over looſe ſtones) my approach to ſuch a place might be; it being conceived impoſſible to arrive at a true knowledge of thoſe matters without this hazardous explanation upon them; inſomuch that I received more contuſions from theſe ſpeculations, than I probably could have done, had I been the moſt bold adventurer at the demolition of this caſtle. This, as all other his informations, the barber ſo lengthened and huſbanded with digreſſions, that he had always ſomething new to offer; wiſely concluding, that when he had finiſhed the part of an hiſtorian, I ſhould have no occaſion for him as a barber.

Whenever I looked at this ancient pile of building, I thought it perfectly reſembled any of thoſe caſtles which in my infancy I had met with in romances, where ſeveral unfortunate knights and ladies were, by certain giants, made priſoners irrecoverably, till the knight of the burning peſtle, or any other of equal hardineſs, ſhould deliver them from a long captivity. There is a park adjoining, pleaſant beyond the moſt poetical deſcription, one part of which is particularly private, by being inacceſſable to thoſe that have not great reſolution. This I have made ſacred to love and poetry, and after having regularly invoked the goddeſs I adore, I here compoſe a tender

der couplet or two, which, when I come home, I venture to ſhew my particular friends, who love me ſo well as to conceal my follies. After my poetry ſinks upon me, I relieve the labour of my brain by a little manuſcript with my penknife; while, with Rocheſter,

Here on a beech, like amorous ſot,
I ſometimes carve a true love's knot;
There a tall oak her name does bear,
In a large ſpreading character.

I confeſs once, whilſt I was engraving one of my moſt curious conceits upon a delicate ſmooth bark, my feet, in the tree which I had gained with much ſkill, deſerted me, and the lover, with much amazement, came plump into the river. I did not recover the true ſpirit of amour under a week, and not without applying myſelf to ſome of the ſofteſt paſſages in Caſſandra and Cleopatra.

Theſe are the pleaſures I met without doors;—thoſe within were as follow: I had the happineſs to lie in a room that had a large hole opening from it, which, by unqueſtionable tradition, had been formerly continued to an abbey two miles from the caſtle, for a communication betwixt the auſtere creatures of that place, with others not altogether ſo contemplative. And the keeper's brother aſſures me that when he formerly lay in this room, he had ſeen ſome of the ſpirits of this departed brotherhood enter from the hole into this chamber, where they continued with the utmoſt civility to fleſh and blood, till they were oppreſſed by the morning air; and if I do not receive his account with a very ſerious and believing countenance, he ventures to laugh at me as a moſt ridiculous infidel. The moſt unaccountable pleaſure I take is with a fine white young owl, which ſtrayed one night in at my window, and which I was reſolved to make a priſoner, but withal to give all the indulgence that its confinement could poſſibly admit of. I ſo far inſinuated myſelf into his favour, by preſents of freſh proviſions, that we could be very good company together. There is

ſomething in the eye of that creature of ſuch merry luſtre, ſomething of ſuch human cunning in the turn of his viſage, that I found vaſt delight in the ſurvey of it. One objection indeed I at firſt ſaw, that this bird being the bird of Pallas, the choice of this favourite might afford curious matter of raillery to the ingenious, eſpecially when it ſhall be known that I am as much delighted with a cat as ever Montaigne was. But notwithſtanding this, I am ſo far from being aſhamed of this particular humour, that I eſteem myſelf very happy in having my odd taſte of pleaſure provided for upon ſuch reaſonable terms. What heightened all the pleaſures I have ſpoke of, was the agreeable freedom with which the gentleman of the houſe entertained us; and every one of us came into, or left the company as he thought fit; dined in his chamber or the parlour, as a fit of ſpleen or ſtudy directed him; nay, ſometimes every man rode or walked a different way, ſo that we never were together, but when we were perfectly pleaſed with ourſelves and each other.

I am, SIR,
Your moſt obedient humble ſervant,
R. B.

P. S. I had juſt given my orders for the preſs, when my friend Mrs. Bicknell made me a viſit. She came to deſire I would ſhew her the wardrobe of the Lizards, where the various habits of the anceſtors of that illuſtrious family are preſerved, in order to furniſh her with a proper dreſs for the wife of Bath. Upon ſight of the little ruffs, ſhe ſnached one of them from off the pin, claped it round her neck, and turning briſkly towards me, repeated a ſpeech out of her part in the comedy of that name. If the reſt of the actors enter into their ſeveral parts with the ſame ſpirit, the humorous characters of this play cannot but appear excellent on the theatre; for very good judges have informed me that the author has drawn them with great propriety, and an exact obſervation of the manners.

NESTOR IRONSIDE.

No. 51. Saturday, May 9.

——Res antiquæ laudis et artis
Ingredior, ſanctos auſus recludere fontes.

Virg. Georg. 2. v. 174.

Of arts diſclos'd in ancient days I ſing,
And venture to unlock the ſacred ſpring.

IT is probable the firſt poets were found at the altar, that they employed their talents in adorning and animating the worſhip of their gods. The ſpirit of poetry and religion reciprocally warmed each other; devotion inſpired poetry, and poetry exalted devotion. The moſt ſublime capacities were put to the moſt noble uſe. Purity of will, and fineneſs of underſtanding, were not ſuch ſtrangers as they have been in latter ages, but were moſt frequently lodged in the ſame breaſt, and went, as it were, hand in hand to the glory of the world's great ruler, and the benefit of mankind. To reclaim our modern poetry, and turn it into its due and primitive channel, is an endeavour altogether worth a far greater character than the guardian of a private family. Kingdoms might be the better for the converſion of the muſes from ſenſuality to natural religion, and princes on their thrones might be obliged and protected by its power.

Were it modeſt I ſhould profeſs myſelf a great admirer of poeſy. But that profeſſion is in effect telling the world that I have a heart tender and generous, a heart that can ſwell with the joys, or be depreſſed with the misfortunes of others, nay more, even of imaginary perſons; a heart large enough to receive the greateſt ideas nature can ſuggeſt, and delicate enough to reliſh the moſt beautiful. It is deſiring mankind to believe that I am capable of entering into all thoſe ſubtle graces, and all that divine elegance,

elegance, the enjoyment of which is to be felt only, and not expreſſed.

All kinds of poeſy are amiable, but ſacred poeſy ſhould be our moſt ſpecial delight. Other poetry leads us through flowery meadows or beautiful gardens, refreſhes us with cooling breezes or delicious fruits, ſooths us with the murmur of waters, or the melody of birds, or elſe conveys us to the court or camp, dazzles our imagination with crowns and ſceptres, embattled hoſts, or heroes ſhinning in burniſhed ſteel: but ſacred numbers ſeem to admit us into a ſolemn and magnificent temple; they encircle us with every thing that is holy and divine; they ſuperadd an agreeable awe and reverence to all thoſe pleaſing emotions we feel from other lays; an awe and reverence that exalts, while it chaſtiſes. Its ſweet authority reſtrains each undue liberty of thought, word, and action; it makes us think better and more nobly of ourſelves, from a conſciouſneſs of the great preſence we are in, where ſaints ſurround us, and angels are our fellow-worſhippers.

O let me glory, glory in my choice!
Whom ſhould I ſing but him who gave me voice!
This theme ſhall laſt when Homer's ſhall decay,
When arts, arms, kings, and kingdoms melt away.
And can it, pow'rs immortal, can it be,
That this high province was reſerv'd for me?
Whate'er the new, the raſh adventure coſt,
In wide eternity I dare be loſt.
I dare launch out, and ſhew the muſes more,
Than e'er the learned ſiſters ſaw before;
In narrow limits they were wont to ſing,
To teach the ſwain, or celebrate the king.
I graſp the whole, no more to parts confin'd,
I lift my voice, and ſing to human kind:
I ſing to men and angels; angels join
(While ſuch the theme) their ſacred hymns with mine.

But beſide the greater pleaſure which we receive from ſacred poeſy, it has another vaſt advantage above all other; when it has placed us in that imaginary

ginary temple, of which I juſt now ſpoke, methinks the mighty genius of the place covers us with an inviſible hand, ſecures us in the enjoyments we poſſeſs. We find a kind of refuge in our pleaſure, and our diverſion becomes our ſafety. Why then ſhould not every heart that is addicted to the muſes, cry out in the holy warmth of the beſt poet that ever lived, 'I 'will magnify thee, O Lord, my King, and I will 'praiſe thy name for ever and ever?'

That greater benefit may be reaped from ſacred poeſy than from any other is indiſputable; but is it capable of yielding ſuch exquiſite delight? Has it a title only to the regard of the ſerious and the aged? is it only to be read on Sundays, and to be bound in black? Or does it put in for the good eſteem of the gay, the fortunate, the young? Can it rival a ball or a theatre, or give pleaſure to thoſe who are converſant with beauty, and have their palates ſet high with all the delicacies and poignancy of human wit?

That poetry gives us the greateſt pleaſure which affects us moſt; and that affects us moſt, which is on a ſubject in which we have the deepeſt concern. For this reaſon it is a rule in epic poetry, that the tale ſhould be taken from the hiſtory of that country to which it is written, or at fartheſt from their diſtant anceſtors. Thus Homer ſung Achilles, to the deſcendants of Achilles; and Virgil, to Auguſtus, that hero's voyage,

—Genus unde Latinum,
Albanique patres, atque altæ mœnia Romæ.
Æn. 1. *v.* 6.

From whence the race of Alban fathers come,
And the long glories of majeſtic Rome. *Dryden.*

Had they changed ſubjects, they had certainly been worſe poets at Greece and Rome, whatever they had been eſteemed by the reſt of mankind. And in what ſubjects have we the greateſt concern, but in thoſe at the very thought of which this world grows leſs and leſs, and all its glories fade away?

All

All other poeſy muſt be dropt at the gate of death. This alone can enter with us into immortality. It will admit of an improvement only, not (ſtrictly ſpeaking) an entire alteration from the converſe of cherubim and ſeraphim; it ſhall not be forgotten when the ſun and moon are remembered no more; it ſhall never die; but, if I may ſo expreſs myſelf, be the meaſure of eternity, and the laudable ambition of heaven.

How then can any other poeſy come in competition with it?

Whatever great or dreadful has been done
Within the view of conſcious ſtars or ſun,
Is far beneath my daring: I look down
On all the ſplendors of the Britiſh crown.
This globe is for my verſe a narrow bound;
Attend me, all ye glorious worlds around:
Oh all you ſpirits, howſoe'er disjoin'd,
Of ev'ry various order, place, and kind,
Hear and aſſiſt a feeble mortal's lays:
'Tis your eternal King I ſtrive to praiſe.

Theſe verſes, and thoſe quoted above, are taken out of a manuſcript poem on the laſt day, which will ſhortly appear in public.

To the GUARDIAN.

SIR,

WHEN you ſpeak of the good which would ariſe from the labours of ingenious men, if they could be prevailed upon to turn their thoughts upon the ſublime ſubjects of religion, it ſhould, methinks, be an attractive to them, if you would pleaſe to lay before them, that noble ideas aggrandiſe the ſoul of him who writes with a true taſte of virtue. I was juſt now reading David's lamentation over Saul and Jonathan; and that divine piece was peculiarly pleaſing to me, in that there was ſuch an exquiſite ſorrow expreſſed in it, without the leaſt alluſion to the difficulties from whence David was extricated by the

the fall of thoſe great men in his way to empire. When he receives the tidings of Saul's death, his generous mind has in it no reflection upon the merit of the unhappy man who was taken out of his way, but what raiſes his ſorrow, inſtead of giving him conſolation.

'The beauty of Iſrael is ſlain upon thy high places; how are the mighty fallen.

'Tell it not in Gath, publiſh it not in the ſtreets of Aſkelon; leſt the daughters of the Philiſtines rejoice, leſt the daughters of the uncircumciſed triumph.

'Ye mountains of Gilboa, let there be no dew, neither let there be rain upon you, nor fields of offerings; for there the ſhield of the mighty is vilely caſt away, the ſhield of Saul, as though he had not been anointed with oil.

'Saul and Jonathan were lovely and pleaſant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided; they were ſwifter than eagles, they were ſtronger than lions.

'Ye daughters of Iſrael, weep over Saul, who clothed you in ſcarlet, with other delights, who put on ornaments of gold upon your apparel.'

How beautiful is the more amiable and noble parts of Saul's character repreſented by a man whom that very Saul purſued to death! But when he comes to mention Jonathan, the ſublimity ceaſes; and not able to mention his generous friendſhip, and the moſt noble inſtances ever given by man, he ſinks into a fondneſs that will not admit of high language, or alluſions to the greater circumſtances of their life, and turns only upon their familiar converſe.

'I am diſtreſſed for thee, my brother Jonathan; very pleaſant haſt thou been unto me: thy love to me was wonderful, paſſing the love of women.'

In the mind of this admirable man, grandeur, majeſty, and worldly power were deſpicable conſiderations, when he caſt his eye upon the merit of him who was ſo ſuddenly ſnatched from them; and when he began to think of the great friendſhip of Jonathan, his panegyric is uttered only in broken exclamations,

and

and tender expreſſions of how much they both loved, not how much Jonathan deſerved.

Pray pardon this, which was to hint only, that the virtue, not the elegance of fine writing, is the thing principally to be conſidered by a GUARDIAN.

I am, SIR,

Your humble ſervant, C. F.

No 52. Monday, May 11.

———Toto ſolus in orbe
Cæſar liber erit——— *Lucan.*
Cæſar alone, of all mankind, is free.

I Shall not aſſume to myſelf the merit of every thing in theſe papers. Whereſoever, in reading or converſation, I obſerve any thing that is curious and uncommon, uſeful or entertaining, I reſolve to give it to he public. The greateſt part of this very paper is an extract from a French manuſcript, which was lent me by my good friend Mr. Charwell. He tells me he has had it above theſe twenty years in his poſſeſſion and he ſeems to me to have taken from it very many of the maxims he has purſued in the new ſettlement I have heretofore ſpoken of upon his lands. He has given me full liberty to make what uſe of it I ſhall think fit; either to publiſh it entire, or to retail it out by pennyworths. I have determined to retail it; and for that end I have tranſlated divers paſſages, rendering the words livres, ſous, and many others of known ſignification in France, into their equivalent ſenſe, that I may the better be underſtood by my Engliſh readers. The book contains ſeveral memoirs concerning Monſieur Colbert, who had the honour to be ſecretary of ſtate to his Moſt Chriſtian Majeſty, and ſuperintendant or chief director of the arts and manufactures of his kingdom. The paſſage for to-day is as follows:

'It

'It happened that the king was one day expreſ-
'ſing his wonder to this miniſter, that the United
'Provinces ſhould give him ſo much trouble, that
'ſo great a monarch as he was ſhould not be able
'to reduce ſo ſmall a ſtate with half the power of his
'whole dominions. To which Monſieur Colbert is
'ſaid to have made the following anſwer:

'Sir, I preſume upon your indulgence, to ſpeak
'what I have thought upon this ſubject, with that
'freedom which becomes a faithful ſervant, and one
'who has nothing more at heart than your Majeſty's
'glory, and the proſperity of your whole people.
'Your territories are vaſtly greater than the United
'Netherlands. But, Sir, it is not land that fights
'againſt land, but the ſtrength and riches of one na-
'tion againſt the ſtrength and riches of another. I
'ſhould have ſaid only riches, ſince it is money that
'feeds and clothes the ſoldier, furniſhes the maga-
'zine, provides the train of artillery, and anſwers
'the charge of all other military preparations. Now
'the riches of a prince or ſtate are juſt ſo much as
'they can levy upon their ſubjects, ſtill leaving them
'ſufficient for their ſubſiſtence. If this ſhall not be
'left, they will deſert to other countries for better
'uſage. And I am ſorry to ſay it, that too many
'of your Majeſty's ſubjects are already among your
'neighbours, in the condition of footmen and valets
'for their daily bread. Many of your artiſans too
'are fled from the ſeverity of your collectors; they
'are at this time improving the manufactures of
'your enemies. France has loſt the benefit of their
'hands for ever, and your Majeſty all hopes of any
'future exciſes by their conſumption. For the ex-
'traordinary ſums of one year, you have parted
'with an inheritance. I am never able, without
'the utmoſt indignation, to think of that miniſter,
'who had the confidence to tell your father, his ſub-
'jects were but too happy, that they were not yet
'reduced to eat graſs; as if ſtarving his people were
'the only way to free himſelf from their ſeditions.
'But people will not ſtarve in France, as long as

'bread is to be had in any other country. How 'much more worthy of a prince was that ſaying of 'your grandfather of glorious memory, That he 'hoped to ſee that day when every houſe-keeper in 'his dominions ſhould be able to allow his family a 'capon for their Sunday's ſupper? I lay down this 'therefore as my firſt principle, That your taxes 'upon your ſubjects muſt ſtill leave them ſufficient 'for their ſubſiſtence, at leaſt as comfortable a ſub-'ſiſtence as they will find among your neighbours.

'Upon this principle, I ſhall be able to make ſome 'compariſon between the revenues of your Majeſty 'and thoſe of the States General. Your territories 'are near thirty times as great, your people more 'than four times as many, yet your revenues are 'not thirty, no nor four times as great, nor indeed as 'great again, as thoſe of the United Netherlands.

'In what one article are you able to raiſe twice as 'much from your ſubjects as the States can do 'from theirs? Can you take twice as much from the 'rents of the lands and houſes? What are the yearly 'rents of your whole kingdom? and how much of 'theſe will your Majeſty be able to take without ruin-'ing the landed intereſt? You have, Sir, above a 'hundred millions of acres, and not above thirteen 'millions of ſubjects, eight acres to every ſubject. 'How inconſiderable muſt be the value of land, where 'ſo many acres are to provide for a ſingle perſon, 'where a ſingle perſon is the whole market for the 'product of ſo much land? And what ſort of cuſ-'tomers are your ſubjects to theſe lands? what 'cloaths is it that they wear? what proviſions do 'they conſume? Black bread, onions, and other 'roots, are the uſual diet of the generality of your 'people; their common drink the pure element; 'they are dreſſed in canvas and wooden ſhoes, I 'mean ſuch of them as are not bare-foot and half-'naked. How very mean muſt be the eight acres 'which will afford no better ſubſiſtence to a ſingle 'perſon? Yet ſo many of your people live in this

'deſpicable

'despicable manner, that four pounds will be easily 'believed to exceed the annual expences of every one 'of them at a medium. And how little of this ex- 'pence will be coming to the land owner for his rent? 'or, which is the same thing, for the mere product 'of his land? Of every thing that is consumed, the 'greatest part of the value is the price of labour that 'is bestowed upon it; and it is not a very small part 'of their price that is paid to your Majesty in your 'excises. Of the four pounds expence of every sub- 'ject, it can hardly be thought that more than four 'and twenty shillings are paid for the mere product 'of the land; then if there are eight acres to every 'subject, and every subject for his consumption pays 'no more than four and twenty shillings to the land, 'three shillings at a medium must be the full yearly 'value of every acre in your kingdom. Your lands 'separated from the buildings cannot be valued 'higher.

'And what then shall be thought the yearly value 'of the houses, or, which is the same thing, of the 'lodgings of your thirteen millions of subjects? 'What numbers of these are begging their bread 'throughout your kingdom? If your Majesty were 'to walk incognito through the very streets of your 'capital, and would give a farthing to every beggar 'that asks your alms, in a walk of one hour you 'would have nothing left of a pistole. How mise- 'rable must be the lodgings of these wretches? 'Even those that will not ask your charity are hud- 'dled together four or five families in a house. Such 'is the lodging in your capital. That of your other 'towns is yet of less value. But nothing can be 'more ruinous than the cottages in the villages. Six 'shillings for the lodging of every one of your 'thirteen millions of subjects at a medium must 'needs be the full yearly value of all the houses; so 'that at four shillings for every acre, and six shil- 'lings for the lodging of every subject, the rents of 'your whole kingdom will be less than twenty mil- 'lions, and yet a great deal more than they were

'ever yet found to be by the moſt exact ſurvey that 'has yet been taken.

'The next queſtion then is, How much of theſe 'rents your Majeſty will think fit to take to your 'own uſe? Six of the twenty millions are in the 'hands of the clergy; and little enough for the ſup-'port of three hundred thouſand eccleſiaſtics, with 'all their neceſſary attendants. It is no more than 'twenty pounds a-year for every one of the maſters. 'Theſe, Sir, are your beſt guards; they keep your 'ſubjects loyal in the midſt of all their miſery. Your 'Majeſty will not think it your intereſt to take any 'thing from the church. From that which remains 'in the hands of your lay ſubjects, will you be 'able to take more than five millions to your own 'uſe? This is more than ſeven ſhillings in the pound; 'and then, after neceſſary reparations, together with 'loſſes by the failing of tenants, how very little will 'be left to the owners? Theſe are gentlemen who 'have never been bred either to trade or manufac-'tures; they have no other way of living than by 'their rents, and when theſe ſhall be taken from 'them, they muſt fly to your armies, as to an hoſ-'pital, for their daily bread.

'Now, Sir, your Majeſty will give me leave to 'examine what are the rents of the United Nether-'lands, and how great a part of theſe their gover-'nors may take to themſelves without oppreſſion of 'the owners. There are in thoſe provinces three 'millions of acres, and as many millions of ſub-'jects, a ſubject for every acre. Why ſhould not 'then the ſingle acre there be as valuable as the 'eight acres in France, ſince it is to provide for as 'many mouths? Or, if great part of the proviſions 'of the people are fetched in by their trade from 'the ſea or foreign countries, they will end at laſt in 'the improvement of their lands. I have often 'heard, and am ready to believe, that thirty ſhil-'lings, one with another, is leſs than the yearly va-'lue of every acre in thoſe provinces.

'And

'And how much leſs than this will be the yearly value of lodging for every one of their ſubjects? There are no beggars in their ſtreets, ſcarce a ſingle one in a whole province. Their families in great towns are lodged in palaces, in compariſon with thoſe of Paris. Even the houſes in their villages are more coſtly than in many of your cities. If ſuch is the value of their three millions of acres, and of lodging for as many millions of ſubjects, the yearly rents of lands and houſes are nine millions in thoſe provinces.

'Then how much of this may the States take, without ruining the land owners, for the defence of their people? Their lands there, by the cuſtom of deſcending in equal ſhares to all their children are diſtributed into ſo many hands, that few or no perſons are ſubſiſted by their rents. Land owners, as well as others, are chiefly ſubſiſted by trade and manufactures; and they can therefore with as much eaſe part with half of their whole rents as your Majeſty's ſubjects can a quarter. The States General may as well take four millions and a half from the rents, as your Majeſty can five from thoſe of your ſubjects.

'It remains now only to compare the exciſes of both countries; and what exciſes can your Majeſty hope to receive by the conſumption of the half-ſtarved and half-naked beggars in your ſtreets? how great a part of the price of all that is eat, or drunk, or conſumed by thoſe wretched creatures? How great a part of the price of canvas cloth, and wooden ſhoes, that are everywhere worn throughout the country? how great a part of the price of their water, or their black bread and onions, the general diet of your people? If your Majeſty were to receive the whole price of thoſe things, your exchequer would hardly run over. Yet ſo much the greateſt part of your ſubjects live in this deſpicable manner, that the annual expence of every one, at a medium, can be no more than I have mentioned. One would almoſt think they ſtarve

'themſelves to defraud your Majeſty of your revenues. It is impoſſible to conceive that more than an eight part can be exciſed from the expences of your ſubjects who live ſo very poorly; and then for thirteen millions of people your whole revenue by exciſes will amount to no more than ſix millions and a half.

'And how much leſs than this ſum will the States be able to levy by the ſame tax upon their ſubjects? There are no beggars in that country; the people of their great towns live at a vaſtly greater charge than your's; and even thoſe in their villages are better fed and clothed than the people of your towns. At a medium, every one of their ſubjects live at twice the coſt of thoſe of France. Trade and manufactures are the things that furniſh them with money for this expence; therefore, if thrice as much ſhall be exciſed from the expence of the Hollanders, yet ſtill they will have more left than the ſubjects of your Majeſty, though you ſhould take nothing at all from them. I muſt believe, therefore, that it will be as eaſy to levy thrice as much by exciſes upon the Dutch ſubject as the French; thirty ſhillings upon the former as eaſily as ten upon the latter, and conſequently four millions and a half of pounds upon their three millions of ſubjects; ſo that in the whole, by rents and exciſes, they will be able to raiſe nine millions within the year. If of this ſum, for the maintenance of their clergy, which are not ſo numerous as thoſe in France, the charge of their civil liſt, and the preſervation of their dikes, one million is to be deducted; yet ſtill they will have eight for their defence; a revenue equal to two thirds of your Majeſty's.

'Your Majeſty will now no longer wonder that you have not been able to reduce theſe provinces with half the power of your whole dominions; yet half is as much as you will be ever able to employ againſt them. Spain and Germany will be always ready to eſpouſe their quarrel; their forces will be

'ſufficient

'sufficient to cut out work for the other half; and 'I wish too you could be quiet on the side of Italy 'and England.

'What then is the advice I would presume to 'give your Majesty? to disband the greatest part 'of your forces, and save so many taxes to your 'people. Your very dominions make you too power-'ful to fear any insult from your neighbours: to 'turn your thoughts from war, and cultivate the 'arts of peace, the trade and manufactures of your 'people. This shall make you the most powerful 'prince, and at the same time your subjects the 'richest of all other subjects. In the space of twenty 'years they will be able to give your Majesty great-'er sums with ease, than you can now draw from 'them with the greatest difficulty. You have abun-'dant materials in your kingdom to employ your 'people, and they do not want capacity to be 'employed. Peace and trade will carry out their 'labour to all the parts of Europe, and bring back 'yearly treasures to your subjects. There will be 'always fools enough to purchase the manufactures 'of France, though France should be prohibited to 'purchase those of other countries. In the mean 'time, your Majesty shall never want sufficient 'sums to buy now and then an important fortress 'from one or other of your indigent neighbours. 'But, above all, peace shall ingratiate your Ma-'jesty with the Spanish nation during the life of 'their crazy king; and, after his death, a few sea-'sonable presents among his courtiers shall purchase 'the reversion of his crowns, with all the treasures 'of the Indies, and then the world must be your 'own.

'This was the substance of what was then said by 'Monsieur Colbert. The king was not at all offend-'ed with this liberty of his minister. He knew 'the value of the man, and soon after made him 'the chief director of the trade and manufactures 'of his people.'

No

No 53. Tuesday, May 12.

——Desinant
Maledicere, malefacta ne noscant sua.

Ter. Prol. ad Andr.

Let them cease to speak ill of others, lest they hear of their own misdeeds.

IT happens that the letter, which was in one of my papers concerning a lady ill treated by the Examiner, and to which he replies by taxing the Tatler with the like practice, was written by one Steele, who put his name to the collection of papers called Lucubrations. It was a wrong thing in the Examiner to go any farther than the Guardian for what is said in the Guardian: but since Steele owns the letter, it is the same thing. I apprehend, by reading the Examiner over a second time, that he insinuates, by the words close to the royal stamp, he would have the man turned out of his office.—Considering he is so malicious, I cannot but think Steele has treated him very mercifully in his answer, which follows: This Steele is certainly a very good sort of a man, and it is a thousand pities he does not understand politics; but if he is turned out, my Lady Lizard will invite him down to our country-house. I shall be very glad of his company, and I will certainly leave something to one of his children.

To Nestor Ironside, Esq;

Sir,

I AM obliged to fly to you for refuge from severe usage, which a very great author, the Examiner, has been pleased to give me for what you have lately published in defence of a young lady. He does not put his name to his writings, and therefore he

he ought not to reflect upon the characters of those who publicly answer for what they have produced. The Examiner and the Guardian might have disputed upon any particular they had thought fit, without having introduced any third person, or making any allusions to matters foreign to the subject before them. But since he has thought fit, in his paper of May the 8th, to defend himself by my example, I shall beg leave to say to the town, (by your favour to me, Mr. Ironside,) that our conduct would still be very widely different, though I should allow that there were particular persons pointed at in the places which he mentions in the Tatlers.—When a satyrist feigns a name, it must be the guilt of the person attacked, or his being notoriously understood guilty before the satyr was written, that can make him liable to come under the fictitious appellation. But when the licence of printing letters of peoples real names is used, things may be affixed to mens characters which are in the utmost degree remote from them. Thus it happens in the case of the Earl of Nottingham, whom that gentlemen asserts to have left the church, though nothing is more evident than that he deserves better of all men in holy orders, or those who have any respect for them, or religion itself, than any man in England can pretend to. But as to the instances he gives against me, old Downes is a fine piece of raillery, of which I wish I had been author. All I had to do in it was to strike out what related to a gentlewoman about the queen, whom I thought a woman free from ambition; and I did it out of regard to innocence. Powel of the Bath is reconciled to me, and has made me free of his show. Tun, Gun, and Pistol, from Wapping, laughed at the representation which was made of them, and were observed to be more regular in their conduct afterwards. The character of Lord Timon is no odious one; and to tell you the truth, Mr. Ironside, when I write it, I thought it more like me myself than any other man; and if I had in my eye any illustrious person who had the same faults with myself,

myſelf, it is no new, nor very criminal ſelf-love, to flatter ourſelves that what weakneſſes we have, we have in common with great men. For the exaltation of ſtyle, and embelliſhing the character, I made Timon a Lord; and he may be a very worthy one for all that I have ſaid of him. I do not remember the mention of Don Diego, nor do I remember that ever I thought of Lord N———m, in any character drawn in any one paper of Bickerſtaff. Now, as to Polypragmon, I drew it as the moſt odious image I could paint of ambition; and Polypragmon is to men of buſineſs what Sir Foplin Flutter is to men of faſhion, he is knight of the ſhire, and repreſents you all. Whoever ſeeks employment for his own private intereſt, vanity, or pride, and not for the good of his country, has his ſhare in the picture of Polypragmon. And let this be the rule in examining that deſcription, and I believe the Examiner will find others to whom he would rather give a part of it, than to the perſon on whom I believe he beſtows it, becauſe he thinks he is the moſt capable of having his vengeance on me. But I ſay not this from terrors of what any man living can do to me, I ſpeak it only to ſhow that I have not, like him, fixed odious images on perſons, but on vices. Alas! what occaſion have I to draw people whom I ſhould think ill of under feigned names? I have wanted and abounded, and I neither fear poverty, nor deſire riches. If that be true, why ſhould I be afraid whenever I ſee occaſion to examine the conduct of any of my fellow-ſubjects? I ſhould ſcorn to do it but from plain facts, and at my own peril, and from inſtances as clear as the day. Thus would I, and I will, whenever I think it my duty, inquire into the behaviour of any man in England, if he is ſo poſted as that his errors may hurt my country. This kind of zeal will expoſe him who is prompted by it to a great deal of ill will; and I could carry any points I aim at for the improvement of my own little affairs, without making myſelf obnoxious to the reſentment of any perſon or party.—

But

But, alas! what is there in all the gratifications of ſenſe, the accommodations of vanity, or any thing that fortune can give to pleaſe a human ſoul, when they are put in competition with the intereſts of truth and liberty? Mr. Ironſide, I confeſs I writ to you that letter concerning the young lady of quality; and am glad that my awkward apology, as the Examiner calls it, has produced in him ſo much remorſe as to make any reparation to offended beauty. Though, by the way, the phraſe of offended beauty is romantic, and has little of the compunction which ſhould riſe in a man that is begging pardon of a woman, for ſaying of her unjuſtly, that ſhe had affronted her God and her ſovereign. However, I will not bear hard upon his contrition, but am now heartily ſorry I called him a miſcreant. That word, I think, ſignifies an unbeliever. Meſcroyant, I take it, is the old French word. I will give myſelf no manner of liberty to make gueſſes at him, if I may ſay him; for though ſometimes I have been told by familiar friends that they ſaw me ſuch a time talking to the Examiner, others, who have rallied me upon the ſins of my youth, tell me it is credibly reported that I have formerly lain with the Examiner. I have carried my point, and reſcued innocence from calumny; and it is nothing to me whether the Examiner writes againſt me in the character of an eſtranged friend, or an exaſperated miſtreſs.

He is welcome from henceforward to treat me as he pleaſes; but as you have begun to oppoſe him, never let innocence or merit be traduced by him.—In particular I beg of you never let the glory of our nation, who made France tremble, and yet has that gentleneſs to be unable to bear oppoſition from the meaneſt of his own countrymen, be calumniated in ſo impudent a manner as in the inſinuation that he affected a perpetual dictatorſhip. Let not a ſet of brave, wiſe, and honeſt men, who did all that has been done to place their queen in ſo great a figure, as to ſhew mercy to the higheſt potentate in Europe, be treated by ungenerous men as traitors and betrayers.

ers. To prevent ſuch evils is a care worthy a Guardian. Theſe are exerciſes worthy the ſpirit of a man; and you ought to contemn all the wit in the world againſt you, when you have the conſolation that you act upon theſe honeſt motives. If you ever ſhrink from them, get Bat Pidgeon to comb your noddle, and write ſonnets on the ſmiles of the Sparkler, but never call yourſelf Guardian more to a nation full of the ſentiments of honour and liberty.—
I am, SIR,

Your moſt humble ſervant,

RICHARD STEELE.

P. S. I know nothing of the letter at Morphew's.

No 54. Wedneſday, May 13.

Neque ita porro aut adulatus aut admiratus ſum fortunam alterius, ut me meæ pœniteret. *Tull.*

I never flattered or admired another man's fortune, ſo as to be diſſatisfied with my own.

IT has been obſerved very often, in authors divine and profane, that we are all equal after death; and this by way of conſolation for that deplorable ſuperiority which ſome among us ſeem to have over others; but it would be a doctrine of much more comfortable import to eſtabliſh an equality among the living; for the propagation of which paradox I ſhall hazard the following conceits.

I muſt here lay it down that I do not pretend to ſatisfy every barren reader, that all perſons that have hitherto apprehended themſelves extremely miſerable, ſhall have immediate ſuccour from the publication of this paper; but ſhall endeavour to ſhew that the diſcerning ſhall be fully convinced of the truth of this aſſertion, and thereby obviate all the impertinent accuſations of Providence for the unequal diſtribution of good and evil.

If

If all men had reflection enough to be ſenſible of this equality of happineſs; if they were not made uneaſy by appearances of ſuperiority, there would be none of that ſubordination and ſubjection of thoſe that think themſelves leſs happy, to thoſe they think more ſo, which is ſo very neceſſary for the ſupport of buſineſs and pleaſure.

The common turn of human application may be divided into love, ambition, and avarice, and whatever victories we gain in theſe our particular purſuits, there will be always ſome one or other in the paths we tread, whoſe ſuperior happineſs will create new uneaſineſs, and employ us in new contrivances; and ſo through all degrees there will ſtill remain the inſatiable deſire of ſome ſeeming unacquired good, to imbitter the poſſeſſion of whatever others we are accommodated with. And if we ſuppoſe a man perfectly accommodated, and trace him through all the gradations betwixt neceſſity and ſuperfluity, we ſhall find that the ſlavery which occaſioned his firſt activity is not abated, but only diverſified.

Thoſe that are diſtreſſed upon ſuch cauſes as the world allows to warrant the keeneſt affliction, are too apt, in the compariſon of themſelves with others, to conclude that where there is not a ſimilitude of cauſes, there cannot be of affliction, and forget to relieve themſelves with this conſideration, that the little diſappointments in a life of pleaſure are as terrible as thoſe in a life of buſineſs; and if the end of one man is to ſpend his time and money as agreeably as he can, that of the other to ſave both, an interruption in either of theſe purſuits is of equal conſequence to the purſuers. Beſides, as every trifle raiſeth the mirth and gaiety of the men of good circumſtances, ſo do others as inconſiderable expoſe them to ſpleen and paſſion, and as Solomon ſays, 'According to their riches their anger riſeth.'

One of the moſt bitter circumſtances of poverty has been obſerved to be, that it makes men appear ridiculous; but I believe this affirmation may with more juſtice be appropriated to riches, ſince more

qualifications are required to become a great fortune than even to make one; and there are ſeveral pretty perſons about town ten times more ridiculous upon the very account of a good eſtate, than they poſſibly could have been with the want of it.

I confeſs, having a mind to pay my court to Fortune, I became an adventurer in one of the late lotteries, in which, though I got none of the great prizes, I found no occaſion to envy ſome of thoſe that did, comforting myſelf with this contemplation, that nature and education having diſappointed all the favours Fortune could beſtow upon them, they had gained no ſuperiority by an unenvied affluence.

It is pleaſant to conſider that whilſt we are lamenting our particular afflictions to each other, and repining at the inequality of condition, were it poſſible to throw off our preſent miſerable ſtate, we cannot name the perſon whoſe condition in every particular we would embrace and prefer; and an impartial enquiry into the pride, ill nature, ill health, guilt, ſpleen, or particularity of behaviour of others, generally ends in a reconciliation to our dear ſelves.

This, my way of thinking, is warranted by Shakeſpeare in a very extraordinary manner, where he makes Richard II. when depoſed and impriſoned, debating a matter which would ſoon have been diſcuſſed by a common capacity, whether his priſon or palace was moſt eligible, and with very philoſophical heſitation leaving the preference undetermined, in the following lines:

———Sometimes am I a king,
Then treaſon makes me wiſh myſelf a beggar;
And ſo indeed I am. Then cruſhing penury
Perſuades me I was better when a king;
Then am I king'd again———

Prior ſays very prettily,

Againſt our peace we arm our will;
Amidſt our plenty ſomething ſtill
For horſes, houſes, pictures, painting,
To thee, to me, to him is wanting.

That

That cruel ſomething unpoſſeſs'd,
Corrodes, and levens all the reſt.
That ſomething, if we could obtain,
Would ſoon create a future pain.

Give me leave to fortify my unlearned reader with another bit of wiſdom from Juvenal by Dryden.

Look round the habitable world, how few
Know their own good, or knowing it purſue?
How void of reaſon are our hopes and fears!
What in the conduct of our life appears
So well deſign'd, ſo luckily begun,
But, when we have our wiſh, we wiſh undone?

Even the men that are diſtinguiſhed by, and envied for their ſuperior good ſenſe and delicacy of taſte, are ſubject to ſeveral uneaſineſſes upon this account, that the men of leſs penetration are utter ſtrangers to; and every little abſurdity ruffles theſe fine judgments, which would never diſturb the peaceful ſtate of the leſs diſcerning.

I ſhall end this eſſay with the following ſtory: There is a gentleman of my acquaintance, of a fortune, which may not only be called eaſy, but ſuperfluous; yet this perſon has, by a great deal of reflection, found out a method to be as uneaſy as the worſt circumſtances could have made him. By a free life he had ſwelled himſelf above his natural proportion, and by a reſtrained life had ſhrunk below it; and being by nature ſplenetic, and by leiſure more ſo, he began to bewail this his loſs of fleſh, though otherwiſe in perfect health, as a very melancholy diminution. He became therefore the reverſe of Cæſar; and as a lean hungry-looked raſcal was the delight of his eyes, a flat ſleek-headed fellow was his abomination. To ſupport himſelf as well as he could, he took a ſervant, for the very reaſon every one elſe would have refuſed him, for being in a deep conſumption; and whilſt he has compared himſelf to this creature, and with a face of infinite humour contemplated the decay of his body, I have ſeen the maſter's features proportionably riſe into a boldneſs, as thoſe

of his ſlave ſunk and grew languid. It was his intereſt therefore, not to ſuffer the too haſty diſſolution of a being, upon which his own in ſome meaſure depended. In ſhort, the fellow, by a little too much indulgence, began to look gay and plump upon his maſter, who, according to Horace,

Invidus alterius macreſcit rebus opimis;
Ep. 2. *l.* 1. *v.* 57.

Sickens, through envy at another's good:

and as he took him only for being in a conſumption, by the ſame way of thinking, he found it abſolutely neceſſary to diſmiſs him for not being in one; and has told me ſince, that he looks upon it as a very difficult matter to furniſh himſelf with a footman that is not altogether as happy as himſelf.

N° 55. Thurſday, May 14.

——Quis enim Virtutem amplectitur ipſam,
Præmia ſi tollas?—— *Juv. Sat.* 10. *v.* 141.

For who would Virtue for herſelf regard,
Or wed, without the portion of reward? *Dryden.*

IT is uſual with polemical writers to object ill deſigns to their adverſaries. This turns their argument into ſatyr, which, inſtead of ſhewing an error in the underſtanding, tends only to expoſe the morals of thoſe they write againſt. I ſhall not act after this manner with reſpect to the Free-thinkers. Virtue, and the happineſs of ſociety, are the great ends which all men ought to promote, and ſome of that ſect would be thought to have at heart above the reſt of mankind. But ſuppoſing thoſe who make that profeſſion to carry on a good deſign in the ſimplicity of their hearts, and according to their beſt knowledge, yet it is much to be feared thoſe well-meaning ſouls, while they endeavoured to recommend virtue, have in reality been advancing the intereſts of vice; which, as

as I take to proceed from their ignorance of human nature, we may hope, when they become ſenſible of their miſtake, they will, in conſequence of that beneficent principle they pretend to act upon, reform their practice for the future.

The ſages whom I have in my eye, ſpeak of virtue as the moſt amiable thing in the world; but at the ſame time that they extol her beauty, they take care to leſſen her portion. Such innocent creatures are they, and ſo great ſtrangers to the world, that they think this a likely method to increaſe the number of her admirers.

Virtue has in herſelf the moſt engaging charms; and Chriſtianity, as it places her in the ſtrongeſt light, and adorned with all her native attractions, ſo it kindles a new fire in the ſoul, by adding to them the unutterable rewards which attend her votaries in an eternal ſtate. Or if there are men of a ſaturnine and heavy complexion, who are not eaſily lifted up by hope, there is the proſpect of everlaſting puniſhments to agitate their ſouls, and frighten them into the practice of virtue, and an averſion from vice.

Whereas your ſober Free-thinkers tell you that virtue indeed is beautiful, and vice deformed; the former deſerves your love, and the latter your abhorrence; but then it is for their own ſake, or on account of the good and evil which immediately attend them, and are inſeparable from their reſpective natures. As for the immortality of the ſoul, or eternal puniſhments and rewards, thoſe are openly ridiculed, or rendered ſuſpicious by the moſt ſly and laboured artifice.

I will not ſay theſe men act treacherouſly in the cauſe of virtue: but will any one deny that they act fooliſhly, who pretend to advance the intereſt of it, by deſtroying or weakening the ſtrongeſt motives to it, which are accommodated to all capacities, and fitted to work on all diſpoſitions, and enforcing thoſe alone which can affect only a generous and exalted mind?

Surely *they* muſt be deſtitute of paſſion themſelves, and unacquainted with the force it hath on the minds

of others, who can imagine that the mere beauty of fortitude, temperance, and juſtice, is ſufficient to ſuſtain the mind of man in a ſevere courſe of ſelf-denial, againſt all the temptations of preſent profit and ſenſuality.

It is my opinion, the Free-thinkers ſhould be treated as a ſet of poor ignorant creatures, that have not ſenſe to diſcover the excellency of religion; it being evident thoſe men are no witches, nor likely to be guilty of any deep deſign, who proclaim aloud to the world that they have leſs motives to honeſty than the reſt of their fellow-ſubjects; who have all the inducements to the exerciſe of any virtue which a Free-thinker can poſſibly have, and beſides, the expectation of never-ending happineſs or miſery as the conſequence of their choice.

Are not men actuated by their paſſions? and are not hope and fear the moſt powerful of our paſſions? and are there any objects which can rouſe and awaken our hopes and fears, like thoſe proſpects that warm and penetrate the heart of a Chriſtian, but are not regarded by a Free-thinker?

It is not only a clear point that a Chriſtian breaks through ſtronger engagements, whenever he ſurrenders himſelf to commit a criminal action, and is ſtung with a ſharper remorſe after it, than a Free-thinker; but it ſhould even ſeem that a man who believes no future ſtate, would act a fooliſh part in being thoroughly honeſt. For what reaſon is there why ſuch a one ſhould poſtpone his own private intereſt or pleaſure to the doing his duty? If a Chriſtian foregoes ſome preſent advantage for the ſake of his conſcience, he acts accountably, becauſe it is with the view of gaining ſome greater future good. But he that, having no ſuch view, ſhould yet conſcientiouſly deny himſelf a preſent good in any incident where he may ſave appearances, is altogether as ſtupid as he that would truſt him at ſuch a juncture.

It will perhaps be ſaid, that virtue is her own reward; that a natural gratification attends good actions, which is alone ſufficient to excite men to the per-

performance of them. But although there is nothing more lovely than virtue, and the practice of it is the ſureſt way to ſolid, natural happineſs, even in this life, yet titles, eſtates, and fantaſtical pleaſures are more ardently ſought after by moſt men, than the natural gratifications of a reaſonable mind: and it cannot be denied, that virtue and innocence are not always the readieſt methods to attain that ſort of happineſs. Beſides, the fumes of paſſion muſt be allayed, and reaſon muſt burn brighter than ordinary, to enable men to ſee and reliſh all the native beauties and delights of a virtuous life. And though we ſhould grant our Free-thinkers to be a ſet of refined ſpirits, capable only of being enamoured of virtue; yet what would become of the bulk of mankind, who have groſs underſtandings, but lively ſenſes and ſtrong paſſions? What a deluge of luſt, and fraud, and violence would in a little time overflow the whole nation, if theſe wiſe advocates for morality were univerſally hearkened to? Laſtly, opportunities do ſometimes offer, in which a man may wickedly make his fortune, or indulge a pleaſure, without fear of temporal damage, either in reputation, health, or fortune. In ſuch caſes what reſtraint do they lie under who have no regards beyond the grave? the inward compunctions of a wicked, as well as the joys of an upright mind, being grafted on the ſenſe of another ſtate.

The thought, that our exiſtence terminates with this life, doth naturally check the ſoul in any generous purſuit, contract her views, and fix them on temporary and ſelfiſh ends. It dethrones the reaſon, extinguiſhes all noble and heroic ſentiments, and ſubjects the mind to the ſlavery of every preſent paſſion. The wiſe Heathens of antiquity were not ignorant of this. Hence they endeavoured, by fables and conjectures, and the glimmerings of nature, to poſſeſs the minds of men with the belief of a future ſtate, which has been ſince brought to light by the goſpel, and is now moſt inconſiſtently decried by a few weak men, who would have us believe that they promote virtue by turning religion into ridicule.

No

N° 56. Friday, May 15.

Quid mentem traxiſſe polo, quid profuit altum,
Erexiſſe caput? pecudum ſi more pererrant?

Claud.

What profits us, that we from heav'n derive
A ſoul immortal, and with looks erect
Survey the ſtars, if, like the brutal kind,
We follow where our paſſions lead the way?

I Was conſidering laſt night, when I could not ſleep, how noble a part of the creation man was deſigned to be, and how diſtinguiſhed in all his actions above other earthly creatures. From whence I fell to take a view of the change and corruption which he has introduced into his own condition, the groveling appetites, the mean characters of ſenſe, and wild courſes of paſſions, that caſt him from the degree in which Providence had placed him, the debaſing himſelf with qualifications not his own, and his degenerating into a lower ſphere of action. This inſpired me with a mixture of contempt and anger, which however was not ſo violent as to hinder the return of ſleep, but grew confuſed as that came upon me, and made me end my reflections with giving mankind the opprobrious names of inconſiderate, mad, and fooliſh.

Here, methought, where my waking reaſon left the ſubject, my fancy purſued it in a dream; and I imagined myſelf in a loud ſoliloquy of paſſion, railing at my ſpecies, and walking hard to get rid of the company I deſpiſed, when two men, who had overheard me, made up on either hand. Theſe I obſerved had many features in common, which might occaſion the miſtake of one for the other in thoſe to whom they appear ſingle; but I, who ſaw them together, could eaſily perceive, that though there was an air of ſeverity in each, it was tempered with a natural

natural ſweetneſs in the one, and by turns conſtrained or ruffled by the deſigns of malice in the other.

I was at a loſs to know the reaſon of their joining me ſo briſkly, when he whoſe appearance diſpleaſed me moſt, thus addreſſed his companion: 'Pray, 'brother, let him alone, and we ſhall immediately 'ſee him transformed into a tyger.' This ſtruck me with horror, which the other perceived, and pitying my diſorder, bid me be of good courage; for though I had been ſavage in my treatment of mankind (whom I ſhould rather reform than rail againſt), he would, however, endeavour to reſcue me from my danger. At this I looked a little more chearful, and while I teſtified my reſignation to him, we ſaw the angry brother fling away from us in a paſſion for his diſappointment. Being now left to my friend, I went back with him at his deſire, that I might know the meaning of thoſe words which had ſo affrighted me.

As we went along, 'To inform you,' ſays he, 'with whom you have this adventure, my name is 'Reproof, and his Reproach, both born of the ſame 'mother, but of different fathers. Truth is our 'common parent. Friendſhip, who ſaw her, fell in 'love with her, and ſhe being pleaſed with him, 'he begat me upon her; but a while after Enmity 'lying in ambuſh for her, became the father of him 'whom you ſaw along with me. The temper of 'our mother inclines us to the ſame ſort of buſineſs, 'the informing mankind of their faults; but the 'different complexions of our fathers make us differ 'in our deſigns and company. I have a natural 'benevolence in my mind, which engages me with 'friends, and he a natural impetuoſity in his, which 'caſts him among enemies.'

As he thus diſcourſed, we came to a place where there were three entrances into as many ſeveral walks, which lay aſide of one another. We paſſed into the middlemoſt, a plain, ſtraight, regular walk ſet with trees, which added to the beauty of the place, but did not ſo cloſe their boughs over head as

to

to exclude the light from it. Here, as we walked, I was made to obſerve how the road on one hand was full of rocks and precipices, over which Reproach, who had already gotten thither, was furiouſly driving unhappy wretches; the other ſide was all laid out in gardens of gaudy tulips, amongſt whoſe leaves the ſerpents wreathed, and at the end of every graſſy walk the enchantreſs Flattery was weaving bowers to lull ſouls aſleep in. We continued ſtill walking on the middle way, till we arrived at a building in which it terminated. This was formerly erected by Truth for a watch tower; from whence ſhe took a view of the earth, and, as ſhe ſaw occaſion, ſent out Reproof, or even Reproach, for our reformation. Over the door I took notice that a face was carved with a heart upon the lips of it, and preſently called to mind that this was the ancient emblem of Sincerity. In the entrance I met with Freedom of Speech and Complaiſance, who had for a long time looked upon one another as enemies; but Reproof has ſo happily brought them together, that they now act as friends and fellow-agents in the ſame family. Before I aſcended up the ſtairs, I had my eyes purified by a water which made me ſee extremely clear; and I think they ſaid it ſprung in a pit, from whence, as Democritus had reported, they formerly brought up Truth, who had hid herſelf in it. I was then admitted to the upper chamber of proſpect, which was called the 'Know-'ledge of mankind.' Here the window was no ſooner opened, but I perceived the clouds to roll off and part before me, and a ſcene of all the variety of the world preſented itſelf.

But how different was mankind in this view from what it uſed to appear! Methought the very ſhape of moſt of them was loſt; ſome had the heads of dogs, others of apes or parrots; and in ſhort whereever any one took upon him the inferior and unworthy qualities of other creatures, the change of his ſoul became viſible in his countenance. The ſtrutting pride of him who is endowed with brutality inſtead

ſtead of courage, made his face ſhoot out into the form of a horſe's; his eyes became prominent, his noſtrils widened, and his wig untying, flowed down on one ſide of his neck in a waving mane. The talkativeneſs of thoſe who love the ill-nature of converſation, made them turn into aſſemblies of geeſe; their lips hardened to bills by eternal uſing; they gabled for diverſion; they hiſſed in ſcandal; and their ruffles falling back on their arms, a ſucceſſion of little feathers appeared, which formed wings for them to flutter with from one viſit to another. The envious and malicious lay on the ground with the heads of different ſorts of ſerpents; and not endeavouring to erect themſelves, but meditating miſchief to others, they ſucked the poiſon of the earth, ſharpened their tongues to ſtings upon the ſtones, and rolled their trains unperceivably beneath their habits. The hypocritical oppreſſors wore the faces of crocodiles; their mouths were inſtruments of cruelty, their eyes of deceit; they committed wickedneſs, and bemoaned that there ſhould be ſo much of it in the world; they devoured the unwary, and wept over the remains of them. The covetous had ſo hooked and worn their fingers by counting intereſt upon intereſt, that they were converted to the claws of harpies; and theſe they ſtill were ſtretching out for more, yet ſtill ſeemed unſatisfied with their acquiſitions. The ſharpers had the looks of camelions; they every minute changed their appearance, and fed on ſwarms of flies, which fell as ſo many cullies amongſt them. The bully ſeemed a dunghill cock; he creſted well, and bore his comb aloft; he was beaten by almoſt every one, yet ſtill ſung for triumph; and only the mean coward pricked up the ears of a hare to fly before him. Critics were turned into cats, whoſe pleaſure and grumbling go together. Fops were apes in embroidered jackets. Flatterers were curled ſpaniels, fawning and crouching. The crafty had the face of a fox, the ſlothful of an aſs, the cruel of a wolf, the ill-bred of a bear; the lechers were goats, and the gluttons ſwine.

Drunk-

Drunkenneſs was the only vice that did not change the face of its profeſſors into that of another creature; but this I took to be far from a privilege, for theſe two reaſons, becauſe it ſufficiently deforms them of itſelf, and becauſe none of the lower rank of beings is guilty of ſo fooliſh an intemperance.

As I was taking a view of theſe repreſentations of things, without any more order than is uſual in a dream, or in the confuſion of the world itſelf, I perceived a concern within me for what I ſaw. My eyes began to moiſten; and, as if the virtue of that water with which they were purified was loſt for a time, by their being touched with that which aroſe from a paſſion, the clouds immediately began to gather again, and cloſe from either hand upon the proſpect. I then turned towards my guide, who addreſſed himſelf to me after this manner: 'You 'have ſeen the condition of mankind when it de- 'ſcends from its dignity; now therefore guard 'yourſelf from that degeneracy, by a modeſt great- 'neſs of ſpirit on one ſide, and a conſcious ſhame 'on the other. Endeavour alſo with a generoſity of 'goodneſs to make your friends aware of it; let 'them know what defects you perceive are growing 'upon them; handle the matter as you ſee reaſon, 'either with the airs of ſevere or humorous affec- 'tion; ſometimes plainly deſcribing the degeneracy 'in its full proper colours, or at other times letting 'them know, that if they proceed as they have he- 'gun, you give them to ſuch a day, or ſo many 'months, to turn bears, wolves, or foxes, &c. 'Neither neglect your more remote acquaintance, 'where you ſee any worthy, and ſuſceptible of ad- 'monition; expoſe the beaſts whoſe qualities you 'ſee them putting on, where you have no mind to 'engage with their perſons. The poſſibility of their 'applying this is very obvious. The Egyptians 'ſaw it ſo clearly, that they made the pictures of 'animals explain their minds to one another inſtead 'of writing; and indeed it is hardly to be miſſed, 'ſince Æſop took them out of their mute condition,

'and

'and taught them to ſpeak for themſelves with re-
'lation to the actions of mankind.'

My guide had thus concluded, and I was promiſing to write down what was ſhown me for the ſervice of the world, when I was awakened by a zealous old ſervant of mine, who brought me the Examiner, and told me with a look full of concern, he was afraid I was in it again.

N° 57. Saturday, May 16.

Quam multa injuſta ac prava fiunt moribus!

Ter. Heaut. Act. 4. Sc. 6.

How many unjuſt and wrong things are authoriſed by cuſtom!

IT is of no ſmall concern to me that the intereſts of virtue are ſupplanted by common cuſtom, and regard for indifferent things. Thus, mode and faſhion defend the moſt abſurd and unjuſt proceedings; and no body is out of countenance for doing what every body practiſes, though at the ſame time there is no one who is not convinced in his own judgment of the errors in which he goes on with the multitude. My correſpondent who writes me the following letter, has put together a great many points, which would deſerve ſerious conſideration, as much as things which at firſt appearance bear a weightier aſpect. He recites almoſt all the little arts that are uſed in the way to matrimony by the parents of young women. There is nothing more common than for people, who have good and worthy characters, to run, without reſpect to the laws of gratitude, into the moſt exorbitant demands for their children, upon no other foundation than that which ſhould incline them to the quite contrary, the unreſerved affection of the lover. I ſhall at this time, by inſerting my correſpondent's letter, lay ſuch offences before all parents and daughters re-

ſpectively, and reſerve the particular inſtances to be conſidered in future precautions.

To NESTOR IRONSIDE, Eſq;

SIR,

I Have for ſome time retired myſelf from the town and buſineſs to a little ſeat, where a pleaſant champain country, good roads, and healthful air, tempt me often abroad; and being a ſingle man, have contracted more acquaintance than is ſuitable to my years, or agreeable to the intentions of retirement I brought down with me hither. Among others, I have a young neighbour, who yeſterday imparted to me the hiſtory of an honourable amour, which has been carried on a conſiderable time with a great deal of love on his ſide and (as he ſays he has been made to believe) with ſomething very unlike averſion on the young lady's. But ſo matters have been contrived, that he could never get to know her mind thoroughly. When he was firſt acquainted with her, he might be as intimate with her as other people; but ſince he firſt declared his paſſion, he has never been admitted to wait upon her, or to ſee her, other than in public. If he went to her father's houſe, and deſired to viſit her, ſhe was either to be ſick, or out of the way, and no body would come near him in two hours, and then he ſhould be received as if he had committed ſome ſtrange offence. If he aſked her father's leave to viſit her, the old gentleman was mute. If he put it negatively, and aſked, if he refuſed it? the father would anſwer, with a ſmile, 'No, I don't ſay ſo neither.' If they talked of the fortune, he had conſidered his circumſtances, and it every day diminiſhed. If the ſettlements came into debate, he had conſidered the young gentleman's eſtate, and daily increaſed his expectations. If the mother was conſulted, ſhe was mightily for the match, but affected ſtrangely the ſhewing her cunning in perplexing matters. It went off ſeemingly ſeveral times, but my young neighbour's paſſion was ſuch, that it eaſily revived upon the leaſt encouragement given him; but tired out with

with writing, the only liberty allowed him, and receiving anſwers at croſs purpoſes, deſtitute of all hopes, he at length wrote a formal adieu. But it was very unfortunately timed; for ſoon after he had the long wiſhed-for opportunity of finding her at a diſtance from her parents. Struck with the joyful news, in heat of paſſion, reſolute to do any thing rather than leave her, down he comes poſt, directly to the houſe where ſhe was, without any preparatory interceſſion after the provocation of an adieu. She, in a premeditated anger to ſhew her reſentment, refuſed to ſee him. He in a kind of fond frenzy, abſent from himſelf, and exaſperated into rage, curſed her heartily; but returning to himſelf, was all confuſion, repentance, and ſubmiſſion; but in vain. The lady continued inexorable, and ſo the affair ended in a manner that renders them very unlikely ever to meet again. Through the purſuit of the whole ſtory, whereof I give but a ſhort abſtract, my young neighbour appeared ſo touched, and diſcovered ſuch certain marks of unfeigned love, that I can't but be heartily ſorry for them both. When he was gone, I ſat down immediately to my ſcrutoir, to give you the account, whoſe buſineſs, as a GUARDIAN, it is to tell your wards what is to be avoided, as well as what is fit to be done. And I humbly propoſe that you will, upon this occaſion, extend your inſtructions to all ſorts of people concerned in treaties of this nature, which of all others do moſt nearly concern human life; ſuch as parents, daughters, lovers, and confidents of both ſexes. I deſire leave to obſerve, that the miſtakes in this courtſhip, which might otherwiſe probably have ſucceeded happily, ſeem chiefly theſe four, viz.

1. The father's cloſe equivocal management, ſo as always to keep a reſervation to uſe upon occaſion when he found himſelf preſſed.

2. The mother's affecting to appear extremely artful.

3. A notion in the daughter, who is a lady of ſingular good ſenſe and virtue, that no man can love

her as he ought who can deny any thing her parents demand.

4. Carrying on the affair by letters and confidents without ſufficient interviews.

I think you cannot fail obliging many in the world, beſides my young neighbour and me, if you pleaſe to give your thoughts upon treaties of this nature, wherein all the nobility and gentry of this nation, in the unfortunate methods marriages are at preſent in, come at one time or other unavoidably to be engaged; eſpecially it is my humble requeſt you will be particular in ſpeaking to the following points, to wit,

1. Whether honourable love ought to be mentioned firſt to the young lady or her parents?

2. If to the young lady firſt, whether a man is obliged to comply with all the parents demand afterwards, under pain of breaking off diſhonourably?

3. If to the parents firſt, whether the lover may inſiſt upon what the father pretends to give, and refuſe to make ſuch ſettlement as muſt incapacitate him for any thing afterwards, without juſt imputation of being mercenary, or putting a ſlight upon the lady, by entertaining views upon the contingency of her death?

4. What inſtructions a mother ought to give her daughter upon ſuch occaſions, and what the old lady's part properly is in ſuch treaties, her huſband being alive?

5. How far a young lady is in duty obliged to obſerve her mother's directions, and not to receive any letters or meſſages without her knowledge?

6. How far a daughter is obliged to exert the power ſhe has over her lover, for the eaſe and advantage of her father and his family, and how far ſhe may conſult and endeavour the intereſt of the family ſhe is to marry into?

7. How far letters and confidents of both ſexes may regularly be employed, and wherein they are improper?

8. When

8. When a young lady's pen is employed about ſettlements, fortunes, or the like, whether it be an affront to give the ſame anſwers as if it had been in the hand-writing of thoſe that inſtructed her?

Laſtly, be pleaſed at your leiſure to correct that too common way among fathers, of publiſhing in the world that they will give their daughters twice the fortune they really intend, and thereby draw young gentlemen, whoſe eſtates are often in debt, into a dilemma, either of croſſing a fixed inclination, contracted by a long habit of thinking upon the ſame perſon, and ſo being miſerable that way, or elſe beginning the world under a burden they can never get quit of.

Thus, ſage Sir, have I laid before you all that does at preſent occur to me on the important ſubject of marriage. But before I ſeal up my epiſtle, I muſt deſire you farther to conſider how far treaties of this ſort come under the head of bargain and ſale. Whether you cannot find out meaſures to have the whole tranſacted in fairer and more open market than at preſent? How would it become you to put the laws in execution againſt foreſtallers, who take up the young things of each ſex before they are expoſed to an honeſt ſale, or the worth or imperfection of the purchaſe is thoroughly conſidered?

We mightily want a demand for women in theſe parts. I am,

Sagacious Sir,
Your moſt obedient and
moſt humble ſervant,
T. L.

No 58. Monday, May 18.

Nec ſibi ſed toti genitum ſe credere mundo. *Lucan.*

Not for himſelf, but for the world he lives.

A PUBLIC ſpirit is ſo great and amiable a character that moſt people pretend to it, and per-

haps think they have it in the moſt ordinary occurrences of life. Mrs. Cornelia Lizard buys abundance of romances for the encouragement of learning; and Mrs. Anabella ſquanders away her money in buying fine cloaths, becauſe it ſets a great many poor people at work. I know a gentleman who drinks vaſt quantities of ale and October to encourage our own manufactures, and another who takes his three bottles of French claret every night, becauſe it brings a great cuſtom to the crown.

I have been led into this chat by reading ſome letters upon my paper of Thurſday was ſe'ennight. Having there acquainted the world that I have, by long contemplation and philoſophy, attained to ſo great a ſtrength of fancy, as to believe every thing to be my own, which other people poſſeſs only for oſtentation; it ſeems that ſome perſons have taken it in their heads that they are public benefactors to the world, while they are only indulging their own ambition or infirmities. My firſt letter is from an ingenious author, who is a great friend to his country, becauſe he can get neither victuals nor cloaths any other way.

To NESTOR IRONSIDE, Eſq;

SIR,

OF all the precautions with which you have inſtructed the world, I like that beſt which is upon natural and fantaſtical pleaſure, becauſe it falls in very much with my own way of thinking. As you receive real delight from what creates only imaginary ſatisfactions in others, ſo do I raiſe to myſelf all the conveniences of life, by amuſing the fancy of the world. I am, in a word, a member of that numerous tribe who write for their daily bread. I flouriſh in a dearth of foreign news; and though I do not pretend to the ſpleen, I am never ſo well as in the time of a weſterly wind. When it blows from that auſpicious point, I raiſe to myſelf contributions from the Britiſh iſle, by affrighting my ſuperſtitious

ſtitious countrymen with printed relations of murders, ſpirits, prodigies, or monſters. According as my neceſſities ſuggeſt to me, I hereby provide for my being. The laſt ſummer I paid a large debt for brandy and tobacco, by a wonderful deſcription of a fiery dragon, and lived for ten days together upon a whale and a mermaid. When winter draws near, I generally conjure up my ſpirits, and have my apparitions ready againſt long dark evenings. From November laſt to January I lived ſolely upon murders, and have ſince that time had a comfortable ſubſiſtence from a plague and a famine. I made the Pope pay for my beef and mutton laſt Lent, out of pure ſpite to the Romiſh religion; and at preſent my good friend the King of Sweden finds me in clean linen, and the Mufti gets me credit at the tavern.

The aſtoniſhing accounts that I record I uſually enliven with wooden cuts, and the like paltry embelliſhments. They adminiſter to the curioſity of my fellow-ſubjects, and not only advance religion and virtue, but take reſtleſs ſpirits off from meddling with the public affairs. I therefore cannot think myſelf an uſeleſs burden upon earth; and that I may ſtill do the more good in my generation, I ſhall give the world, in a ſhort time, an hiſtory of my life, ſtudies, maxims, and atchievements, provided my bookſeller advances a round ſum for my copy.

I am, Sir, your's.

The ſecond is from an old friend of mine in the country, who fancies that he is perpetually doing good, becauſe he cannot live without drinking.

Old Iron,

WE take thy papers in at the bowling-green, where the country-gentlemen meet every Tueſday; and we look upon thee as a comical dog. Sir Harry was hugely pleaſed at the fancy of growing rich at other folks coſt; and for my own part, I like my own way of life the better, ſince I find I do my neighbours as much good as myſelf. I now

ſmoke

ſmoke my pipe with the greater pleaſure, becauſe my wife ſays ſhe likes it well enough at ſecond hand, and drink ſtale beer the more hardly, becauſe, unleſs I will, no body elſe does. I deſign to ſtand for our borough the next election, on purpoſe to make the 'Squire on the other ſide tap luſtily for the good of our town, and have ſome thoughts of trying to get knighted, becauſe our neighbours take a pride in ſaying they have been with Sir ſuch a one.

I have a pack of pure ſlow hounds againſt thou comeſt into the country, and Nanny, my fat doe, ſhall bleed when we have thee at Hawthorn hall. Pr'ythee do not keep ſtaring at gilt coaches, and ſtealing necklaces and trinkets from people with thy looks. Take my word for't a gallon of my October will do thee more good than all thou canſt get by fine ſights at London, which I'll engage thou may'ſt put in the ſhine of thine eye.

I am, old IRON,
Thine to command,
NIC. HAWTHORN.

The third is from a lady, who is going to ruin her family by coaches and liveries, purely out of compaſſion to us poor people that cannot go to the price of them.

SIR,

I Am a lady of birth and fortune, but never knew, till laſt Thurſday, that the ſplendor of my equipage was ſo beneficial to my country. I will not deny that I have dreſſed for ſome years out of the pride of my heart; but am very glad that you have ſo far ſettled my conſcience in that particular, that I can now look upon my vanities as ſo many virtues. Since I am ſatisfied that my perſon and garb give pleaſure to my fellow-creatures, I ſhall not think the three hours buſineſs I uſually attend at my toilette, below the dignity of a rational ſoul. I am content to ſuffer great torment from my ſtays, that my ſhape may appear graceful to the eyes of others, and often mortify

mortify myſelf with faſting, rather than my fatneſs ſhould give diſtaſte to any man in England.

I am making up a rich brocade for the benefit of mankind, and deſign in a little time to treat the town with a thouſand pounds worth of jewels. I have ordered my chariot to be new painted for your uſe and the world's, and have prevailed upon my huſband to preſent you with a pair of fine Flanders mares, by driving them every evening round the ring. Gay pendants for my ears, a coſtly croſs for my neck, a diamond of the beſt water for my finger, ſhall be purchaſed at any rate to enrich you; and I am reſolved to be a patriot in every limb. My huſband will not ſcruple to oblige me in theſe trifles, ſince I have perſuaded him from your ſcheme, that pin-money is only ſo much ſet apart for charitable uſes. You ſee, Sir, how expenſive you are to me, and I hope you will eſteem me accordingly, eſpecially when I aſſure you that I am, as far as you can ſee me,

Entirely your's,

CLEORA.

No 59. Tueſday, May 19.

Sic honor et nomen divinus vatibus atque
Carminibus venit—— *Hor. Ars Poet. v.* 400.

So ancient is the pedigree of verſe,
And ſo divine a poet's function. *Roſcommon.*

THE tragedy of Cato has increaſed the number of my correſpondents; but none of them can take it ill, that I give the preference to the letters which come from a learned body, and which on this occaſion may not improperly be termed the *plauſus academici*. The firſt is from my Lady Lizard's youngeſt ſon, who, as I mentioned in a former precaution, is fellow of All-ſouls, and applies himſelf to the ſtudy of divinity.

SIR,

SIR,

I Return you thanks for your preſent of Cato. I have read it over ſeveral times with the greateſt attention and pleaſure imaginable. You deſire to know my thoughts of it, and at the ſame time compliment me upon my knowledge of the ancient poets. Perhaps you may not allow me to be a good judge of them, when I tell you that the tragedy of Cato exceeds, in my opinion, any of the dramatic pieces of the ancients. But thoſe are books I have ſome time ſince laid by; being, as you know, engaged in the reading of divinity, and converſant chiefly in the poetry of the truly inſpired writers. I ſcarce thought any modern tragedy could have mixed ſuitably with ſuch ſerious ſtudies; and little imagined to have found ſuch exquiſite poetry, much leſs ſuch exalted ſentiments of virtue, in the dramatic performance of a cotemporary.

How elegant, juſt, and virtuous is that reflection of Portius!

The ways of Heav'n are dark and intricate,
Puzzled in mazes, and perplex'd with errors;
Our underſtanding traces them in vain,
Loſt and bewilder'd in the fruitleſs ſearch;
Nor ſees with how much art the windings run,
Nor where the regular confuſion ends.

Cato's ſoliloquy at the beginning of the fifth act is inimitable, as indeed is almoſt every thing in the whole play. But what I would obſerve, by particularly pointing at theſe places, is, that ſuch virtuous and moral ſentiments were never before put into the mouth of a Britiſh actor; and I congratulate my countrymen on the virtue they have ſhown, in giving them (as you tell me) ſuch loud and repeated applauſes. They have now cleared themſelves of the imputation which a late writer had thrown upon them in his ſpeculation. Give me leave to tranſcribe his words.

'In the firſt ſcene of Terence's play, the Self-tor-
'mentor, when one of the old men accuſes the oth-
'of impertinence for interpoſing in his affairs, he a-
'ſwers "I am a man, and cannot help feeling any ſo-
'ro-

'row that can arrive at man." It is ſaid this ſen-
'tence was received with univerſal applauſe. There
'cannot be a greater argument of the general good
'underſtanding of a people, than a ſudden conſent
'to give their approbation of a ſentiment which has
'no emotion in it.

'If it were ſpoken with never ſo great ſkill in the
'actor, the manner of uttering that ſentence could
'have nothing in it which could ſtrike any but peo-
'ple of the greateſt humanity, nay, people elegant
'and ſkilful in obſervations upon it. It is poſſible
'he might have laid his hand on his breaſt, and,
'with a winning inſinuation in his countenance, ex-
'preſſed to his neighbour that he was a man who
'made his caſe his own; yet I'll engage, a player
'in Covent-garden might hit ſuch an attitude a
'thouſand times before he would have been regard-
'ed.' Theſe obſervations in favour of the Roman people may now very juſtly be applied to our own nation.

Here will I hold. If there's a pow'r above us,
(And that there is, all nature cries aloud
Thro' all her works), he muſt delight in virtue;
And that which he delights in muſt be happy.

This will be allowed, I hope, to be as virtuous a ſentiment as that which he quotes out of Terence; and the general applauſe with which (you ſay) it was received, muſt certainly make this writer, notwithſtanding his great aſſurance in pronouncing upon our ill taſte, alter his opinion of his countrymen.

Our poetry, I believe, and not our morals, has been generally worſe than that of the Romans; for it is plain when we can equal the beſt dramatic performance of that polite age, a Britiſh audience may vie with the Roman theatre in the virtue of their applauſes.

However different in other things our opinions may be, all parties agree in doing honour to a man who is an honour to our country. How are our hearts warmed by this excellent tragedy, with the love

love of liberty and our conſtitution! How irreſiſtible is virtue in the character of Cato! Who would not ſay, with the Numidian Prince to Marcia,

I'll gaze for ever on thy godlike father,
Tranſplanting, one by one, into my life
His bright perfections, till I ſhine like him.

Rome herſelf received not ſo great advantages from her patriot as Britain will from this admirable repreſentation of him. Our Britiſh Cato improves our language as well as our morals; nor will it be in the power of tyrants to rob us of him, or, to uſe the laſt line of an epigram to the author,

In vain your Cato ſtabs, he cannot die.

I am, Sir,

Oxon, All ſouls Col. May 6.

Your moſt obliged humble ſervant,
WILLIAM LIZARD.

Mr. IRONSIDE, *Oxon, Chriſt-church, May* 7.

YOU are, I perceive, a very wary old fellow; more cautious than a late brother-writer of your's, who, at the rehearſal of a new play, would, at the hazard of his judgment, endeavour to prepoſſeſs the town in its favour; whereas you very prudently waited till the tragedy of Cato had gained an univerſal and irreſiſtible applauſe, and then, with great boldneſs, ventured to pronounce your opinion of it to be the ſame with that of all mankind. I'll leave you to conſider whether ſuch a conduct becomes a Guardian, who ought to point out to us proper entertainment, and inſtruct us when to beſtow our applauſe. However, in ſo plain a caſe, we did not wait for your directions; and I muſt tell you, that none here were earlier or louder in their praiſes of Cato than we at Chriſt-church. This may, I hope, convince you that we don't deſerve the character which envious dull fellows give us, of allowing no body to have wit or parts but thoſe of our own body, eſpecially when I let you know that we are many of us,

Your affectionate humble ſervants.

To

To NESTOR IRONSIDE, Esq;

Mr. IRONSIDE, *Oxon. Wad. Col. May* 7.

WERE the seat of the muses silent, while London is so loud in their applause of Cato, the university's title to that name might very well be suspected;—in justice therefore to your *alma mater*, let the world know our opinion of that tragedy here.

The author's other works had raised our expectation of it to a very great height, yet it exceeds whatever we could promise to ourselves from so great a genius.

Cæsar will no longer be a hero in our declamations. This tragedy has at once stripped him of all the flattery and false colours which the historians and the classic authors had thrown upon him; and we shall for the future treat him as a murderer of the best patriot of his age, and a destroyer of the liberties of his country. Cato, as represented in these scenes, will cast a blacker shade on the memory of that usurper, than the picture of him did upon his triumph. Had this finished dramatic piece appeared some hundred years ago, Cæsar would have lost so many centuries of fame, and monarchs had disdained to let themselves be called by his name. However, it will be an honour to the times we live in, to have had such a work produced in them; and a pretty speculation for posterity to observe, that the tragedy of Cato was acted with general applause in 1713.

I am, Sir,

Your most humble servant, &c.

A. B.

P. S. The French translation of Cato, now in the press, will I hope be, *in usum Delphini*.

N° 60. Wedneſday, May 20.

Nihil legebat quod non excerperet. *Plin. Epiſt.*
He pick'd ſomething out of every thing he read.

To NESTOR IRONSIDE, Eſq;

SIR,

THERE is nothing in which men deceive themſelves more ridiculouſly, than in point of reading, and which, as it is commonly practiſed under the notion of improvement, has leſs advantage. The generality of readers who are pleaſed with wandering over a number of books almoſt at the ſame inſtant, or if confined to one, who purſue the author with much hurry and impatience to his laſt page, muſt, without doubt, be allowed to be notable digeſters. This unſettled way of reading naturally ſeduces us into as undetermined a manner of thinking, which unprofitably fatigues the imagination, when a continued chain of thought would probably produce ineſtimable concluſions. All authors are eligible either for their matter or ſtile; if for the firſt, the elucidation and diſpoſition of it into proper lights, ought to employ a judicious reader; if for the laſt, he ought to obſerve how ſome common words are ſtarted into a new ſignification, how ſuch epithets are beautifully reconciled to things that ſeemed incompatible, and muſt often remember the whole ſtructure of period, becauſe by the leaſt tranſpoſition, that aſſemblage of words which is called a ſtile, becomes utterly annihilated. The ſwift diſpatch of common readers, not only eludes their memory, but betrays their apprehenſion, when the turn of thought and expreſſion would inſenſibly grow natural to them, would they but give themſelves time to receive the impreſſion. Suppoſe we fix one of theſe readers in his eaſy chair, and obſerve him paſſing

ſing through a book with a grave ruminating face, how ridiculouſly muſt he look, if we deſire him to give an accont of an author he has juſt read over? and how unheeded muſt the general character of it be, when given by one of theſe ſerene unobſervers? The common defence of theſe people is, that they have no deſign in reading but for pleaſure, which I think ſhould rather ariſe from the reflection and remembrance of what one has read, than from the tranſient ſatisfaction of what one does, and we ſhould be pleaſed proportionably as we are profited. It is prodigious arrogance in any one to imagine, that by one haſty courſe through a book he can fully enter into the ſoul and ſecrets of a writer, whoſe life perhaps has been buſied in the birth of ſuch production. Books that do not immediately concern ſome profeſſion or ſcience are generally run over as mere empty entertainments, rather than as a matter of improvement; though, in my opinion, a refined ſpeculation upon morality or hiſtory, requires as much time and capacity to collect and digeſt, as the moſt obſtruſe treatiſe of any profeſſion; and I think beſides, there can be no book well written, but what muſt neceſſarily improve the underſtanding of the reader, even in the very profeſſion to which he applies himſelf. For to reaſon with ſtrength, and expreſs himſelf with propriety, muſt equally concern the divine, the phyſician, and the lawyer. My own courſe of looking into books has occaſioned theſe reflections, and the following account may ſuggeſt more.

Having been bred up under a relation that had a pretty large ſtudy of books, it became my province once a week to duſt them. In the performance of this duty, as I was obliged to take down every particular book, I thought there was no way to deceive the toil of my journey through the different abodes and habitations of theſe authors, but by reading ſomething in every one of them, and in this manner to make my paſſage eaſy from the comely folio in the upper ſhelf or region, even through the crowd of duodecimo's in the lower. By frequent ex-

ercise I became so great a proficient in this transitory application to books, that I could hold open half a dozen small authors in one hand, grasping them with as secure a dexterity as a drawer doth his glasses, and feasting my curious eye with all of them at the same instant. Through these methods the natural irresolution of my youth was much strengthened; and having no leisure, if I had had inclination, to make pertinent observations in writing, I was thus confirmed a very early wanderer. When I was sent to Oxford, my chiefest expence run upon books, and my only consideration in such expence upon numbers; so that you may be sure I had what they call a choice collection, sometimes buying by the pound, sometimes by the dozen, at other times by the hundred. For the more pleasant use of a multitude of books, I had, by frequent conferences with an ingenious joiner, contrived a machine of an orbicular structure, that had its particular receptions for a dozen authors, and which, with the least touch of the finger, would whirl round, and present the reader at once with a delicious view of its full furniture. Thrice a-day did I change not only the books but the languages, and had used my eye to such a quick succession of objects, that in the most precipitate twirl I could catch a sentence out of each author, as it passed fleeting by me. Thus my hours, days, and years flew unprofitably away; but yet were agreeably lengthened by being distinguished with this endearing variety; and I cannot but think myself very fortunate in my contrivance of this engine, with its several new editions and amendments, which have contributed so much to the delight of all studious vagabonds. When I had been resident the usual time at Oxford that gains one admission into the public library, I was the happiest creature on earth, promising to myself most delightful travels through this new world of literature. Sometimes you might see me mounted upon a ladder, in search of some Arabian manuscripts, which had slept in a certain corner undisturbed for many years. Once I had the misfortune to fall from this eminence, and catching at the chains of the books, was seen hanging

hanging in a very merry poſture, with two or three large folios rattling about my neck, till the humanity of Mr. Crab, the librarian, diſintangled us.

As I always held it neceſſary to read in public places, by way of oſtentation, but could not poſſibly travel with a library in my pockets, I took the following method to gratify this errantry of mine. I contrived a little pocket book, each leaf of which was a different author, ſo that my wandering was indulged and concealed within the ſame incloſure.

This extravagant humour, which ſhould ſeem to pronounce me irrecoverable, had the contrary effect; and my hand and eye being thus confined to a ſingle book, in a little time reconciled me to the peruſal of a ſingle author. However, I choſe ſuch a one as had as little connection as poſſible, turning to the proverbs of Solomon, where the beſt inſtructions are thrown together in the moſt beautiful range imaginable, and where I found all that variety which I had before ſought in ſo many different authors, and which was ſo neceſſary to beguile my attention. By theſe proper degrees I have made ſo glorious a reformation in my ſtudies, that I can keep company with Tully in his moſt extended periods, and work through the continued narrations of the moſt prolix hiſtorian. I now read nothing without making exact collections, and ſhall ſhortly give the world an inſtance of this in the publication of the following diſcourſes. The firſt is a learned controverſy about the exiſtence of griffins, in which I hope to convince the world that notwithſtanding ſuch a mixed creature has been allowed by Ælian, Solinus, Mela, and Herodotus, that they have been perfectly miſtaken in that matter, and ſhall ſupport myſelf by the authority of Albertus, Pliny, Aldrovandus, and Matthias Michovius; which two laſt have clearly argued that animal out of the creation.

The ſecond is a treatiſe of ſternutation or ſneezing, with the original cuſtom of ſaluting or bleſſing upon that motion; as alſo with a problem from Ariſtotle, ſhewing why ſneezing from noon to night was inno-

cent enough, from night to noon extremely unfortunate.

The third and moſt curious is my diſcourſe upon the nature of the lake Aſphaltites, or the lake of Sodom; being a very careful enquiry, whether brickbats and iron will ſwim in that lake, and feathers ſink, as Pliny and Mandevil have averred.

The diſcuſſing theſe difficulties without perplexity or prejudice, the labour of collecting and collating matters of this nature, will, I hope, in a great meaſure atone for the idle hours I have trifled away in matters of leſs importance. I am,

SIR,

Your humble ſervant,

N° 61. Thurſday, May 21.

——Primoque a cæde ferarum
Incaluiſſe putem maculatum ſanguine ferrum.
Ovid. Met. l. 15. *v.* 106.

Th' eſſay of bloody feaſts on brutes began,
And after forg'd the ſword to murder man. *Dryden.*

I Cannot think it extravagant to imagine that mankind are no leſs in proportion accountable for the ill uſe of their dominion over creatures of the lower rank of beings, than for the exerciſe of tyranny over their own ſpecies. The more entirely the inferior creation is ſubmitted to our power, the more anſwerable we ſhould ſeem for our miſmanagement of it; and the rather, as the very condition of nature renders theſe creatures incapable of receiving any recompence in another life for their ill treatment in this.

It is obſervable of thoſe noxious animals, which have qualities moſt powerful to injure us, that they naturally avoid mankind, and never hurt us, unleſs provoked, or neceſſitated by hunger. Man, on the other hand, ſeeks out and purſues even the moſt inoffenſive

offenſive animals, on purpoſe to perſecute and deſtroy them.

Montaigne thinks it ſome reflection upon human nature itſelf that few people take delight in ſeeing beaſts careſs or play together, but almoſt every one is pleaſed to ſee them lacerate and worry one another. I am ſorry this temper is become almoſt a diſtinguiſhing character of our own nation, from the obſervation which is made by foreigners of our beloved paſtimes, bear-baiting, cock-fighting, and the like. We ſhould find it hard to vindicate the deſtroying of any thing that has life merely out of wantonneſs; yet in this principle our children are bred up, and one of the firſt pleaſures we allow them is the licence of inflicting pain upon poor animals. Almoſt as ſoon as we are ſenſible of what life is ourſelves, we make it our ſport to take it from other creatures. I cannot but believe a very good uſe might be made of the fancy which children have for birds and inſects. Mr. Locke takes notice of a mother who permitted them to her children, but rewarded or puniſhed them as they treated them well or ill. This was no other than entering them betimes into a daily exerciſe of humanity, and improving their very diverſion to a virtue.

I fancy, too, ſome advantage might be taken of the common notion, that it is ominous or unlucky to deſtroy ſome ſorts of birds, as ſwallows and martins. This opinion might poſſibly ariſe from the confidence theſe birds ſeem to put in us, by building under our roofs? ſo that it is a kind of violation of the laws of hoſpitality to murder them. As for robin-red-breaſts in particular, it is not improbable they owe their ſecurity to the old ballad of the Children in the Wood. However it be, I do not know, I ſay, why this prejudice, well improved, and carried as far as it would go, might not be made to conduce to the preſervation of many innocent creatures, which are now expoſed to all the wantonneſs of an ignorant barbarity.

There

There are other animals that have the misfortune, for no manner of reaſon, to be treated as common enemies wherever found. The conceit that a cat has nine lives, has coſt at leaſt nine lives in ten of the whole race of them. Scarce a boy in the ſtreets but has in this point outdone Hercules himſelf, who was famous for killing a monſter that had but three lives. Whether the unaccountable animoſity againſt this uſeful domeſtic may be any cauſe of the general perſecution of owls (who are a ſort of feathered cats), or whether it be only an unreaſonable pique the moderns have taken to a ſerious countenance, I ſhall not determine; though I am inclined to believe the former, ſince I obſerve the ſole reaſon alledged for the deſtruction of frogs is becauſe they are like toads; yet, amidſt all the misfortunes of theſe unfriended creatures, it is ſome happineſs that we have not yet taken a fancy to eat them; for ſhould our countrymen refine upon the French never ſo little, it is not to be conceived to what unheard-of torments owls, cats, and frogs, may yet be reſerved.

When we grow up to men, we have another ſucceſſion of ſanguinary ſports, in particular hunting. I dare not attack a diverſion which has ſuch authority and cuſtom to ſupport it, but muſt have leave to be of opinion that the agitation of that exerciſe, with the example and number of the chaſers, not a little contribute to reſiſt thoſe checks which compaſſion would naturally ſuggeſt in behalf of the animal purſued. Nor ſhall I ſay, with Monſieur Fleury, that this ſport is a remain of the Gothic barbarity; but I muſt animadvert upon a certain cuſtom yet in uſe with us, and barbarous enough to be derived from the Goths, or even the Scythians; I mean that ſavage compliment our huntſmen paſs upon ladies of quality, who are preſent at the death of a ſtag, when they put the knife in their hands, to cut the throat of a helpleſs, trembling, and weeping creature.

——Queſtuque cruentus,
Atque imploranti ſimilis.——

'——That lies beneath the knife,
'Looks up, and from her butcher begs her life.'

But if our ſports are deſtructive, our gluttony is more ſo, and in a more inhuman manner. Lobſters roaſted alive, pigs whipt to death, fowls ſewed up, are teſtimonies of our outrageous luxury. Thoſe who, as Seneca expreſſes it, divide their lives betwixt an anxious conſcience and a nauſeated ſtomach, have a juſt reward of their gluttony in the diſeaſes it brings with it; for human ſavages, like other wild beaſts, find ſnares and poiſon in the proviſions of life, and are allured by their appetite to their deſtruction. I know nothing more ſhocking or horrid than the proſpect of one of their kitchens covered with blood, and filled with the cries of creatures expiring in tortures. It gives one an image of a giant's den in a romance, beſtrowed with the ſcattered heads and mangled limbs of thoſe who were ſlain by his cruelty.

The excellent Plutarch, who has more ſtrokes of good-nature in his writings than I remember in any author, cites a ſaying of Cato to this effect, That 'it 'is no eaſy taſk to preach to the belly which has no 'ears. Yet if,' ſays he, 'we are aſhamed to be ſo 'out of faſhion as not to offend, let us at leaſt offend 'with ſome diſcretion and meaſure. If we kill an 'animal for our proviſion, let us do it with the 'meltings of compaſſion, and without tormenting it. 'Let us conſider, that it is in its own nature cruelty 'to put a living creature to death; we at leaſt de-'ſtroy a ſoul that has ſenſe and perception.'—In the life of Cato the Cenſor, he takes occaſion, from the ſevere diſpoſition of that man, to diſcourſe in this manner: 'It ought to be eſteemed a happineſs to 'mankind, that our humanity has a wider ſphere to 'exert itſelf in, than bare juſtice. It is no more than 'the obligation of our very birth to practice equity 'to our own kind; but humanity may be extended 'through the whole order of creatures, even to the

'meaneſt.

'meaneſt. Such actions of charity are the over-
'flowings of a mild good nature on all below us. It
'is certainly the part of a well-natured man to take
'care of his horſes and dogs, not only in expectation
'of their labour while they are foals and whelps, but
'even when their old age has made them incapable
'of ſervice.'

Hiſtory tells us of a wiſe and polite nation, that rejected a perſon of the firſt quality, who ſtood for a judiciary office, only becauſe he had been obſerved in his youth to take pleaſure in tearing and murdering of birds; and of another, that expelled a man out of the ſenate for daſhing a bird againſt the ground, which had taken ſhelter in his boſom. Every one knows how remarkable the Turks are for their humanity in this kind. I remember an Arabian author, who has written a treatiſe, to ſhow how far a man, ſuppoſed to have ſubſiſted in a deſart iſland without any inſtruction, or ſo much as the ſight of any other man, may, by the pure light of nature, attain the knowledge of philoſophy and virtue. One of the firſt things he makes him obſerve, is that univerſal benevolence of nature in the protection and preſervation of its creatures. In imitation of which, the firſt act of virtue he thinks his ſelf-taught philoſopher would of courſe fall into, is, to relieve and aſſiſt all the animals about him in their wants and diſtreſſes.

Ovid has ſome very tender and pathetic lines applicable to this occaſion.

Quid meruiſtis oves, placidum pecus, inque tuendos
Natum homines, pleno quæ fertis in ubere nectar?
Mollia quæ nobis veſtras velamina lanas
Præbetis; vitaque magis quam morte juvatis?
Quid meruëre boves, animal ſine fraude doliſque,
Innocuum, ſimplex, natum tolerare labores?
Immemor eſt demum, nec frugum munere dignus,
Qui potuit, curvi dempto modo pondere aratri,
Ruricolam mactare ſuum— *Met. l.* 15. *v.* 116.

Quam

Quam malè conſuevit, quam ſe parat ille cruori
Impius humano, vituli qui guttura cultro
Rumpit, et immotas præbet mugitibus aures!
Aut qui vagitus ſimiles puerilibus hœdum
Edentem jugulare poteſt!—— *Ib. v.* 463.

'The ſheep was ſacrific'd on no pretence,
'But meek and unreſiſting innocence:
'A patient, uſeful creature, born to bear
'The warm and woolly fleece that cloth'd her murderer;
'And daily to give down the milk ſhe bred,
'A tribute for the graſs on which ſhe fed.
'Living, both food and raiment ſhe ſupplies,
'And is of leaſt advantage when ſhe dies.
'How did the toiling ox his death deſerve?
'A downright ſimple drudge, and born to ſerve.
'O tyrant! with what juſtice can'ſt thou hope
'The promiſe of the year, a plenteous crop,
'When thou deſtroy'ſt thy lab'ring ſteer, who till'd,
'And plow'd with pains, thy elſe ungrateful field!
'From his yet reeking neck to draw the yoke,
'That neck with which the ſurly clods he broke;
'And to the hatchet yield thy huſbandman,
'Who finiſh'd autumn, and the ſpring began?
- -
'What more advance can mortals make in ſin
'So near perfection, who with blood begin?
'Deaf to the calf that lies beneath the knife,
'Looks up, and from the butcher begs her life:
'Deaf to the harmleſs kid, that, ere he dies,
'All methods to procure thy mercy tries,
'And imitates in vain thy children's cries.'

Dryden.

Perhaps that voice or cry ſo nearly reſembling the human, with which Providence has endued ſo many different animals, might purpoſely be given them to move our pity, and prevent thoſe cruelties we are too apt to inflict on our fellow-creatures.

There

There is a paſſage in the book of Jonas, when God declares his unwillingneſs to deſtroy Nineveh, where, methinks, that compaſſion of the Creator which extends to the meaneſt rank of his creatures, is expreſſed with wonderful tenderneſs.—'Should not I ſpare Nine-
'veh, that great city, wherein are more than ſixſcore
'thouſand perſons, and alſo much cattle? And we have in Deuteronomy a precept of great good-nature of this ſort, with a bleſſing annexed to it, in thoſe words: 'If thou ſhalt find a bird's neſt in the way
'thou ſhalt not take the dam with the young: but
'thou ſhalt in any wiſe let the dam go; that it may
'be well with thee, and that thou mayeſt prolong
'thy days.'

To conclude, there is certainly a degree of gratitude owing to thoſe animals that ſerve us. As for ſuch as are mortal or noxious, we have a right to deſtroy them; and for thoſe that are neither of advantage or prejudice to us, the common enjoyment of life is what I cannot think we ought to deprive them of.

This whole matter, with regard to each of theſe conſiderations, is ſet in a very agreeable light in one of the Perſian fables of Pilpay, with which I ſhall end this paper.

A traveller paſſing through a thicket, and ſeeing a few ſparks of a fire, which ſome paſſengers had kindled as they went that way before, made up to it. On a ſudden the ſparks caught hold of a buſh, in the midſt of which lay an adder, and ſet it in flames. The adder intreated the traveller's aſſiſtance; who tying a bag to the end of his ſtaff, reached it, and drew him out. He then bid him go where he pleaſed; but never more be hurtful to men, ſince he owed his live to a man's compaſſion. The adder, however, prepared to ſting him; and when he expoſtulated how unjuſt it was to retaliate good with evil, 'I ſhall
'do no more,' ſaid the adder, 'than what you men
'practiſe every day, whoſe cuſtom it is to requite be-
'nefits with ingratitude. If you cannot deny this
'truth, let us refer it to the firſt we meet. The
'man conſented, and ſeeing a tree, put the queſtion
to

to it, in what manner a good turn was to be recompenſed? 'If you mean according to the uſage of 'men,' replied the tree, 'by its contrary; I have 'been ſtanding here theſe hundred years to protect 'them from the ſcorching ſun, and in requital they 'have cut down my branches, and are going to ſaw 'my body into planks.' Upon this the adder inſulting the man, he appealed to a ſecond evidence, which was granted, and immediately they met a cow. The ſame demand was made, and much the ſame anſwer given, that among men it was cer-'tainly ſo. 'I know it,' ſaid the cow, 'by woeful 'experience; for I have ſerved a man this long time 'with milk, butter, and cheeſe, and brought him 'beſides a calf every year; but now I am old, he 'turns me into this paſture with deſign to ſell me 'to a butcher, who will ſhortly make an end of me.' The traveller upon this ſtood confounded; but deſired, of courteſy, one trial more, to be finally judged by the next beaſt they ſhould meet. This happened to be a fox; who, upon hearing the ſtory in all it circumſtances, could not be perſuaded it was poſſible for the adder to enter into ſo narrow a bag. The adder, to convince him, went in again; when the fox told the man, he had now his enemy in his power; and with that he faſtened the bag, and cruſhed him to pieces.

N° 62. Friday, May 22.

O fortunatos nimium ſua ſi bona norint!

Virg. Georg. 2. *v.* 458

Too happy, if they knew their happy ſtate!

UPON the late election of king's ſcholars, my curioſity drew me to Weſtminſter-ſchool. The ſight of a place where I had not been for many years revived in my thoughts the tender images of my childhood, which by a great length of time had con-

tracted a ſoftneſs that rendered them inexpreſſibly aggreeable. As it is uſual with me to draw a ſecret unenvied pleaſure from a thouſand incidents overlooked by other men, I threw myſelf into a ſhort tranſport, forgetting my age, and fancying myſelf a ſchool-boy.

This imagination was ſtrongly favoured by the preſence of ſo many young boys, in whoſe looks were legible the ſprightly paſſions of that age which raiſed in me a ſort of ſympathy. Warm blood thrilled through every vein; the faded memory of thoſe enjoyments that once gave me pleaſure put on more lively colours, and a thouſand gay amuſements filled my mind.

It was not without regret that I was forſaken by this waking dream. The cheapneſs of puerile delights, the guiltleſs joy they leave upon the mind, the blooming hopes that lift up the ſoul in the aſcent of life, the pleaſure that attends the gradual opening of the imagination, and the dawn of reaſon, made me think moſt men found that ſtage the moſt agreeable part of their journey.

When men come to riper years, the innocent diverſions which exalted the ſpirits, and produced health of body, indolence of mind, and refreſhing ſlumbers, are too oft exchanged for criminal delights, which fill the ſoul with anguiſh, and the body with diſeaſe. The grateful employment of admiring, and raiſing themſelves to an imitation of the polite ſtyle, beautiful images, and noble ſentiments of ancient authors, is abandoned for law Latin, the lucubrations of our paltry newſmongers, and that ſwarm of vile pamphlets which corrupt our taſte, and infeſt the public. The ideas of virtue, which the characters of heroes had imprinted on their minds, inſenſibly wear out, and they come to be influenced by the nearer examples of a degenerate age.

In the morning of life, when the ſoul firſt makes her entrance into the world, all things look freſh and gay; their novelty ſurpriſes, and every little glitter or gaudy colour tranſports the ſtranger. But by degrees the ſenſe grows callous, and we looſe that exquiſite

quiſite reliſh of trifles, by the time our minds ſhould be ſuppoſed ripe for rational entertainments. I cannot make this reflection without being touched with a commiſeration of that ſpecies called beaus, the happineſs of thoſe men neceſſarily terminating with their childhood, who, from a want of knowing other purſuits, continue a fondneſs for the delights of that age, after the reliſh of them is decayed.

Providence hath, with a bountiful hand, prepared variety of pleaſures for the various ſtages of life. It behoves us not to be wanting to ourſelves, in forwarding the intention of nature, by the culture of our minds, and a due preparation of each faculty for the enjoyment of thoſe objects it is capable of being affected with.

As our parts open and diſplay by gentle degrees, we riſe from the gratifications of ſenſe, to reliſh thoſe of the mind. In the ſcale of pleaſure the loweſt are ſenſual delights, which are ſucceeded by the more enlarged views and gay portraitures of a lively imagination; and theſe give way to the ſublimer pleaſures of reaſon, which diſcovers the cauſes and deſigns, the frame, connection, and ſymmetry of things, and fills the mind with the contemplation of intellectual beauty, order, and truth.

Hence I regard our public ſchools and univerſities, not only as nurſeries of men for the ſervice of the church and ſtate, but alſo as places deſigned to teach mankind the moſt refined luxury, to raiſe the mind to its due perfection, and give it a taſte for thoſe entertainments which afford the higheſt tranſport without the groſſneſs or remorſe that attend vulgar enjoyments.

In thoſe bleſſed retreats men enjoy the ſweets of ſolitude, and yet converſe with the greateſt genii that have appeared in every age, wander through the delightful mazes of every art and ſcience, and as they gradually enlarge their ſphere of knowledge, at once rejoice in their preſent poſſeſſions, and are animated by the boundleſs proſpect of future diſcoveries. There a generous emulation, a noble thirſt of fame, a love of truth, and honourable regards, reign

in minds as yet untainted from the world. There the ſtock of learning tranſmitted down from the ancients is preſerved, and receives a daily increaſe; and it is thence propagated by men, who having finiſhed their ſtudies, go into the world, and ſpread that general knowledge and good taſte throughout the land, which is ſo diſtant from the barbariſm of its ancient inhabitants, or the fierce genius of its invaders. And as it is evident that our literature is owing to the ſchools and univerſities, ſo it cannot be denied that theſe are owing to religion.

It was chiefly, if not altogether, upon religious conſiderations, that princes, as well as private perſons, have erected colleges, and aſſigned liberal endowments to ſtudents and profeſſors. Upon the ſame account they meet with encouragement and protection from all Chriſtian ſtates, as being eſteemed a neceſſary means to have the ſacred oracles and primitive traditions of Chriſtianity preſerved and underſtood. And it is well known, that after a long night of ignorance and ſuperſtition the reformation of the church and that of learning began together, and made proportionable advances; the latter having been the effect of the former, which of courſe engaged men in the ſtudy of the learned languages, and of antiquity.

Or, if a free-thinker is ignorant of theſe facts, he may be convinced from the manifeſt reaſon of the thing. Is it not plain that our ſkill in literature is owing to the knowledge of Greek and Latin, which, that they are ſtill preſerved among us, can be aſcribed only to a religious regard? What elſe ſhould be the cauſe why the youth of Chriſtendom, above the reſt of mankind, are educated in the painful ſtudy of thoſe dead languages, and that religious ſocieties ſhould peculiarly be employed in acquiring that ſort of knowledge, and teaching it to others?

And it is more than probable, that, in caſe our free-thinkers could once atchieve their glorious deſign of ſinking the credit of the Chriſtian religion, and cauſing thoſe revenues to be withdrawn, which their

their wiſer foreſathers had appointed to the ſupport and encouragement of its teachers, in a little time the Shaſter would be as intelligible as the Greek Teſtament, and we, who want that ſpirit and curioſity which diſtinguiſhed the ancient Grecians, would by degrees relapſe into the ſame ſtate of barbariſm which overſpread the northern nations before they were enlightened by Chriſtianity.

Some, perhaps, from the ill tendency and vile taſte which appear in their writings, may ſuſpect that the free-thinkers are carrying on a malicious deſign againſt the belles lettres: for my part, I rather conceive them as unthinking wretches, of ſhort views and narrow capacities, who are not able to penetrate into the cauſes or conſequences of things.

N° 63. Saturday, May 23.

Ζεῦ πάτερ, ἀλλὰ σὺ ῥῦσαι ὑπ' ἠέρος υἷας Ἀχαιῶν.
Ποίησον δ' αἴθρην, δὸς δ' ὀφθαλμοῖσιν ἰδέσθαι,
Ἐν δὲ φάει καὶ ὄλεσσον. Hom. Il. 17. v. 643.

O king! O father! hear my humble pray'r;
Diſpel this cloud, the light of heav'n reſtore;
Give me to ſee, and Ajax aſks no more:
If Greece muſt periſh, we thy will obey;
But let us periſh in the face of day! *Pope.*

I AM obliged, for many reaſons, to inſert this firſt letter, though it takes me out of my way, eſpecially on a Saturday; but the ribaldry of ſome part of that will be abundantly made up by the quotation in the ſecond.

To NESTOR IRONSIDE, Eſq;

SIR, *Friday, May 22, 1713.*

THE Examiner of this day conſiſts of reflections upon the letter I writ to you, publiſhed in your's of the 12th inſtant. The ſentence upon which

he ſpends moſt of his invectives is this: 'I will give 'myſelf no manner of liberty to make gueſſes at him, 'if I may ſay him; for though ſometimes I have 'been told by familiar friends, that they ſaw me 'ſuch a time talking to the Examiner; others, who 'have rallied me upon the ſins of my youth, tell 'me, it is credibly reported that I have formerly 'lain with the Examiner.'

Now, Mr. Ironſide, what was there in all this, but ſaying, 'I cannot tell what to do in this caſe; 'there has been named for this paper one for whom 'I have a value, and another whom I cannot but 'neglect?' I have named no man: but if there be any gentleman who wrongfully lies under the imputation of being, or aſſiſting the Examiner, he would do well to do himſelf juſtice under his own hand, in the eye of the world. As to the exaſperated miſtreſs, the Examiner demands, in her behalf, a reparation for offended innocence. This is pleaſant language, when ſpoken of this perſon; he wants to have me unſay what he makes me to have ſaid before. I declare then it was a falſe report which was ſpread concerning me and a lady, ſometimes reputed the author of the Examiner; and I can now make her no reparation, but in begging her pardon that I never lay with her.

I ſpeak all this only in regard to the Examiner's offended innocence, and will make no reply as to what relates merely to myſelf. I have ſaid before, 'he is welcome from henceforward to treat me as 'he pleaſes.' But the bit of Greek which I entreat you to put at the front of to-morrow's paper, ſpeaks all my ſenſe on this occaſion. It is a ſpeech put in the mouth of Ajax, who is engaged in the dark: he cries out to Jupiter, 'Give me but day-light; let me 'but ſee my foe, and let him deſtroy me if he can.'

But when he repeats his ſtory of the general for life, I cannot hear him with ſo much patience. He may inſinuate what he pleaſes to the miniſtry of me; but I am ſure I could not, if I would, by detraction, do them more injury, than he does by his ill-placed, ignorant,

ignorant, nauſeous flattery. One of them, whoſe talent is addreſs and ſkill in the world, he calls Cato; another, whoſe praiſe is converſation-wit, and a taſte of pleaſures, is alſo Cato. Can any thing in nature be more out of character, or more expoſe thoſe whom he would commend to the raillery of his adverſaries, than comparing theſe to Cato? But gentlemen of their eminence are to be treated with reſpect, and not to ſuffer becauſe a ſycophant has applauded them in a wrong place.

As much as he ſays, I am in defiance with thoſe in preſent power, I will lay before them one point that would do them more honour than any one circumſtance in their whole adminiſtration, which is, to ſhew their reſentment of the Examiner's nauſeous applauſe of themſelves, and licentious calumny of their predeceſſors. Till they do themſelves that juſtice, men of ſenſe will believe they are pleaſed with the adulation of a proſtitute, who heaps upon them injudicious applauſes, for which he makes way, by random abuſes upon thoſe who are in preſent poſſeſſion of all that is laudable.

I am, SIR,
your moſt humble ſervant,
RICHARD STEELE.

To Mr. IRONSIDE.

SIR,

A Mind ſo well qualified as your's, muſt receive every day large improvements, when exerciſed upon ſuch truths which are the glory of our natures; ſuch as theſe which lead us to an endleſs happineſs in our life ſucceeding this. I herewith ſend you Dr. Lucas's Practical Chriſtianity, for your ſerious peruſal. If you have already read it, I deſire you would give it to one of your friends who have not. I think you cannot recommend it better, than in inſerting, by way of ſpecimen, theſe paſſages which I point to you as follows:

'That I have in this ſtate I am now in, a ſoul as 'well as a body, whoſe intereſt concerns me, is a 'truth

'truth my ſenſe ſufficiently diſcovers; for I feel 'joys and ſorrows, which do not make their abode 'in the organs of the body, but in the inmoſt receſſes 'of the mind; pains and pleaſures which ſenſe is 'too groſs and heavy to partake of; as the peace or 'trouble of conſcience in the reflection upon good or 'evil actions; the delight or vexation of the mind 'in the contemplation of, or a fruitleſs enquiry after 'excellent and important truths.

'And ſince I have ſuch a ſoul capable of happineſs 'or miſery, it naturally follows that it were ſottiſh 'and unreaſonable to loſe this ſoul for the gain of 'the whole world. For my ſoul is I myſelf; and 'if that be miſerable, I muſt needs be ſo. Outward 'circumſtances of fortune may give the world occa-'ſion to think me happy, but they can never make 'me ſo. Shall I call myſelf happy, if diſcontent 'and ſorrow eat out the life and ſpirit of my ſoul? 'if luſts and paſſions riot and mutiny in my boſom? 'if my ſins ſcatter an uneaſy ſhame all over me, and 'my guilt appals and frights me? What avails it me 'that my rooms are ſtately, my tables full, my at-'tendants numerous, and my attire gaudy, if all 'this while my very being pines, and languiſhes 'away? Theſe indeed are rich and pleaſant things, 'but I nevertheleſs am a poor and miſerable man. 'Therefore I conclude, that whatever this thing be 'I call a ſoul, though it were a periſhing, dying 'thing, and would not outlive the body, yet it 'were my wiſdom and intereſt to prefer its content 'and ſatisfaction before all the world, unleſs I could 'chuſe to be miſerable, and delight to be unhappy.

'This very conſideration, ſuppoſing the uncertainty 'of another world, would yet ſtrongly engage me 'to the ſervice of religion; for all it aims at, is to 'baniſh ſin out of the world, which is the ſource 'and original of all the troubles that diſquiet the 'mind. 1. Sin, in its very eſſence, is nothing elſe 'but diſordered, diſtempered paſſions; affections 'fooliſh and prepoſterous in their choice, or wild 'and extravagant in their proportion, which our

'own

'own experience ſufficiently convinces us to be painful and uneaſy. 2. It engages us in deſperate hazards, wearies us with daily toils, and often buries us in the ruins we bring upon ourſelves. And, laſtly, it fills our hearts with diſtruſt, and fear, and ſhame. For we ſhall never be able to perſuade ourſelves fully, that there is no difference between good and evil; that there is no God, or none that concerns himſelf at the actions of this life; and if we cannot, we can never rid ourſelves of the pangs and ſtings of a troubled conſcience; we ſhall never be able to eſtabliſh a peace and calm in our boſoms, and ſo enjoy our pleaſure with a clear and uninterrupted freedom. But if we could perſuade ourſelves into the utmoſt height of Atheiſm, yet ſtill we ſhall be under theſe two ſtrange inconveniences: 1. That a life of ſin will be ſtill irregular and diſorderly, and therefore troubleſome. 2. That we ſhall have diſmantled our ſouls of their greateſt ſtrengths, diſarmed them of that faith which only can ſupport them under the afflictions of this preſent life.'

No 64. Monday, May 25.

——Levium ſpectacula rerum. *Virg. Georg.* 4. *v.* 3.

Trifles ſet out to ſhew.

I Am told by ſeveral perſons whom I have taken into my ward, that it is to their great damage I have digreſſed ſo much of late from the natural courſe of my precautions. They have addreſſed and petitioned me with appellations and titles, which admoniſh me to be that ſort of patron which they want me to be, as follows:

To

To NESTOR IRONSIDE, Esq; patron of the industrious.

The humble petition of John Longbottom, Charles Lilly, Bat Pidgeon, and J. Norwood, capital artificers, most humbly sheweth,

THAT your petitioners behold, with great sorrow, your honour employing your important moments in remedying matters which nothing but time can cure, and which do not so immediately, or at least so professedly, appertain to your office, as do the concerns of us your petitioners, and other handicraft persons, who excel in their different and respective dexterities.

That as all mechanics are employed in accommodating the dwellings, clothing the persons, or preparing the diet of mankind, your petitioners ought to be placed first in your guardianship, as being useful in a degree superior to all other workmen, and as being wholly conversant in clearing and adorning the head of man.

That the said Longbottom, above all the rest of mankind, is skilful in taking off that horrid excrescence on the chins of all males, and casting, by the touch of his hand, a chearfulness where that excrescence grew, an art known only to this your artificer.

That Charles Lilly prepares snuff and perfumes, which refreshes the brain in those who have too much for their quiet, and gladdens it in those who have too little to know their want of it.

That Bat Pidgeon cuts the luxuriant locks growing from the upper part of the head, in so artful a manner with regard to the visage, that he makes the ringlets, falling by the temples, conspire with the brows and lashes of the eye, to heighten the expressions of modesty, and intimations of good-will, which are most infallibly communicated by ocular glances.

That J. Norwood forms periwigs with respect to particular persons and visages, on the same plan that Bat

Bat Pidgeon corrects natural hair; that he has a ſtrict regard to the climate under which his cuſtomer was born, before he pretends to cover his head; that no part of his wig is compoſed of hair which grew above twenty miles from the buyer's place of nativity; that the very neck-lock grew in the ſame county, and all the hair to the face in the very pariſh where he was born.

That theſe your cephalic operators humbly intreat your more frequent attention to the mechanic arts, and that you would place your petitioners at the head of the family of the coſmetics; and your petitioners ſhall ever pray, &c.

To NESTOR IRONSIDE, Eſq; guardian of good fame.

The memorial of Eſau Ringwood, ſheweth,

THAT though nymphs and ſhepherds, ſonnets and complaints, are no more to be ſeen nor heard in the foreſts and chaces of Great Britain, yet are not the huntſmen who now frequent the woods ſo barbarous as repreſented in the Guardian of the 21ſt inſtant: that the knife is not preſented to the lady of quality by the huntſman to cut the throat of the deer; but after he is killed, that inſtrument is given her, as the animal is now become food; in token that all our labour, joy, and exultation in the purſuit, were excited from the ſole hope of making the ſtag an offering to her table: that your honour has detracted from the humanity of ſportſmen in this repreſentation: that they demand you would retract your error, and diſtinguiſh Britons from Scythians.

P. S. Repent and eat veniſon.

To NESTOR IRONSIDE, Eſq; avenger of detraction,

The humble petition of Suſan How-d'ye-call, moſt humbly ſheweth,

THAT your petitioner is mentioned at all viſits, with an account of facts done by her, of ſpeeches ſhe has made, and of journeys ſhe has taken,

taken, to all which circumſtances your petitioner is wholly a ſtranger: that in every family in Great Britain glaſſes and cups are broken, and utenſils diſplaced, and all theſe faults laid upon Mrs. How-d'ye-call: that your petitioner has applied to counſel upon theſe grievances: that your petitioner is adviſed that her caſe is the ſame with that of John a-Styles, and that ſhe is abuſed only by way of form: your petitioner therefore moſt humbly prays, that, in behalf of herſelf, and all others defamed under the term of Mr. or Mrs. How-d'ye-call, you would grant her and them the following conceſſions viz. That no reproach ſhall take place where the perſon has not an opportunity of defending himſelf: that the phraſe of *a certain perſon*, means no certain perſon: that the How-d'ye-calls, Some people, A certain ſet of men, There are folks now-a-days, and Things are come to that paſs, are words that ſhall concern no body after the preſent Monday in Whitſun-week, 1713.

That it is baſeneſs to offend any perſon, except the offender expoſes himſelf to that perſon's examination: that no woman is defamed by any man without he names her name: that Exaſperated miſtreſs, Falſe fair, and the like, ſhall, from the ſaid Whitſun Monday, ſignify no more than Cloe, Corinna, or Mrs. How-d'ye-call: that your petitioner being an old maid, may be joined in marriage to John a Nokes, or, in caſe of his being reſolved upon celibacy, to Tom Long the carrier; and your petitioner ſhall ever pray, &c.

To NESTOR IRONSIDE, Eſq;

The humble petition of Hugh Pounce of Grubſtreet, ſheweth,

THAT in your firſt paper you have touched upon the affinity between all arts which concern the good of ſociety, and profeſſed that you ſhould promote a good underſtanding between them.

That

That your petitioner is ſkilful in the art and myſtery of writing verſes or diſtichs.

That your petitioner does not write for vain-glory, but for the uſe of ſociety.

That, like the art of painting on glaſs, the more durable work of writing upon iron is almoſt loſt.

That your petitioner is retained as poet to the iron-mongers company.

Your petitioner therefore humbly deſires you would protect him in the ſole making of poſies for knives, and all manner of learning to be wrought on iron; and your petitioner ſhall for ever pray.

To the GUARDIAN.

SIR,

THough every body has been talking or writing on the ſubject of Cato ever ſince the world was obliged with that tragedy, there has not, methinks, been an examination of it, which ſufficiently ſhows the ſkill of the author merely as a poet. There are peculiar graces which ordinary readers ought to be inſtructed how to admire. Among others, I am charmed with his artificial expreſſions in well-adapted ſimilies. There is no part of writing in which it is more difficult to ſucceed; for on ſublime occaſions it requires at once the utmoſt ſtrength of the imagination, and the ſevereſt correction of the judgment. Thus Syphax, when he is forming to himſelf the ſudden and unexpected deſtruction which is to befal the man he hates, expreſſes himſelf in an image which none but a Numidian could have a lively ſenſe of; but yet if the author had ranged over all the objects upon the face of the earth, he could not have found a repreſentation of a diſaſter ſo great, ſo ſudden, and ſo dreadful as this;

'So where our wide Numidian waſtes extend,
'Sudden th' impetuous hurricanes deſcend,
'Wheel through the air, in circling eddies play,
'Tear up the ſands, and ſweep whole plains away.

'The helpleſs traveller, with wild ſurpriſe,
'Sees the dry deſart all around him riſe,
'And, ſmother'd in the duſty whirlwind, dies.

When Sempronius promiſes himſelf the poſſeſſion of Marcia by a rape, he triumphs in the proſpect, and exults in his villany, by repreſenting it to himſelf in a manner wonderfully ſuited to the vanity and impiety of his character.

'So Pluto, ſeiz'd of Proſerpine, convey'd
'To hell's tremendous gloom th' affrighted maid;
'There grimly ſmil'd, pleas'd with the beauteous prize,
'Nor envy'd Jove his ſun-ſhine and his ſkies.

Pray, old Neſtor, trouble thyſelf no more with the ſquabbles of old lovers, and tell them from me, now they are paſt the ſins of the fleſh, they are got into thoſe of the ſpirit: deſire hurts the ſoul leſs than malice; it is not now as when they were Sappho and Phaon.

I am, Sir,
Your affectionate humble ſervant,
A. B.

No 65. Tueſday, May 26.

——Inter ſcabiem tantum et contagia——
Hor. Ep. 12. *l.* 1. *v.* 13.

Amidſt the pois'n of ſuch infectious times.

THERE is not any where, I believe, ſo much talk about religion as among us in England; nor do I think it poſſible for the wit of man to deviſe forms of addreſs to the Almighty, in more ardent and forcible terms than are every where to be found in our book of common prayer; and yet I have heard it read with ſuch a negligence, affectation,

tion, and impatience, that the efficacy of it has been apparently loſt to all the congregation. For my part, I make no ſcruple to own it that I go ſometimes to a particular place in the city, far diſtant from my own home, to hear a gentleman, whoſe manner I admire, read the liturgy. I am perſuaded devotion is the greateſt pleaſure of his ſoul, and there is none hears him read without the utmoſt reverence. I have ſeen the young people who have been interchanging glances of paſſion to each other's perſon, checked into an attention to the ſervice, at the interruption which the authority of his voice has given them. But the other morning I happened to riſe earlier than ordinary, and thought I could not paſs my time better than to go, upon the admonition of the morning-bell, to the church prayers at ſix of the clock. I was there the firſt of any in the congregation, and had the opportunity, however I made uſe of it, to look back on all my life, and contemplate the bleſſing and advantage of ſuch ſtated early hours, for offering ourſelves to our Creator, and prepoſſeſs ourſelves with the love of him, and the hopes we have from him, againſt the ſnares of buſineſs and pleaſure in the enſuing day. But whether it be that people think fit to indulge their own eaſe in ſome ſecret, pleaſing fault, or whatever it was, there was none at the confeſſion but a ſet of poor ſcrubs of us, who could ſin only in our wills, whoſe perſons could be no temptation to one another, and might have, without interruption from any body elſe, humble, lowly hearts, in frightful looks and dirty dreſſes, at our leiſure. When we, poor ſouls, had preſented ourſelves with a contrition ſuitable to our worthleſſneſs, ſome pretty young ladies, in mobs, popped in here and there about the church, clattering the pew-doors after them, and ſquatting into a whiſper behind their fans. Among others, one of lady Lizard's daughters, and her hopeful maid, made their entrance. The young lady did not omit the ardent form behind the fan, while the maid immediately gaped round

her, to look for ſome other devout perſon, whom I ſaw at a diſtance very well dreſſed; his air and habit a little military, but in the pertneſs, not the true poſſeſſion, of the martial character. This jackanapes was fixed at the end of a pew with the utmoſt impudence, declaring, by a fixed eye on that ſeat where our beauty was placed, the object of his devotion. This obſcene ſight gave me all the indignation imaginable, and I could attend to nothing but the reflection that the greateſt affronts imaginable are ſuch as no one can take notice of. Before I was out of ſuch vexatious inadvertencies to the buſineſs of the place, there was a great deal of good company now come in. There was a good number of very janty flatterns, who gave us to underſtand that it is neither dreſs nor art to which they were beholden for the town's admiration. Beſides theſe, there were alſo by this time arrived two or three ſets of whiſperers, who carry on moſt of their calumnies by what they entertain one another with in that place; and we were now altogether very good company. There were indeed a few, in whoſe looks there appeared an heavenly joy and gladneſs upon the entrance of a new day, as if they had gone to ſleep with expectation of it. For the ſake of theſe it is worth while that the church keeps up ſuch early mattins throughout the cities of London and Weſtminſter; but the generality of thoſe who obſerve that hour perform it with ſo taſteleſs a behaviour, that it appears a taſk rather than a voluntary act; but of all the world, thoſe familiar ducks, who are, as it were, at home at the church, and by frequently meeting there, throw the time of prayer very negligently into their common life, and make their coming together in that place as ordinary as any other action, and do not turn their converſation upon any improvements ſuitable to the true deſign of that houſe, but on trifles below even their worldly concerns and characters. Theſe are little groups of acquaintance diſperſed in all parts of the town, who are, forſooth, the only people of unſpotted characters,

ters, and throw all the ſpots that ſtick on thoſe of other people. Malice is the ordinary vice of thoſe who live in the mode of religion without the ſpirit of it. The pleaſurable world are hurried by their paſſions, above the conſideration of what others think of them into a purſuit of irregular enjoyments, while theſe who forbear the gratifications of fleſh and blood, without having won over the ſpirit to the intereſts of virtue, are implacable in defamations on the errors of ſuch who offend without reſpect to fame. But the conſideration of perſons whom one cannot but take notice of, when one ſees them in that place, has drawn me out of my intended talk, which was, to bewail that people do not know the pleaſure of early hours, and of dedicating their firſt moments of the day, with joy and ſingleneſs of heart, to their Creator. Experience would convince us, that the earlier we left our beds the ſeldomer ſhould we be confined to them.

One great good which would alſo accrue from this, were it become a faſhion, would be, that it is poſſible our chief divines would condeſcend to pray themſelves, or at leaſt thoſe whom they ſubſtitute would be better ſupplied, than to be forced to appear at thoſe oraiſons in a garb and attire which makes them appear mortified with wordly want, and not abſtracted from the world by the contempt of it. How is it poſſible for a gentleman under the income of fifty pounds a year, to be attentive to ſublime things? He muſt riſe and dreſs like a labourer for a ſordid hire, inſtead of approaching his place of ſervice with the utmoſt pleaſure and ſatisfaction, that now he is going to be mouth of a crowd of people, who have laid aſide all the diſtinctions of his contemptible being, to beſeech a protection under its manifold pains and diſadvantages, or a releaſe from it, by his favour who ſent them into it. He would, with decent ſuperiority, look upon himſelf as orator before the throne of grace for a crowd, who hang upon his words, while he aſks for them all that is neceſſary in a tranſitory life, from the aſſurance that

a good behaviour for a few moments in it will purchaſe endleſs joy, and a happy immortality.

But who can place himſelf in this view, who, though not pinched with want, is diſtracted with care from the fear of it: No, a man in the leaſt degree below the ſpirit of a ſaint or a martyr, will loll, huddle over his duty, look confuſed, or aſſume a reſolution in his behaviour which will be quite as ungraceful, except he is ſupported above the neceſſities of life.

'Power and commandment to his miniſter, to de-'clare and pronounce to his people,' is mentioned with a very unguarded air, when the ſpeaker is known in his own private condition to be almoſt an object of their pity and charity. This laſt circumſtance, with many others here looſely ſuggeſted, are the occaſion that one knows not how to recommend to ſuch as have not already a fixed ſenſe of devotion, the pleaſure of paſſing the earlieſt hours of the day in a public congregation. But were this morning-ſolemnity as much in vogue even as it is now at more advanced hours of the day, it would neceſſarily have ſo good an effect upon us, as to make us more diſengaged and chearful in converſation, and leſs artful and inſincere in buſineſs. The world would be quite another place than it is now the reſt of the day; and every face would have an alacrity in it, which can be borrowed from no other reflections but thoſe which give us the aſſured protection of omnipotence.

No 66. Wedneſday, May 27.

Sæpe tribus lectis videas cœnare quaternos:
E quibus unus avet quavis aſpergere cunctos,
Præter eum qui præbet aquam: poſt hunc quoque—
Hor. Sat. 4. l. 2. v. 86.

Set twelve at ſupper, one above the reſt
Takes all the talk, and breaks a ſcurvy jeſt
On all, except the maſter of the feaſt:
At laſt on him——

THE following letter is full of imagination, and, in a fabulous manner, ſets forth a connection between things, and an alliance between perſons that are very diſtant and remote to common eyes. I think I know the hand to be that of a very ingenious man, and ſhall therefore give it the reader without farther preface.

To the GUARDIAN.

SIR,

THERE is a ſet of mankind who are wholly employed in the ill-natured office of gathering up a collection of ſtories that leſſen the reputation of others, and ſpreading them abroad with a certain air of ſatisfaction. Perhaps, indeed, an innocent unmeaning curioſity, a deſire of being informed concerning thoſe we live with, or a willingneſs to profit by reflection upon the actions of others, may ſometimes afford an excuſe or ſometimes a defence, for inquiſitiveneſs; but certainly it is, beyond all excuſe, a tranſgreſſion againſt humanity, to carry the matter farther, to tear off the dreſſings, as I may ſay, from the wounds of a friend, and expoſe them to the air in cruel fits of diverſion. And yet we have ſomething more to bemoan, an outrage of a higher nature, which mankind is guilty of, when they are not content to ſpread the ſtories of folly, frailty, and vice, but

but even enlarge them, or invent new ones, and blacken characters, that we may appear ridiculous or hateful to one another. From ſuch practices as theſe, it happens that ſome feel a ſorrow, and others are agitated with a ſpirit of revenge; that ſcandals or lies are told, becauſe another has told ſuch before; that reſentments and quarrels ariſe, and affronts and injuries are given, received, and multiplied in a ſcene of vengeance.

All this I have often obſerved with abundance of concern; and having a perfect deſire to further the happineſs of mankind, I lately ſet myſelf to conſider the cauſes from whence ſuch evils ariſe, and the remedies which may be applied. Whereupon I ſhut my eyes to prevent a diſtraction from outward objects; and a while after ſhot away, upon an impulſe of thought, into the world of ideas, where abſtracted qualities became viſible in ſuch appearances as were agreeable to each of their natures.

That part of the country where I happened to light was the moſt noiſy that I had ever known. The winds whiſtled, the leaves ruſtled, the brooks rumbled, the birds chattered, the tongues of men were heard, and the echo mingled ſomething of every ſound in its repetition, ſo that there was a ſtrange confuſion and uproar of ſounds about me. At length, as the noiſe ſtill increaſed, I could diſcern a man habited like a herald, and, as I afterwards underſtood, called Novelty, that came forward proclaiming a ſolemn day to be kept at the houſe of Common Fame. Immediately behind him advanced three nymphs, who had monſtrous appearances. The firſt of theſe was Curioſity, habited like a virgin, and having an hundred ears upon her head to ſerve in her inquiries. The ſecond of theſe was Talkativeneſs, a little better grown; ſhe ſeemed to be like a young wife, and had an hundred tongues to ſpread her ſtories. The third was Cenſoriouſneſs, habited like a widow, and ſurrounded with an hundred ſquinting eyes of a malignant influence, which ſo obliquely darted on all around that it was impoſſible to ſay which

which of them had brought in the informations ſhe boaſted of. Theſe, as I was informed, had been very inſtrumental in preſerving and rearing Common Fame, when upon her birth-day ſhe was ſhuffled into a crowd, to eſcape the ſearch which Truth might have made after her and her parents. Curioſity found her there, Talkativeneſs conveyed her away, and Cenſoriouſneſs ſo nurſed her up, that in a ſhort time ſhe grew to a prodigious ſize, and obtained an empire over the univerſe; wherefore the Power, in gratitude for theſe ſervices, has ſince advanced them to her higheſt employments. The next who came forward in the proceſſion, was a light damſel, called Credulity, who carried behind them the lamp, the ſilver veſſel with a ſpout, and other inſtruments proper for this ſolemn occaſion. She had formerly ſeen theſe three together; and conjecturing, from the number of their ears, tongues, and eyes, that they might be the proper genii of Attention, Familiar Converſe, and Ocular Demonſtration, ſhe from that time gave herſelf up to attend them. The laſt who followed, were ſome who had cloſely muffled themſelves in upper garments, ſo that I could not diſcern who they were. But juſt as the foremoſt of them was come up, 'I am glad,' ſays ſhe, calling me by my name, 'to meet you at this time. Stay 'cloſe by me, and take a ſtrict obſervation of all 'that paſſes.' Her voice was ſweet and commanding, I thought I had ſomewhere heard it; and from her, as I went along, I learned the meaning of every thing which offered.

We now marched forward through the rookery of rumours, which flew thick and with a terrible din all around us. At length we arrived at the houſe of Common Fame, where a hecatomb of reputations was that day to fall for her pleaſure. The houſe ſtood upon an eminence, having a thouſand paſſages to it, and a thouſand whiſpering holes for the conveyance of ſound. The hall we entered was formed with the art of a muſic-chamber for the improvement of noiſes. Reſt and ſilence are baniſhed the place.

place. Stories of different natures wander in light flocks all about; ſometimes truths and lies, or ſometimes lies themſelves claſhing againſt one another. In the middle ſtood a table painted after the manner of the remoteſt Aſiatic countries, upon which the lamp, the ſilver veſſel, and cups of a white earth, were planted in order. Then dried herbs were brought, collected for the ſolemnity in moon-ſhine; and water being put to them, there was a greeniſh liquor made; to which they added the flower of milk, and an extraction from the canes of America, for performing a libation to the infernal powers of miſchief. After this, Curioſity, retiring to a withdrawing room, brought forth the victims, being to appearance a ſet of ſmall waxen images, which ſhe laid upon the table one after another. Immediately then Talkativeneſs gave each of them the name of ſome one, whom for the time they were to repreſent; and Cenſorioufneſs ſtuck them all about with black pins, ſtill pronouncing, at every one ſhe ſtuck, ſomething to the prejudice of the perſon repreſented. No ſooner were theſe rites performed, and incantations uttered, but the ſound of a ſpeaking-trumpet was heard in the air, by which they knew the deity of the place was propitiated and aſſiſting. Upon this the ſky grew darker, a ſtorm aroſe, and murmurs, ſighs, groans, cries, and the words of grief or reſentment, were heard within it. Thus the three ſorcereſſes diſcovered that they whoſe names they had given to the images were already affected with what was done to them in effigy. The knowledge of this was received with the loudeſt laughter, and in many congratulatory words they applauded one another's wit and power.

As matters were at this high point of diſorder, the muffled lady, whom I attended on, being no longer able to endure ſuch barbarous proceedings, threw off her upper garment of reſerve, and appeared to be Truth. As ſoon as ſhe had confeſſed herſelf preſent, the ſpeaking-trumpet ceaſed to ſound, the ſky cleared up, the ſtorm abated, the noiſes which were heard in it ended, the laughter of the company was

was over, and a ſerene light, till then unknown to the place, diffuſed around it. At this the detected ſorcereſſes endeavoured to eſcape in a cloud, which I ſaw began to thicken round them; but it was ſoon diſperſed, their charms being controlled, and prevailed over by the ſuperior divinity. For my part I was exceedingly glad to ſee it ſo, and began to conſider what puniſhments ſhe would inflict upon them. I fancied it would be proper to cut off Curioſity's ears, and fix them to the eaves of the houſes; to nail the tongnes of Talkativeneſs to Indian tables; and to put out the eyes of Cenſoriouſneſs with a flaſh of her light. In reſpect of Credulity I had indeed ſome little pity; and had I been judge ſhe might, perhaps, have eſcaped with a hearty reproof.

But I ſoon found that the diſcerning judge had other deſigns. She knew them for ſuch as will not be deſtroyed entirely while mankind is in being, and yet ought to have a brand and puniſhment affixed to them that they may be avoided. Wherefore ſhe took a ſeat for judgment, and had the criminals brought forward by Shame ever bluſhing, and Trouble with a whip of many laſhes, two phantoms who had dogged the proceſſion in diſguiſe, and waited till they had authority from Truth to lay hands upon them. Immediately then ſhe ordered Curioſity and Talkativeneſs to be fettered togethe , that the one ſhould never ſuffer the other to reſt, nor the other ever let her remain undiſcovered. Light Credulity ſhe linked to Shame, at the tormentor's own requeſt, who was pleaſed to be thus ſecure that her priſoner could not eſcape; and this was done partly for her puniſhment, and partly for her amendment. Cenſoriouſneſs was alſo in like manner begged by Trouble, and had her aſſigned for an eternal companion. After they were thus chained with one another, by the judge's order, ſhe drove them from the preſence, to wander for ever through the world with Novelty ſtalking before them.

The cauſe being now over, ſhe retreated from ſight within the ſplendor of her own glory, which leaving the houſe it had brightened, the ſounds that were proper

per to the place began to be as loud and confuſed as when we entered; and there being no longer a clear diſtinguiſhed appearance of any objects repreſented to me, I returned from the excurſion I had made in fancy.

No 67. Thurſday, May 28.

———Nè fortè pudori
Sit tibi muſa lyræ ſolers, & cantor Apollo.
Hor. Ars Poet. v. 406.

Bluſh not to patroniſe the muſe's ſkill.

IT has been remarked, by curious obſervers, that poets are generally long lived, and run beyond the uſual age of man, if not cut off by ſome accident or exceſs, as Anacreon, in the midſt of a very merry old age, was choked with a grape-ſtone. The ſame redundancy of ſpirits that produces the poetical flame keeps up the vital warmth, and adminiſters uncommon fewel to life. I queſtion not but ſeveral inſtances will occur to my reader's memory, from Homer down to Mr. Dryden. I ſhall only take notice of two who have excelled in lyrics, the one an ancient, and the other a modern. The firſt gained an immortal reputation, by celebrating ſeveral jockeys in the Olympic games; the laſt has ſignalized himſelf on the ſame occaſion, by the ode that begins with,—'To 'horſe, brave boys; to Newarket, to horſe.' My reader will, by this time, know that the two poets I have mentioned, are Pindar and Mr. d'Urfey. The former of theſe is long ſince laid in his urn, after having, many years together, endeared himſelf to all Greece by his tuneful compoſitions. Our countryman is ſtill living, and in a blooming old age, that ſtill promiſes many muſical productions; for, if I am not miſtaken, our Britiſh ſwan will ſing to the laſt. The beſt judges who have peruſed his laſt ſong on the Moderate Man, do not diſcover any decay in his

his part, but think it deſerves a place among the fineſt of thoſe works with which he obliged the world in his more early years.

I am led into this ſubject by a viſit which I lately received from my good old friend and cotemporary. As we both flouriſhed together in King Charles II's reign, we diverted ourſelves with the remembrance of ſeveral particulars that paſſed in the world before the greateſt part of my readers were born, and could not but ſmile to think how inſenſibly we were grown into a couple of venerable old gentlemen. Tom obſerved to me, that after having written more odes than Horace, and about four times as many comedies as Terence, he was reduced to great difficulties by the importunities of a ſet of men, who, of late years, had furniſhed him with the accommodations of life, and would not, as we ſay, be paid with a ſong. In order to extricate my old friend, I immediately ſent for the three directors of the play-houſe, and deſired them that they would in their turn do a good office for a man who, in Shakeſpeare's phraſe, had often filled their mouths, I mean with pleaſantry and popular conceits. They very generouſly liſtened to my propoſal, and agreed to act The Plotting Siſters, (a very taking play of my old friend's compoſing), on the fifteenth of the next month, for the benefit of the author.

My kindneſs to the agreeable Mr. d'Urfey will be imperfect, if, after having engaged the players in his favour, I do not get the town to come into it. I muſt therefore heartily recommend to all young ladies, my diſciples, the caſe of my old friend, who has often made their grandmothers merry, and whoſe ſonnets have perhaps lulled aſleep many a preſent toaſt, when ſhe lay in her cradle.

I have already prevailed upon my Lady Lizard to be at the houſe in one of the front boxes, and deſign, if I am in town, to lead her in myſelf at the head of her daughters. The gentleman I am ſpeaking of has laid obligations on ſo many of his countrymen, that I hope they will think this but a juſt return to the good ſervices of a veteran poet.

I myſelf remember King Charles II. leaning on Tom d'Urfey's ſhoulder more than once, and humming over a ſong with him. It is certain that monarch was not a little ſupported by Joy to Great Cæſar, which gave the Whigs ſuch a blow as they were not able to recover that whole reign. My friend afterwards attacked popery with the ſame ſucceſs, having expoſed Bellarmine and Porto-Carrero more than once in ſhort ſatyrical compoſitions, which have been in every bodies mouth. He has made uſe of Italian tunes and ſonatas for promoting the proteſtant intereſt, and turned a conſiderable part of the pope's muſic againſt himſelf. In ſhort, he has obliged the court with political ſonnets, the country with dialogues and paſtorals, the city with diſcriptions of a Lord Mayor's feaſt, not to mention his little ode upon Stool-ball, with many others of the like nature.

Should the very individuals he has celebrated make their appearance together, they would be ſufficient to fill the play-houſe. Pretty Peg of Windſor, Gilian of Croydon, with Dolly and Molly, and Tommy and Johnny, with many others to be met with in the muſical miſcellanies, intituled, Pills to purge Melancholy, would make a good benefit night.

As my friend, after the manner of the old lyrics, acompanies his works with his own voice, he has been the delight of the moſt polite companies and converſations from the beginning of King Charles II.'s reign to our preſent times. Many an honeſt gentleman has got a reputation in his country by pretending to have been in company with Tom d'Urfey.

I might here mention ſeveral other merits in my friend, as his enriching our language with a multitude of rhimes, and bringing words together, that, without his good offices, would never have been acquainted with one another, ſo long as it had been a tongue. But I muſt not omit that my old friend angles for a trout the beſt of any man in England. May flies come in late this ſeaſon, or I myſelf ſhould, before now, have had a trout of his hooking.

Afte

After what I have ſaid, and much more that I might ſay, on this ſubject, I queſtion not but the world will think that my old friend ought not to paſs the remainder of his life in a cage like a finging-bird, but enjoy all that Pindaric liberty which is ſuitable to a man of his genius. He has made the world merry, and I hope they will make him eaſy ſo long as he ſtays among us. This I will take upon me to ſay, they cannot do a kindneſs to a more diverting companion, or a more chearful, honeſt and good-natured man.

N° 68. Friday, May 29.

Inſpicere, tanquam in ſpeculum, in vitas omnium
Jubeo, atque ex aliis ſumere exemplum ſibi.
Ter. Adelph. Act 3. *Sc.* 4.

My advice to him is, to conſult the lives of other men, as he would a looking-glaſs, and from thence fetch examples for his own imitation.

THE paper of to-day ſhall conſiſt of a letter from my friend Sir Harry Lizard, which, with my anſwer, may be worth the peruſal of young men of eſtates, and young women without fortunes. It is abſolutely neceſſary, that in our firſt vigorous years we lay down ſome law to ourſelves for the conduct of future life, which may at leaſt prevent eſſential misfortunes. The cutting cares which attend ſuch an affection as that againſt which I forewarn my friend Sir Harry, are very well known to all who are called the men of pleaſure; but when they have oppoſed their ſatisfactions to their anxieties in an impartial examination, they will find their life not only a dream, but a troubled and vexatious one.

Dear old Man,

I Believe you are very much ſurpriſed, that in the ſeveral letters I have written to you, ſince the receipt of that wherein you recommend a young lady

for a wife to your humble ſervant, I have not made the leaſt mention of that matter. It happens at this time that I am not much inclined to marry. There are very many matches in our country, wherein the parties live ſo inſipidly, or ſo vexatiouſly, that I am afraid to venture from their example. Beſides, to tell you the truth, good Neſtor, I am informed your fine young woman is ſoon to be diſpoſed of elſewhere. As to the young ladies of my aquaintance in your great town, I do not know one whom I could think of as a wife, who is not either prepoſſeſſed with ſome inclination for ſome other man, or affects pleaſures and entertainments, which ſhe prefers to the converſation of any man living. Women of this kind are the moſt frequently met with of any ſort whatſoever; I mean they are the moſt frequent among people of condition; that is to ſay, ſuch are eaſily to be had as would ſit at the head of your eſtate and table, lie in by you for the ſake of receiving viſits in pomp at the end of the month, and enjoy the like gratifications from the ſupport of your fortune; but you yourſelf would ſignify no more to one of them than a name in truſt in a ſettlement which conveys land and goods, but has no right for its own uſe. A woman of this turn can no more make a wife than an ambitious man can be a friend. They both ſacrifice all the true taſtes of being, and motives of life, for the oſtentation, the noiſe, and the appearance of it. Their hearts are turned to unnatural objects, and as the men of deſign can carry them on with an excluſion of their daily companions, ſo women of this kind of gaiety can live at bed and board with a man without any affection to his perſon. As to any woman that you examine hereafter for my ſake, if you can poſſibly, find a means to converſe with her at ſome country-ſeat. If ſhe has no reliſh for rural views, but is undelighted with ſtreams, fields, and groves, I deſire to hear no more of her: ſhe has departed from nature, and is irrecoverably engaged in vanity.

I have

I have ever been curious to obſerve the arrogance of a town lady when ſhe firſt comes down to her huſband's ſeat, and, beholding her country neighbours, wants ſomebody to laugh with her at the frightful things, to whom ſhe herſelf is equally ridiculous. The pretty pitty-pat ſtep, the playing head, and the fall back in the curteſy, ſhe does not imagine, make her as unconverſable, and inacceſſible to our plain people, as the loud voice and ungainly ſtride render one of our huntreſſes to her. In a word, dear Neſtor, I beg you to ſuſpend all inquiries towards my matrimony till you hear further from,

SIR,

Your moſt obliged, and
moſt humble ſervant,
HARRY LIZARD.

A certain looſe turn in this letter, mixed indeed with ſome real exceptions to the too frequent ſilly choice made by country gentlemen, has given me no ſmall anxiety; and I have ſent Sir Harry an account of my ſuſpicions, as follows:

To Sir HARRY LIZARD.

SIR,

YOUR letter I have read over two or three times, and muſt be ſo free with you as to tell you it has in it ſomething which betrays you have loſt that ſimplicity of heart with relation to love, which I promiſed myſelf would crown your days with happineſs and honour. The alteration of your mind towards marriage is not repreſented as flowing from diſcretion and warineſs in the choice, but a diſinclination to that ſtate in general. You ſeem ſecretly to propoſe to yourſelf (for I will think no otherwiſe of a man of your age and temper), all its ſatisfactions out of it, and to avoid the care and inconveniences that attend thoſe who enter into it. I will not urge at this time the greateſt conſideration of all, to wit, regard of innocence; but having, I think, in my eye, what you aim at, I muſt, as I

am your friend, acquaint you that you are going into a wilderneſs of cares and diſtractions, from which you will never be able to extricate yourſelf, while the compunctions of honour and pity are yet alive in you.

Without naming names, I have long ſuſpected your deſigns upon a young gentlewoman in your neighbourhood; but give me leave to tell you, with all the earneſtneſs of a faithful friend, that to enter into a criminal commerce with a woman of merit, whom you find innocent, is, of all the follies in this life, the moſt fruitful of ſorrow. You muſt make your approaches to her with the benevolence and language of a good angel, in order to bring upon her pollution and ſhame, which is the work of a demon. The faſhion of the world, the warmth of youth, and the affluence of fortune, may perhaps make you look upon me in this talk like a poor well-meaning old man, who is paſt thoſe ardencies in which you at preſent triumph. But believe me, Sir, if you ſucceed in what I fear you deſign, you'll find the ſacrifice of beauty and innocence ſo ſtrong an obligation upon you, that your whole life will paſs away in the worſt condition imaginable, that of doubt and irreſolution. You will ever be deſigning to leave her, and never do it, or elſe leave her for another, with a conſtant longing after her. He is a very unhappy man who does not reſerve the moſt pure and kind affections of his heart for his marriage bed; he will otherwiſe be reduced to this melancholy circumſtance, that he gave his miſtreſs that kind of affection which was proper for his wife, and has not for his wife either that or the uſual inclination which men beſtow upon their miſtreſſes. After ſuch an affair as this, you are a very lucky man if you find a prudential marriage is only inſipid, and not actually miſerable. A woman of as ancient a family as your own may come into the houſe of the Lizards, murmur in your bed, growl at your table, rate your ſervants, and inſult yourſelf, while you bear all this, with this unhappy reflection at the bottom of your

your heart. This is all for the injured—The heart is ungovernable enough, without being biaſſed by prepoſſeſſions: how emphatically unhappy therefore is he, who, beſides the natural vagrancy of affection, has a paſſion to one particular object, in which he ſees nothing but what is lovely, except what proceeds from his own guilt againſt it? I ſpeak to you, my dear friend, as one who tenderly regards your welfare, and beg of you to avoid this great error which has rendered ſo many agreeable men unhappy before you. When a man is engaged among the diſſolute, gay, and artful of the fair ſex, a knowledge of their manners and deſigns, their favours unendeared by truth, their feigned ſorrows and groſs flatteries, muſt in time reſcue a reaſonable man from the enchantment; but in a caſe wherein you have none but yourſelf to accuſe, you'll find the beſt part of a generous mind torn away with her, whenever you take your leave of an injured deſerving woman. Come to town, fly from Olinda. to your

Obedient humble ſervant,

NESTOR IRONSIDE.

No. 69. Saturday, May 30.

Jupiter eſt quodcunque vides—— *Lucan.*

Where'er you turn your eyes, 'tis God you ſee.

I Had this morning a very valuable and kind preſent ſent me of a tranſlated work of a moſt excellent foreign writer, who makes a very conſiderable figure in the learned and Chriſtian world. It is intituled, 'A demonſtration of the exiſtence, wiſ-'dom, and omnipotence of God,' drawn from the knowledge of nature, particularly of man, and fitted to the meaneſt capacity, by the Archbiſhop of Cambray, author of Telemachus, and tranſlated from the French by the ſame hand that engliſhed that

that excellent piece. This great author, in the writings which he has before produced, has manifeſted an heart full of virtuous ſentiments, great benevolence to mankind, as well as a ſincere and fervent piety towards his Creator. His talents and parts are a very great good to the world; and it is a pleaſing thing to behold the polite arts ſubſervient to religion, and recommending it from its natural beauty. Looking over the letters of my correſpondents, I find one which celebrates this treatiſe, and recommends it to my readers."

To the GUARDIAN.

SIR,

I Think I have ſomewhere read, in the writings of one whom I take to be a friend of your's, a ſaying which ſtruck me very much, and, as I remember, it was to this purpoſe: 'The exiſtence of God 'is ſo far from being a thing that wants to be 'proved, that I think it the only thing of which we 'are certain.' This is a ſprightly and juſt expreſſion. However, I dare ſay you will not be diſpleaſed that I put you in mind of ſaying ſomething on the demonſtration of the Biſhop of Cambray. A man of his talents views all things in a light different from that in which ordinary men ſee them; and the devout diſpoſition of his ſoul turns all thoſe talents to the improvement of the pleaſures of a good life. His ſtyle clothes philoſophy in a dreſs almoſt poetic, and his readers enjoy in full perfection the advantage, while they are reading him, of being what he is. The pleaſing repreſentation of the animal powers in the beginning of his work, and his conſideration of the nature of man with the addition of reaſon, in the ſubſequent diſcourſe, impreſſes upon the mind a ſtrong ſatisfaction in itſelf, and gratitude towards him who beſtowed that ſuperiority over the brute world. Theſe thoughts had ſuch an effect upon the author himſelf, that he has ended his diſcourſe with a prayer. This adoration has a ſublimity in it befitting his character, and the emotions of his heart

flow

flow from wiſdom and knowledge. I thought it would be proper for a Saturday's paper, and have tranſlated it, to make you a preſent of it. I have not, as the tranſlator was obliged to do, confined myſelf to an exact verſion from the original, but have endeavoured to expreſs the ſpirit of it, by taking the liberty to render his thoughts in ſuch a a way as I ſhould have uttered them if they had been my own. It has been obſerved, that the private letters of great men are the beſt pictures of their ſouls; but certainly their private devotions would be ſtill more inſtructive, and I know not why they ſhould not be as curious and entertaining.

If you inſert this prayer, I know not but I may ſend you, for another occaſion, one uſed by a very great wit of the laſt age, which has alluſions to the errors of a very wild life, and I believe you will think is written with an uncommon ſpirit. The perſon whom I mean was an excellent writer, and the publication of this prayer of his may be perhaps ſome kind of antidote againſt the infection in his other writings. But this ſupplication of the Biſhop has in it a more happy and untroubled ſpirit; it is (if that is not ſaying ſomething too fond) the worſhip of an angel concerned for thoſe who had fallen, but himſelf ſtill in the ſtate of glory and innocence. The book ends with an act of devotion to this effect.

'O my God, if the greater number of mankind 'do not diſcover thee in that glorious ſhow of na- 'ture which thou haſt placed before our eyes, it is 'not becauſe thou art far from every one of us. 'Thou art preſent to us more than any object which 'we touch with our hands; but our ſenſes, and the 'paſſions which they produce in us, turn our atten- 'tion from thee. Thy light ſhines in the midſt of 'darkneſs, but the darkneſs comprehends it not. 'Thou, O Lord, doſt every where diſplay thyſelf. 'Thou ſhineſt in all thy works, but art not regarded 'by heedleſs and unthinking man. The whole crea- 'tion talks aloud of thee, and echoes with the re- 'petitions of thy holy name. But ſuch is our in-

'ſenſibility,

'ſenſibility, that we are deaf to the great and uni-
'verſal voice of nature. Thou art every where
'about us and within us; but we wander from our-
'ſelves, become ſtrangers to our own ſouls, and do
'not apprehend thy preſence. O thou who art the
'eternal fountain of light and beauty, who art the
'ancient of days, without beginning, and without
'end. O thou, who art the life of all that truly
'live; thoſe can never fail to find thee who ſeek for
'thee within themſelves. But, alas! the very gifts
'which thou beſtoweſt upon us, do ſo employ our
'thoughts, that they hinder us from perceiving the
'hand which conveys them to us. We live by thee,
'and yet we live without thinking on thee. But,
'O Lord, what is life in the ignorance of thee? A
'dead unactive piece of matter, a flower that
'withers, a river that glides away, a palace that
'haſtens to its ruin, a picture made up of fading
'colours, a maſs of ſhining ore, ſtrike our imagi-
'nations, and make us ſenſible of their exiſtence.
'We regard them as objects capable of giving us
'pleaſure, not conſidering that thou conveyeſt thro'
'them all the pleaſure which we imagine they give
'us. Such vain empty objects that are only the ſha-
'dows of being, are proportioned to our low and
'grovelling thoughts. That beauty which thou
'haſt poured out on thy creation is as a veil which
'hides thee from our eyes. As thou art a being
'too pure and exalted to paſs through our ſenſes,
'thou art not regarded by men who have debaſed
'their nature, and have made themſelves like the
'beaſts that periſh. So infatuated are they, that
'notwithſtanding they know what is wiſdom and
'virtue, which have neither ſound, nor colour, nor
'ſmell, nor taſte, nor figure, nor any other ſenſible
'quality; they can doubt of thy exiſtence, becauſe
'thou art not apprehended by the groſſer organs of
'ſenſe. Wretches that we are! We conſider ſha-
'dows as realities, and truth as a phantom. That
'which is nothing, is all to us; and that which is
'all, appears to us nothing.' What do we ſee
'a

'all nature but thee, O my God! Thou, and only thou, appeareſt in every thing. When I conſider thee, O Lord, I am ſwallowed up and loſt in contemplation of thee. Every thing beſides thee, even my own exiſtence, vaniſhes and diſappears in the contemplation of thee. I am loſt to myſelf, and fall into nothing, when I think on thee. The man who does not ſee thee, has beheld nothing; he who does not taſte thee, has a reliſh of nothing. His being is vain, and his life but a dream. Set up thyſelf, O Lord, ſet up thyſelf, that we may behold thee. As wax conſumes before the fire, and as the ſmoke is driven away, ſo let thine enemies vaniſh out of thy preſence. How unhappy is that ſoul, who, without the ſenſe of thee, has no God, no hope, no comfort to ſupport him! But how happy the man who ſearches, ſighs, and thirſts after thee! But he only is fully happy on whom thou lifteſt up the light of thy countenance, whoſe tears thou haſt wiped away, and who enjoys in thy loving kindneſs the completion of all his deſires. How long, how long, O Lord, ſhall I wait for that day, when I ſhall poſſeſs, in thy preſence, fulneſs of joy, and pleaſures for evermore? O my God, in this pleaſing hope my bones rejoice, and cry out, Who is like unto thee! My heart melts away, and my ſoul faints within me, when I look up to thee, who art the God of my life, and my portion to all eternity.'

No 70. Monday, June 1.

—Mentiſque capacius altæ. *Ovid. Met. l. 1. v. 76.*

Of thoughts enlarg'd, and more exalted mind.

AS I was the other day taking a ſolitary walk in St. Paul's, I indulged my thoughts in the purſuit of a certain analogy between the fabric and the Chriſtian church in the largeſt ſenſe. The divine order and œconomy of the one ſeemed to be emblematically

matically ſet forth by the juſt, plain, and majeſtic architecture of the other. And as the one conſiſts of a great variety of parts united in the ſame regular deſign, according to the trueſt art, and moſt exact proportion, ſo the other contains a decent ſubordination of members, various ſacred inſtitutions, ſublime doctrines, and ſolid precepts of morality, digeſted into the ſame deſign, and with an admirable concurrence tending to one view, the happineſs and exaltation of human nature.

In the midſt of my contemplation, I beheld a fly upon one of the pillars; and it ſtraightway came into my head, that this ſame fly was a free-thinker. For it required ſome comprehenſion in the eye of the ſpectator to take in at one view the various parts of the building, in order to obſerve the ſymmetry and deſign. But to the fly, whoſe proſpect was confined to a little part of one of the ſtones of a ſingle pillar, the joint beauty of the whole, or the diſtinct uſe of its parts, were inconſpicuous, and nothing could appear but ſmall inequalities in the ſurface of the hewn ſtone, which in the view of that inſect ſeemed ſo many deformed rocks and precipices.

The thoughts of a free thinker are employed on certain minute particularities of religion, the difficulty of a ſingle text, or the unaccountableneſs of ſome ſtep of providence, or point of doctrine, to his narrow faculties, without comprehending the ſcope and deſign of Chriſtianity, the perfection to which it raiſeth human nature, the light it hath ſhed abroad in the world, and the cloſe connection it hath, as well with the good of public ſocieties as with that of particular perſons.

This raiſed in me ſome reflections on that frame or diſpoſition which is called largeneſs of mind, its neceſſity towards forming a true judgment of things, and where the ſoul is not incurably ſtinted by nature, what are the likelieſt methods to give it enlargement.

It is evident that philoſophy doth open and enlarge the mind, by the general views to which men are habituated in that ſtudy, and by the contemplation of more numerous and diſtant objects than fall within

in the ſphere of mankind in the ordinary purſuits of life. Hence it comes to paſs that philoſophers judge of moſt things very differently from the vulgar. Some inſtances of this may be ſeen in the Theætetus of Plato, where Socrates makes the following remarks, among others of the like nature.

'When a philoſopher hears ten thouſand acres 'mentioned as a great eſtate, he looks upon it as an 'inconſiderable ſpot, having been uſed to contemplate 'the whole globe of earth. Or when he beholds a 'man elated with the nobility of his race, becauſe 'he can reckon a ſeries of ſeven rich anceſtors, the 'philoſopher thinks him a ſtupid ignorant fellow, 'whoſe mind cannot reach to a general view of hu'man nature, which would ſhew him that we have 'all innumerable anceſtors, among whom are 'crowds of rich and poor, kings and ſlaves, Greeks 'and Barbarians.' Thus far Socrates, who was accounted wiſer than the reſt of the Heathens, for notions which approach the neareſt to Chriſtianity.

As all parts and branches of philoſophy, or ſpeculative knowledge, are uſeful in that reſpect, aſtronomy is peculiarly adapted to remedy a little and narrow ſpirit. In that ſcience there are good reaſons aſſigned to prove the ſun an hundred thouſand times bigger than our earth; and the diſtance of the ſtars ſo prodigious, that a cannon-bullet, continuing in its ordinary rapid motion, would not arrive from hence, at the neareſt of them, in the ſpace of an hundred and fifty thouſand years. Theſe ideas wonderfully dilate and expand the mind. There is ſomething in the immenſity of this diſtance, that ſhocks and overwhelms the imagination; it is too big for the graſp of a human intellect: eſtates, provinces, and kingdoms, vaniſh at its preſence. It were to be wiſhed a certain prince, who hath encouraged the ſtudy of it in his ſubjects, had been himſelf a proficient in aſtronomy. This might have ſhewed him how mean an ambition that was, which terminated in a ſmall part of what is itſelf but a point, in reſpect to that part of the univerſe which lies within our view.

But the Chriſtian religion ennobleth and enlargeth the mind beyond any other profeſſion or ſcience whatſoever. Upon that ſcheme, while the earth, and the tranſient enjoyments of this life ſhrink into the narroweſt dimenſions, and are accounted as 'the 'duſt of a balance, the drop of a bucket, yea, 'leſs than nothing;' the intellectual world opens wider to our view: the perfections of the Deity, the nature and excellence of virtue, the dignity of the human ſoul, are diſplayed in the largeſt characters. The mind of man ſeems to adapt itſelf to the different nature of its objects; it is contracted and debaſed, by being converſant in little and low things, and feels a proportionable enlargement ariſing from the contemplation of theſe great and ſublime ideas.

The greatneſs of things is comparative; and this does not only hold in reſpect of extenſion, but likewiſe in reſpect of dignity, duration, and all kinds of perfection. Aſtronomy opens the mind, and alters our judgment with regard to the magnitude of extended beings; but Chriſtianity produceth an univerſal greatneſs of ſoul. Philoſophy increaſeth our views in every reſpect; but Chriſtianity extends them to a degree beyond the light of nature.

How mean muſt the moſt exalted potentate upon earth appear to that eye which takes in innumerable orders of bleſſed ſpirits, differing in glory and perfection! How little muſt the amuſements of ſenſe, and the ordinary occupations of mortal men, ſeem to one who is engaged in ſo noble a purſuit, as the aſſimulation of himſelf to the Deity, which is the proper employment of every Chriſtian!

And the improvement which grows from habituating the mind to the comprehenſive views of religion muſt not be thought wholly to regard the underſtanding. Nothing is of greater force to ſubdue the inordinate motions of the heart, and to regulate the will. Whether a man be actuated by his paſſions, or his reaſon, theſe are firſt wrought upon by ſome object, which ſtirs the ſoul in proportion to its apparent dimenſions. Hence irreligious men, whoſe ſhort

proſpects

proſpects were filled with earth, and ſenſe, and mortal life, are invited by theſe mean ideas to actions proportionably little and low. But a mind whoſe views are enlightened and extended by religion, is animated to nobler purſuits, by more ſublime and remote objects.

There is not any inſtance of weakneſs in the Freethinkers that raiſes my indignation more, than their pretending to ridicule Chriſtians as men of narrow underſtandings, and to paſs themſelves upon the world for perſons of ſuperior ſenſe, and more enlarged views. But I leave it to any impartial man to judge, which hath the nobler ſentiments, which the greater views; he whoſe notions are ſtinted to a few miſerable inlets of ſenſe, or he whoſe ſentiments are raiſed above the common taſte, by the anticipation of thoſe delights which will ſatiate the ſoul, when the whole capacity of her nature is branched out into new faculties? He who looks for nothing beyond this ſhort ſpan of duration, or he whoſe aims are co-extended with the endleſs length of eternity? he who derives his ſpirit from the elements, or he who thinks it was inſpired by the Almighty?

No 71. Tueſday, June 2.

Quale portentum neque militaris
Daunia in latis alit eſculetis,
Nec Jubæ tellus generat, leonum
Arida nutrix. *Hor. Od. 22. l. 1. v. 13.*

No beaſt, of more portentous ſize,
In the Hercinian foreſt lies;
Nor fiercer, in Numidia bred,
With Carthage were in triumph led. *Roſcommon.*

I Queſtion not but my country cuſtomers will be ſurpriſed to hear me complain that this town is, of late years, very much infeſted with lions; and will, perhaps, look upon it as a ſtrange piece of news,

when I assure them that there are many of these beasts of prey who walk our streets in broad day-light, beating about from coffee-house to coffee-house, and seeking whom they may devour.

To unriddle this paradox, I must acquaint my rural reader, that we polite men of the town give the name of a lion to any one that is a great man's spy. And whereas I cannot discharge my office of Guardian, without setting a mark on such a noxious animal, and cautioning my wards against him, I design this whole paper as an essay upon the political lion.

It has cost me a great deal of time to discover the reason of this appellation, but after many disquisitions and conjectures on so obscure a subject, I find there are two accounts of it more satisfactory than the rest. In the republic of Venice, which has been always the mother of politics, there are near the Doge's palace several large figures of lions curiously wrought in marble, with mouths gaping in a most enormous manner. Those who have a mind to give the state any private intelligence of what passes in the city, put their hands into the mouth of one of these lions, and convey into it a paper of such private informations as any way regard the interest or safety of the commonwealth. By this means all the secrets of state come out of the lion's mouth. The informer is concealed; it is the lion that tells every thing. In short, there is not a mismanagement in office, or a murmur in conversation, which the lion does not acquaint the government with. For this reason, say the learned, a spy is very properly distinguished by the name of lion.

I must confess this etymology is plausible enough; and I did for some time acquiesce in it, till about a year or two ago I met with a little manuscript which sets this whole matter in a clear light. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, says my author, the renowned Walsingham had many spies in his service, from whom the government received great advantage. The most eminent among them was the statesman's barber,

ber, whoſe ſirname was Lyon. This fellow had an admirable knack of fiſhing out the ſecrets of his cuſtomers, as they were under his hands. He would rub and lather a man's head till he had got out every thing that was in it. He had a certain ſnap in his fingers, and a volubility in his tongue, that would engage a man to talk with him whether he would or no. By this means he became an inexhauſtible fund of private intelligence, and ſo ſignalized himſelf in the capacity of a ſpy, that from his time a maſter-ſpy goes under the name of a lion.

Walſingham had a moſt excellent penetration, and never attempted to turn any man into a lion whom he did not ſee highly qualified for it, when he was in his human condition. Indeed the ſpeculative men of thoſe times ſay of him, that he would now and then play them off, and expoſe them a little unmercifully; but that, in my opinion, ſeems only good policy, for otherwiſe they might ſet up for men again, when they thought fit, and deſert his ſervice. But, however, though in that very corrupt age he made uſe of theſe animals, he had a great eſteem for true men, and always exerted the higheſt generoſity in offering them more, without aſking terms of them, and doing more for them out of mere reſpect for their talents, though againſt him, than they could expect from any other miniſter whom they had ſerved never ſo conſpicuouſly. This made Raleigh, who profeſſed himſelf his opponent, ſay one day to a friend, 'Pox take this Walſingham; 'he baffles every body, he won't ſo much as let a 'man hate him in private.' True it is, that by the wanderings, roarings, and lurkings of his lions, he knew the way to every man breathing, who had not a contempt for the world itſelf. He had lions rampant whom he uſed for the ſervice of the church, and couchant who were to lie down for the Queen. They were ſo much at command that the couchant would act as the rampant, and the rampant as couchant, without being the leaſt out of countenance, and all this within four and twenty hours. Walſingham

had the pleaſanteſt life in the world, for, by the force of his power and intelligence, he ſaw men as they really were, and not as the world thought of them. All this was principally brought about by feeding his lions well, or keeping them hungry, according to their different conſtitutions.

Having given this ſhort, but neceſſary account of this ſtateſman, and his barber, who, like the taylor in Shakeſpeare's Pyramus and Thiſbe, was a man made as other men are, notwithſtanding he was a nominal lion, I ſhall proceed to the deſcription of this ſtrange ſpecies of creatures. Ever ſince the wiſe Walſingham was ſecretary in this nation, our ſtateſmen are ſaid to have encouraged the breed among us, as very well knowing that a lion in our Britiſh arms is one of the ſupporters of the crown, and that it is impoſſible for a government, in which there are ſuch a variety of factions and intrigues, to ſubſiſt without this neceſſary animal.

A lion, or maſter-ſpy, hath ſeveral jack-calls under him, who are his retailers in intelligence, and bring him in materials for his report: his chief haunt is a coffee-houſe; and as his voice is exceeding ſtrong, it aggravates the ſound of every thing it repeats.

As the lion generally thirſts after blood, and is of a fierce and cruel nature, there are no ſecrets which he hunts after with more delight than thoſe that cut off heads, hang, draw, and quarter, or end in the ruin of the perſon who becomes his prey. If he gets the wind of any word or action that may do a man good, it is not for his purpoſe; he quits the chaſe, and falls into a more agreeable ſcent.

He diſcovers a wonderful ſagacity in ſeeking after his prey. He couches and friſks about in a thouſand ſportful motions to draw it within his reach, and has a particular way of imitating the ſound of the creature whom he would enſnare; an artifice to be met with in no beaſt of prey, except the hyæna, and the political lion.

You ſeldom ſee a cluſter of news-mongers without a lion in the midſt of them. He never miſſes taking his ſtand within ear-ſhot of one of thoſe little ambitious

tious men who ſet up for orators in places of public reſort. If there is a whiſpering hole, or any public-ſpirited corner in a coffee-houſe, you never fail of ſeeing a lion couched upon his elbow in ſome part of the neighbourhood.

A lion is particularly addicted to the peruſal of every looſe paper that lies in his way. He appears more than ordinary attentive to what he reads, while he liſtens to thoſe who are about him. He takes up the poſt-man, and ſnuffs the candle that he may hear the better by it. I have ſeen a lion pore upon a ſingle paragraph in an old gazette for two hours together, if his neighbours have been talking all that while.

Having given a full deſcription of this monſter, for the benefit of ſuch innocent perſons as may fall into his walks, I ſhall apply a word or two to the lion himſelf, whom I would deſire to conſider, that he is a creature hated both by God and man, and regarded with the utmoſt contempt, even by ſuch as make uſe of him. Hangmen and executioners are neceſſary in a ſtate, and ſo may the animal I have been here mentioning; but how deſpicable is the wretch that takes on him ſo vile an employment? There is ſcarce a being that would not ſuffer by a compariſon with him, except that being only who acts the ſame kind of part, and is both the tempter and accuſer of mankind.

N. B. Mr. Ironſide has, within five weeks laſt paſt, muzzled three lions, gorged five, and killed one. On Monday next the ſkin of the dead one will be hung up, *in terrorem*, at Button's coffee-houſe, over againſt Tom's in Convent-garden.

No.

N° 72. Wedneſday, June 3.

——In vitium libertas excidit, et vim
Dignam lege regi—— *Hor. Ars Poet. v.* 282.

——Its liberty was turn'd to rage;
Such rage as civil pow'r was forc'd to tame. *Creech.*

OXford is a place which I am more inquiſitive about than even that of my nativity; and when I have an account of any ſprightly ſaying, or riſing genius from thence, it brings my own youthful days into my mind, and throws me forty years back into life. It is for this reaſon that I have thought myſelf a little neglected of late by Jack Lizard, from whom I uſed to hear at leaſt once a week. The laſt poſt brought me his excuſe, which is, that he hath been wholly taken up in preparing ſome exerciſes for the theatre. He tells me likewiſe, that the talk there is about a public act, and that the gay part of the univerſity have great expectation of a *terræ-filius*, who is to laſh and ſting all the world in a ſatyrical ſpeech. Againſt the great licence which hath heretofore been taken in theſe libels, he expreſſes himſelf with ſuch humanity as is very unuſual in a young perſon, and ought to be cheriſhed and admired. For my own part, I ſo far agree with him, that if the univerſity permits a thing, which I think much better let alone, I hope thoſe, whoſe duty it is to appoint a proper perſon for that office, will take care that he utter nothing unbecoming a gentleman, a ſcholar, and a Chriſtian. Moreover, I would have them conſider, that their learned body hath already enemies enough, who are prepared to aggravate all irreverent inſinuations, and to interpret all oblique indecencies, who will triumph in ſuch a victory, and bid the univerſity thank herſelf for the conſequences.

In my time I remember the *terræ-filius* contented himſelf with being bitter upon the Pope, or chaſtiſing

ing the Turk; and raiſed a ſerious and manly mirth, and adapted to the dignity of his auditory, by expoſing the falſe reaſoning of the heretic, or ridiculing the clumſy pretenders to genius and politeneſs. In the jovial reign of King Charles II. wherein never did more wit or more ribaldry abound, the faſhion of being arch upon all that was grave, and waggiſh upon the ladies, crept into our ſeats of learning upon theſe occaſions. This was managed groſsly and awkwardly enough, in a place where the general plainneſs and ſimplicity of manners could ill bear the mention of ſuch crimes, as in courts and great cities are called by the ſpecious names of air and gallantry. It is to me amazing, that ever any man bred up in the knowledge of virtue and humanity ſhould ſo far caſt off all ſhame and tenderneſs as to ſtand up in the face of thouſands and utter ſuch contumelies as I have read and heard of. Let ſuch an one know, that he is making fools merry, and wiſe men ſick; and that, in the eye of conſidering perſons, he hath leſs compunction than the common hangman, and leſs ſhame than a proſtitute.

Infamy is ſo cutting an evil, that moſt perſons who have any elevation of ſoul, think it worſe than death. Thoſe who have it not in their power to revenge it, often pine away in anguiſh, and loath their being; and thoſe who have, enjoy no reſt till they have vengeance. I ſhall therefore make it the buſineſs of this paper to ſhow how baſe and ungenerous it is to traduce the women, and how dangerous to expoſe men of learning and character, who have generally been the ſubjects of theſe invectives.

It hath been often ſaid, that women ſeem formed to ſoften the boiſterous paſſions, and ſoothe the cares and anxieties to which men are expoſed in the many perplexities of life: That having weaker bodies, and leſs ſtrength of mind than men, nature hath poured out her charms upon them, and given them ſuch tenderneſs of heart, that the moſt delicate delight we receive from them, is in thinking them entirely ours, and under our protection. Accordingly we find that all nations have paid a decent homage

to

to this weaker and lovelier part of the rational creation, in proportion to their removal from ſavageneſs and barbariſm. Chaſtity and truth are the only due returns that they can make for this generous diſpoſition in the nobler ſex; for beauty is ſo far from ſatisfying us of itſelf, that whenever we think that it is communicated to others, we behold it with regret and diſdain. Whoever therefore robs a women of her reputation, deſpoils a poor defenceleſs creature of all that makes her valuable, turns her beauty into loathſomeneſs, and leaves her friendleſs, abandoned, and undone. There are many tempers ſo ſoft that the leaſt calumny gives them pains that they are not able to bear. They give themſelves up to ſtrange fears, gloomy reflections, and deep melancholy. How ſavage muſt he be, who can ſacrifice the quiet of ſuch a mind to a tranſient burſt of mirth! Let him who wantonly ſports away the peace of a poor lady, conſider what diſcord he ſows in families; how often he wrings the heart of an hoary parent; how often he rouſes the fury of a jealous huſband; how he extorts from the abuſed woman curſes, perhaps not unheard, and poured out in the bitterneſs of her ſoul! What weapons hath ſhe wherewith to repeal ſuch an outrage! How ſhall ſhe oppoſe her ſoftneſs and imbecility to the hardened forehead of a coward, who hath trampled upon weakneſs that could not reſiſt him? to a buffoon, who hath ſlandered innocence to the laughter of fools? who hath ſcattered fire-brands, arrows, and death, and ſaid, am I not in ſport?

Irreverent reflections upon men of learning and note, if their character be ſacred, do great diſſervice to religion, and betray a vile mind in the author. I have therefore always thought, with indignation, upon that accuſer of the brethren, the famous antiquary, whoſe employment it was, for ſeveral years, to rake up all the ill-natured ſtories that had ever been faſtened upon celebrated men, and tranſmit them to poſterity with cruel induſtry and malicious joy. Though the good men, ill-uſed, may, out of a meek and Chriſtian diſpoſition, ſo far ſubdue

ſubdue their natural reſentment as to neglect and forgive, yet the inventors of ſuch calumnies will find generous perſons, whoſe bravery of mind makes them think themſelves proper inſtruments to chaſtiſe ſuch inſolence; and I have, in my time, more than once known the diſcipline of the blanket adminiſtered to the offenders, and all their ſlanders anſwered by that kind of ſyllogiſm which the ancient Romans called the *argumentum bacillinum*.

I have leſs compaſſion for men of ſprightly parts and genius, whoſe characters are played upon, becauſe they have it in their power to revenge themſelves tenfold; but I think of all the claſſes of mankind they are the moſt pardonable, if they pay the ſlanderer in his own coin; for their names being already blazed abroad in the world, the leaſt blot thrown upon them is diſplayed far and wide; and they have this ſad privilege above the men in obſcurity, that the diſhonour travels as far as their fame. To be even therefore with their enemy, they are but too apt to diffuſe his infamy as far as their own reputation, and perhaps triumph in ſecret, that they have it in their power to make his name the ſcoff and deriſion of after ages. This I ſay they are too apt to do; for ſometimes they reſent the expoſing of their little affectations or ſlips in writings, as much as wounds upon their honour. The firſt are trifles they ſhould laugh away, but the latter deſerves their utmoſt ſeverity.

I muſt confeſs a warmth againſt the buffoonries mentioned in the beginning of this paper, as they have ſo many circumſtances to aggravate their guilt. A licence for a man to ſtand up in the ſchools of the prophets, in a grave decent habit, and audaciouſly vent his obloquies againſt the doctors of our church, and directors of our young nobility, gentry, and clergy, in their hearing and before their eyes; to throw calumnies upon poor defenceleſs women, and offend their ears with nauſeous ribaldry, and name their names at length in a public theatre, when a queen is upon the throne: ſuch a licence as this ne-

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ver yet gained ground in our playhouſes, and I hope will not need a law to forbid it. Were I to adviſe in this matter, I ſhould repreſent to the orator how noble a field there lay before him for panegyric; what an happy opportunity he had of doing juſtice to the great men who once were of that famous body, or now ſhine forth in it. Nor ſhould I neglect to inſinuate the advantages he might propoſe by gaining their friendſhip, whoſe worth, by a contrary treatment, he will be imagined either not to know, or to envy. This might reſcue the name from ſcandal; and if, as it ought, this performance turned ſolely upon matters of wit and learning, it might have the honour of being one of the firſt productions of the magnificent printing-houſe juſt erected at Oxford.

This paper is written with a deſign to make my journey to Oxford agreeable to me, where I deſign to be at the public act. If my advice is neglected, I ſhall not ſcruple to inſert in the Guardian whatever the men of letters and genius tranſmit to me, in their own vindication; and I hereby promiſe that I myſelf will draw my pen in defence of all injured women.

No 73. Thurſday, June 4.

In amore huc inſunt omnia. *Ter. Eun. Act.* I. *Sc.* I.

All thoſe things are inſeparable from love.

IT is matter of great concern that there come ſo many letters to me, wherein I ſee parents make love for their children, and, without any manner of regard to the ſeaſon of life, and the reſpective intereſts of their progeny, judge of their future happineſs by the rules of ordinary commerce. When a man falls in love in ſome families, they uſe him as if his land was mortgaged to them; and he cannot diſcharg

diſcharge himſelf but by really making it the ſame thing in an unreaſonable ſettlement, or foregoing what is dearer to him than his eſtate itſelf. Theſe extortioners are, of all others, the moſt cruel; and the ſharks, who prey upon the inadvertency of young heirs, are more pardonable than thoſe who treſpaſs upon the good opinion of thoſe who treat with them upon the foot of choice and reſpect. The following letters may place in the reader's view uneaſineſſes of this ſort, which may perhaps be uſeful to ſome under the circumſtances mentioned by my correſpondents.

To NESTOR IRONSIDE, Eſq;

From a certain town in Cumberland, May 21.

Venerable SIR,

IT is impoſſible to expreſs the univerſal ſatisfaction your precautions give in a country ſo far north as ours; and indeed it were impertinent to expatiate in a caſe that is by no means particular to ourſelves; all mankind who wiſh well to one another being equally concerned in their ſucceſs. However, as all nations have not the genius, and each particular man has his different views and taſte, we northerns cannot but acknowledge our obligations, in a more eſpecial manner, for your matrimonial precautions, which we more immediately are intereſted in. Our climate has ever been recorded as friendly to the continuation of our kind; and the ancient hiſtories are not more full of their Goths and Vandals, that in ſwarms overſpread all Europe, than modern ſtory is of its Yorkſhire hoſtlers, and attorneys, who are remarkably eminent and beneficial in every market-town, and moſt inns of this kingdom. I ſhall not here preſume to enter, with the ancient ſages, into a particular reaſoning upon the caſe, as whether it proceeds from the cold temper of the air or the particular conſtitutions of the perſons, or both; from the faſhionable want of artifice in the women, and their entire ſatisfaction in one conqueſt only, or the happy igno-

rance in the men of thoſe ſouthern vices which effeminate mankind.

From this encomium, I do not queſtion but by this time you infer me happy already in the legal poſſeſſion of ſome fair one, or in a probable way of being ſo. But, alas! neither is my caſe; and, from the cold damp which this minute ſeizes upon my heart, I preſage never will. What ſhall I do? To complain here is to talk to winds, or mortals as regardleſs as they. The tempeſtuous ſtorms in the neighbouring mountains are not more relentleſs, or the crags more deaf, than the old gentleman is to my ſighs and prayers. The lovely Paſtorella indeed hears, and gently ſighs, but it is only to increaſe my tortures; ſhe is too dutiful to diſobey a father, and I neither able nor forward to receive her by an act of diſobedience.

As to myſelf, my humour, till this accident to ruffle it, has ever been gay and thoughtleſs, perpetually toying amongſt the women, dancing briſkly and ſinging ſoftly. For I take it more men miſcarry amongſt them for having too much than too little underſtanding. Paſtorella ſeems willing to relieve me from my frights; and by her conſtant carriage, by admitting my viſits at all hours, has convinced all hereabouts of my happineſs with her, and occaſioned a total defection amongſt her former lovers, to my infinite contentment. Ah! Mr. Ironſide, could you but ſee in a calm evening the profuſion of eaſe and tenderneſs betwixt us! The murmuring river that glides gently by, the cooing turtles in the neighbouring groves, are harſh, compared to her more tuneful voice. The happy pair, firſt joined in Paradiſe, not more enamoured walked, more ſweetly loved! But, alas! what is all this! an imaginary joy, in which we trifle away our precious time without coming together for ever. That muſt depend upon the old gentleman, who ſees I cannot live without his daughter, and knows I cannot upon his terms, ever be happy with her. I beg of you to ſend for us all up to town together, that we may

may be heard before you (for we all agree in a deference to your judgment) upon these heads, Whether the authority of a father should not accommodate itself to the liberty of a free-born English-woman?

Whether, if you think fit to take the old gentleman into your care, the daughter may not chuse her lover for her guardian?

Whether all parents are not obliged to provide for the just passions of their children when grown up, as well as food and raiment in their tender years?

These and such points being unsettled in the world, are cause of great distraction; and it would be worthy your great age and experience to consider them distinctly for the benefit of domestic life. All which, most venerable Nestor, is humbly submitted by all your northern friends, as well as

Your most obedient and
Devoted humble servant,
PASTOR FIDO.

Mr. IRONSIDE,

WE who subscribe this are man and wife, and have been so these fifteen years; but you must know we have quarrelled twice a day ever since we came together, and at the same time have a very tender regard for one another. We observe this habitual disputation has an ill effect upon our children, and they lose their respect towards us from this jangling of ours. We lately entered into an agreement, that, from that time forward, when either should fall into a passion, the party angry should go into another room, and write a note to the other by one of the children, and the person writ to, right or wrong, beg pardon; because the writing to avoid passion is in itself an act of kindness. This little method, with the smiles of the messengers, and other nameless incidents in the management of this correspondence with the next room, has produced inexpressible delight, made our children and servants chearful under our care and protection, and

made us ourſelves ſenſible of a thouſand good qualities we now ſee in each other, which could not before ſhine out, becauſe of our mutual impatience.

Your humble ſervants,

PHILIP and MARY.

P. S. Since the above, my wife is gone out of the room, and writes word by Billy, that ſhe would have, in the above letter, the words 'jangling of 'ours,' changed into the words 'theſe our frequent 'debates. I allow of the amendment, and deſire you would underſtand accordingly, that we never jangled, but went into frequent debates, which were always held in a committee of the whole houſe.

To NESTOR IRONSIDE, Eſq;

Sagacious SIR,

WE married men reckon ourſelves under your ward, as well as thoſe who live in a leſs regular condition. You muſt know I have a wife, who is one of thoſe good women who are never very angry or very much pleaſed. My dear is rather inclined to the former, and will walk about in ſoliloquy, dropipng ſentences to herſelf of management, ſaying, 'She will ſay nothing, but ſhe knows when 'her head is laid what'—and the reſt of that kind of half expreſſions. I am never inquiſitive to know what is her grievance, becauſe I know it is only conſtitution. I call her by the kind appellation of My gentle murmur; and I am ſo uſed to hear her, that I believe I could not ſleep without it. It would not be amiſs if you communicated this to the public, that many who think their wives angry may know they are only not pleaſed, and that very many come into this world and go out of it at a very good old age, without having ever been much tranſported with joy or grief in their whole lives.

Your humble ſervant,

ARTHUR SMOOTH.

Moſt

Moſt Venerable NESTOR,

I Am now three-and-twenty, and in the utmoſt perplexity how to behave myſelf towards a gentleman, whom my father has admitted to viſit me as a lover. I plainly perceive my father deſigns to take advantage of his paſſion towards me, and require terms of him which will make him fly off. I have orders to be cold to him in all my behaviour; but if you inſert this letter in the Guardian, he will know that diſtance is conſtrained. I love him better than life, am ſatisfied with the offer he has made, and deſire him to ſtick to it, that he may not hereafter think he has purchaſed me too dear. My mother knows I love him, ſo that my father muſt comply.

Your thankful ward,

SUSANNAH ———.

P. S. I give my ſervice to him, and deſire the ſettlement may be ſuch as ſhow I have my thoughts fixed upon my happineſs, in being his wife rather than his widow.

No 74. Friday, June 5.

Magne parens, ſancta quam majeſtate verendus! *Buch.*
Great Parent! how majeſtic! how adorable!

I Will make no apology for preferring this letter, and the extract following, to any thing elſe which I could poſſibly inſert.

SIR, *Cambridge, May* 31.

YOU having been pleaſed to take notice of what you conceived excellent in ſome of our Engliſh

divines, I have here preſumed to ſend a ſpecimen, which, if I am not miſtaken, may, for acuteneſs of judgment, ornament of ſpeech, and true ſublime, compare with any of the choiceſt writings of the ancient fathers or doctors of the church, who lived neareſt to the apoſtles times. The ſubject is no leſs than that of God himſelf; and the deſign, beſides doing ſome honour to our own nation, is to ſhew, by a freſh example, to what a height and ſtrength of thought a perſon, who appears not to be by nature endued with the quickeſt parts, may arrive, through a ſincere and ſteady practice of the Chriſtian religion; I mean, as taught and adminiſtered in the church of England: which will, at the ſame time, prove that the force of ſpiritual aſſiſtance is not at all abated by length of time, or the iniquity of mankind, but that if men were not wanting to themſelves, and (as our excellent author ſpeaks) could but be perſuaded to conform to our church's rules, they might ſtill live as the primitive Chriſtians did, and come ſhort of none of thoſe eminent ſaints for virtue and holineſs. The author from whom this collection is made, is Biſhop Beveridge, vol. 2. ſerm. 1.

PHILOTHEUS.

In treating upon that paſſage in the book of Exodus, where Moſes being ordered to lead the children of Iſrael out of Egypt, he aſked GOD what name he ſhould mention him by to that people, in order to diſpoſe them to obey him; and God anſwered, I AM THAT I AM; and bade him tell them, I AM hath ſent me unto you; the admirable author thus diſcourſes: 'God having been pleaſed to reveal himſelf to us under this name or title, I AM THAT I AM, he thereby ſuggeſts to us that he would not have us apprehend of him as of any particular or limited being, but as a being in general, or the being of all beings; who giveth being to, and therefore exerciſeth authority over all things in the world. He did not anſwer Moſes, I am the great,

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'the living, the true, the everlasting God; he did 'not say, I am the Almighty creator, preserver, 'and governor of the whole world; but, I AM 'THAT I AM: intimating, that if Moses desired 'such a name of God as might fully describe his na- 'ture as in itself, that is a thing impossible; there 'being no words to be found in any language, where- 'by to express the glory of an infinite being, espe- 'cially so as that finite creatures should be able fully 'to conceive it. Yet, however, in these words he 'is pleased to acquaint us what kind of thoughts he 'would have us entertain of him; insomuch that 'could we but rightly apprehend what is couched 'under, and intended by them, we should doubtless 'have as high and true conceptions of God as it is 'possible for creatures to have.'——The answer given suggests farther to us these following notions of the most high God: 'First, that he is one being 'existing in and of himself. His unity is implied in 'that he saith, I; his existence in that he saith, I 'AM; his existence in and of himself, in that he 'saith, I AM THAT I AM; that is, I am in and 'of myself, not receiving any thing from, nor de- 'pending upon any other.——The same expression 'implies, that as God is only one, so that he is a 'most pure and simple being; for here we see he ad- 'mits nothing into the manifestation of himself but 'pure essence, saying, I AM THAT I AM; that 'is, being itself, without any mixture or composition. 'And therefore we must not conceive of God as 'made up of several parts, or faculties, or ingredi- 'ents, but only as one, who is that he is, and 'whatsoever is in him is himself. And although 'we read of several properties attributed to him in 'scripture, as wisdom, goodness, justice, &c. we 'must not apprehend them to be several powers, ha- 'bits, or qualities, as they are in us; for as they 'are in God, they are neither distinguished from 'one another, nor from his nature or essence, in 'whom they are said to be. In whom, I say, they

'are

'are ſaid to be: for to ſpeak properly, they are not 'in him, but are his very eſſence, or nature itſelf; 'which acting ſeverally upon ſeveral objects, ſeems 'to us to act from ſeveral properties or perfections 'in him; whereas all the difference is only in our 'different apprehenſions of the ſame thing. God in 'himſelf is a moſt ſimple and pure act, and there-'fore cannot have any thing in him but what is that 'moſt ſimple and pure act itſelf; which ſeeing it 'bringeth upon every creature what it deſerves, we 'conceive of it as of ſeveral divine perfections in the 'ſame almighty being. Whereas God, whoſe under-'ſtanding is infinite as himſelf, doth not apprehend 'himſelf under the diſtinct notions of wiſdom, or 'goodneſs, or juſtice, or the like, but only as Je-'hovah: and therefore in this place he doth not ſay 'I am wiſe, or juſt, or good, but ſimply, I AM 'THAT I AM.'

Having thus offered at ſomething towards the ex-plication of the firſt of theſe myſterious ſayings in the anſwer God made to Moſes, when he deſigned to en-courage him to lead his people out of Egypt, he proceeds to conſider the other, whereby God calls himſelf abſolutely I AM. Concerning which he takes notice, 'That though I AM be commonly a 'verb of the firſt perſon, yet it is here uſed as a noun 'ſubſtantive, or proper name; and is the nominative 'caſe to another verb of the third perſon in theſe 'words, I AM hath ſent me unto you. A ſtrange 'expreſſion! But when God ſpeaks of himſelf, he 'cannot be confined to grammar-rules, being infinitely 'above and beyond the reach of all languages in 'the world; and therefore it is no wonder that 'when he would reveal himſelf he goes out of our 'common way of ſpeaking one to another, and ex-'preſſeth himſelf in a way peculiar to himſelf, and 'ſuch as is ſuitable and proper to his own nature and 'glory.

'Hence, therefore, as when he ſpeaks of himſelf 'and his own eternal eſſence, he ſaith, I AM THAT 'I AM; ſo when he ſpeaks of himſelf with referen-

'to his creatures, and eſpecially to his people, he 'ſaith, I AM. He doth not ſay, I am their light, 'their life, their guide, their ſtrength, or tower; 'but only I AM. He ſets as it were his hand to a 'blank, that his people may write under it what 'they pleaſe that is good for them. As if he ſhould 'ſay, Are they weak? I am ſtrength. Are they 'poor? I am riches. Are they in trouble? I am 'comfort. Are they ſick? I am health. Are they 'dying? I am life. Have they nothing? I am all 'things. I am wiſdom and power; I am juſtice 'and mercy; I am grace and goodneſs; I am 'glory, beauty, holineſs, eminency, ſuper-eminency, 'perfection, all-ſufficiency, eternity, Jehovah, I AM. 'Whatſoever is ſuitable to their nature, or conve-'nient for them in their ſeveral conditions, that I am; 'whatſoever is amiable in itſelf, or deſirable unto 'them, that I am: whatſoever is pure and holy, 'whatſoever is great or pleaſant, whatſoever is good 'or needful to make men happy, that I am. So 'that, in ſhort, God here repreſents himſelf unto 'us as an univerſal good, and leaves us to make the 'application of it to ourſelves, according to our ſe-'veral wants, capacities, and deſires, by ſaying 'only in general, I AM.'

Again, pag. 27. he thus diſcourſes: 'There is 'more ſolid joy and comfort, more real delight and 'ſatisfaction of mind, in one ſingle thought of God 'rightly formed, than all the riches, and honours, 'and pleaſures of this world, put them all together, 'are able to afford.——Let us then call in for all 'our ſcattered thoughts from all things here below, 'and raiſe them up and unite them all to the Moſt 'High God; apprehending him under the idea, 'image, or likeneſs of any thing elſe, but as infi-'nitely greater, and higher, and better than all 'things; as one exiſting in and of himſelf, and giv-'ing eſſence and exiſtence to all things in the world 'beſides himſelf; as one ſo pure and ſimple that 'there is nothing in him but himſelf, but eſſence and 'being itſelf; as one ſo infinite and omnipotent that

'where-

'whereſoever any thing elſe is in the whole world, 'there he is; and beyond the world, where nothing 'elſe is, there all things are, becauſe he is there; 'as no one ſo wiſe, ſo knowing, ſo omniſcient, that 'he at this very moment, and always, ſees what all 'the angels are doing in heaven; what all the fowls 'are doing in the air; what all the fiſhes are doing 'in the waters; what all the devils are doing in hell; 'what all the men and beaſts, and the very inſects, 'are doing upon earth; as one ſo powerful and om-'nipotent that he can do whatſoever he will, only 'by willing it ſhould be done; as one ſo great, ſo 'good, ſo glorious, ſo immutable, ſo tranſcendent, 'ſo infinite, ſo incomprehenſible, ſo eternal, what 'ſhall I ſay? ſo Jehovah, that the more we think of 'him, the more we admire him, the more we adore 'him, the more we love him, the more we may 'and ought; our higheſt conceptions of him being 'as much beneath him, as our greateſt ſervices come 'ſhort of what we owe him.

'Seeing therefore we cannot think of God ſo high-'ly as he is, let us think of him as highly as we can: 'and for that end, let us get above ourſelves, and 'above the world, and raiſe up our thoughts higher 'and higher, and higher ſtill; and when we have 'got them up as high as poſſibly we can, let us ap-'prehend a being infinitely higher than the higheſt 'of them; and then finding ourſelves at a loſs, 'amazed, confounded at ſuch an infinite height of 'infinite perfections, let us fall down in humble and 'hearty deſires to be freed from theſe dark priſons 'wherein we are now immured, that we may take 'our flight into eternity, and there, through the 'merits of our ever bleſſed Saviour, ſee this infinite 'being face to face, and enjoy him for ever.'

No

No. 75. Saturday, June 6.

Hic eſt, aut nuſqam, quod quærimus.

Hor. Ep. 17. *l.* 1. 39.

——Here, or no where, we may hope to find
What we deſire. *Creech.*

THIS paper ſhall conſiſt of extracts from two great divines, but of very different genius. The one is to be admired for convincing the underſtanding, the other for inflaming the heart. The former urges us in this plain and forcible manner to an inquiry into religion, and practiſing its precepts.

'Suppoſe the world began ſome time to be; it 'muſt either be made by counſel and deſign, that 'is, produced by ſome being that knew what it did, 'that did contrive it, and frame it as it is; which 'it is eaſy to conceive, a being that is infinitely good 'and wiſe, and powerful, might do: but this is to 'own a God: Or elſe the matter of it being ſup-'poſed to have been always, and in continual mo-'tion and tumult, it at laſt happened to fall into this 'order, and the parts of matter, after various agi-'tations, were at length intangled, and knit toge-'ther in this order in which we ſee the world to be. 'But can any man think this reaſonable to imagine, 'that, in the infinite variety which is in the world, 'all things ſhould happen by chance, as well and as 'orderly as the greateſt wiſdom could have con-'trived them? Whoever can believe this, muſt do 'it with his will, and not with his underſtand-'ing.

'Suppoſing the reaſons for and againſt the princi-'pals of religion were equal, yet the danger and ha-'zard is ſo unequal, as would ſway a prudent man to 'the affirmative. Suppoſe a man believe there is no 'God, nor life after this; and ſuppoſe he be in the 'right, but not certain that he is, (for that I am ſure

'ſure in this caſe is impoſſible), all the advantage 'he hath by this opinion, relates only to this world, 'and this preſent time; for he cannot be the better for 'it when he is not. Now, what advantage will it be 'to him in this life? He ſhall have the more liberty 'to do what he pleaſeth; that is, it furniſheth him 'with a ſtronger temptation to be intemperate, and 'luſtful, and unjuſt; that is, to do thoſe things 'which prejudice his body and his health, which 'cloud his reaſon, and darken his underſtanding, 'which will make him enemies in the world, will 'bring him into danger. So that it is no advantage 'to any man to be vicious: and yet this is the great-'eſt uſe that is made of atheiſtical principles, to com-'fort men in their vicious courſes. But if thou haſt 'a mind to be virtuous, and temperate, and juſt, 'the belief of the principles of religion will be no ob-'ſtacle, but a furtherance to thee in this courſe. All 'the advantage a man can hope for by diſbelieving 'the principles of religion, is to eſcape trouble and 'perſecution in this world, which may happen to 'him upon account of religion. But ſuppoſing 'there be a God, and a life after this; then what a 'vaſt difference is there of the conſequences of theſe 'opinions? As much as between finite and infinite, 'time and eternity.

'To perſuade men to believe the Scriptures, I on-'ly offer this to men's conſideration. If there be a 'God, whoſe providence governs the world, and 'all the creatures in it, is it not reaſonable to think 'that he hath a particular care of men, the nobleſt 'part of this viſible world? and ſeeing he hath made 'them capable of eternal duration, that he hath pro-'vided for their eternal happineſs, and ſufficiently 'revealed to them the way to it, and the terms and 'conditions of it. Now let any man produce any 'book in the world, that pretends to be from God, 'and to do this; that for the matter of it is ſo wor-'thy of God, the doctrines whereof are ſo uſeful, 'and the precepts ſo reaſonable, and the arguments 'ſo powerful, the truth of all which was confirmed 'by ſo many great and unqueſtionable miracles, the re-

'relation of which has been tranſmitted to poſ-
'terity in public and authentic records, writ-
'ten by thoſe who were eye and ear witneſſes of
'what they wrote, and free from ſuſpicion of any
'worldly intereſt and deſign, let any produce a book
'like to this in all theſe reſpects; and which, over
'and beſides, hath, by the power and reaſonableneſs
'of the doctrines contained in it, prevailed ſo mira-
'culouſly in the world, by weak and inconſiderable
'means, in oppoſition to all the wit and power of
'the world, and under ſuch diſcouragements as no
'other religion was ever aſſaulted with. Let any man
'bring forth ſuch book, and he hath my leave to be-
'lieve it as ſoon as the Bible. But if there be none
'ſuch, as I am well aſſured there is not, then every
'one that thinks God hath revealed himſelf to men,
'ought to embrace and entertain the doctrine of the
'holy ſcriptures, as revealed by God.

'And now, having preſented men with ſuch ar-
'guments and conſiderations as are proper, and I
'think ſufficient to induce belief, I think it not un-
'reaſonable to entreat and urge men diligently and
'impartially to conſider theſe matters; and if there
'be weight in theſe conſiderations to ſway reaſonable
'men, that they would not ſuffer themſelves to be
'biaſed by prejudice, or paſſion, or intereſt, to a con-
'trary perſuaſion. Thus much I may with reaſon
'deſire of men; for though men cannot believe
'what they will, yet men may, if they will, conſi-
'der things ſeriouſly and impartially, and yield or
'with-hold their aſſent as they ſhall ſee cauſe, after
'a thorough ſearch and examination.

'If any man will offer a ſerious argument againſt
'any of the principles of religion, and will debate the
'matter ſoberly, as one that conſiders the infinite
'conſequences of theſe things one way or other, and
'would gladly be ſatisfied, he deſerves to be heard
'what he can ſay; but if a man will turn religion
'into raillery, and confute it by two or three bold
'jeſts, he doth not make religion, but himſelf ridi-
'culous, in the opinion of all conſiderate men, be-
'cauſe he ſports with his life.

'So that it concerns every man that would not 'trifle away his ſoul, and fool himſelf into irreco- 'verable miſery, with the greateſt ſerioufneſs to en- 'quire into theſe things, whether they be ſo or no, 'and patiently to conſider the arguments that are 'brought for them.

'And when you are examining theſe matters, do 'not take into conſideration any ſenſual or worldly 'intereſt, but deal fairly and impartially with your- 'ſelves. Think with yourſelves that you have not 'the making of things true and falſe; that the prin- 'ciples of religion are either true or falſe before you 'think of them. The truth of things is already fix- 'ed; either there is a God, or no God; either your 'ſouls are immortal, or they are not; either the 'ſcriptures are a divine revelation, or an impoſture; 'one of theſe is certain and neceſſary, and they are 'not now to be altered. Things will not comply 'with your conceits, and bend themſelves to your 'intereſts; therefore do not think what you would 'have to be, but conſider impartially what is.'

The other great writer is particularly uſeful in his rapturous ſoliloquies, wherein he thinks of the Deity with the higheſt admiration, and beholds himſelf with the moſt contrite lowlineſs. 'My preſent bu- 'ſineſs,' ſays he, 'is to treat of God, his being and 'attributes; but who is ſufficient for theſe things? 'At leaſt, who am I, a ſilly worm, that I ſhould 'take upon me to ſpeak of him by whom alone I 'ſpeak; and being myſelf but a finite ſinful crea- 'ture, ſhould ſtrive to unveil the nature of the infi- 'nite and moſt holy God? Alas! I cannot ſo much 'as begin to think of him, but immediately my 'thoughts are confounded, my heart is perplexed, 'my mind amazed, my head turns round, my 'whole ſoul ſeems to be unhinged and overwhelm- 'ed within me. His mercy exalts me, his juſtice 'depreſſeth me, his wiſdom aſtoniſheth me, his 'power affrights me, his glory dazzles mine eyes; 'and by reaſon of his highneſs, as Job ſpeaks, I can-

'not

'not endure; but the leaſt glimpſe of him makes 'me abhor myſelf, and repent in duſt and aſhes be-'fore him.'

No 76. Monday, June 8.

———Solos aio bene vivere quorum
Conſpicitur nitidis fundata pecunia villis.

Hor. Ep. 15. l. 1. v. 45.

———Thoſe are bleſs'd, and only thoſe,
Whoſe ſtately houſe their hidden treaſure ſhows.

Creech.

I Ever thought it my duty to preſerve peace and love among my wards; and ſince I have ſet up for an univerſal Guardian, I have laid nothing more to heart than the differences and quarrels between the landed and the trading intereſts of my country, which indeed comprehends the whole. I ſhall always contribute, to the utmoſt of my power, to reconcile theſe intereſts to each other, and to make them both ſenſible that their mutual happineſs depends upon their being friends.

They mutually furniſh each other with all the neceſſaries and conveniences of life. The land ſupplies the traders with corn, cattle, wool, and generally all the materials, either for their ſubſiſtence or their riches; the traders in return provide the gentlemen with houſes, clothes, and many other things, without which their life at beſt would be uncomfortable; yet theſe very intereſts are almoſt always claſhing. The traders conſider every high duty upon any part of their trade, as proceeding from jealouſy in the gentlemen of their rivalling them too faſt; and they are often enemies on this account. The gentlemen, on the other hand, think they can never lay too great a burden upon trade; though in every thing they eat, and drink, and wear, they are ſure to bear the greateſt part themſelves.

I ſhall endeavour, as much as poſſible, to remove this emulation between the parties; and, in the firſt place, to convince the traders that in many inſtances high duties may be laid upon their imports to enlarge the general trade of the kingdom. For example, if there ſhould be laid a prohibition, or high duties which ſhall amount to a prohibition, upon the imports from any other country which takes from us a million ſterling every year, and returns us nothing elſe but manufactures for the conſumption of our own people, it is certain this ought to be conſidered as the increaſe of our trade in general; for if we want theſe manufactures, we ſhall either make them ourſelves, or, which is the ſame thing, import them from other countries in exchange for our own. In either of which caſes our foreign or inland trade is enlarged, and ſo many more of our own people are employed and ſubſiſted for that money which was annually exported; that is in all probability an hundred and fifty thouſand of our people, for the yearly ſum of one million. If our traders would conſider many of our prohibitions, or high duties in this light, they would think their country and themſelves obliged to the landed intereſt for theſe reſtraints.

Again, gentlemen are too apt to envy the traders every ſum of money they import, and gain from abroad, as if it was ſo much loſs to themſelves; but if they could be convinced, that for every million that ſhall be imported and gained by traders, more than twice that ſum is gained by the landed intereſt, they would never be averſe to the trading part of the nation. To convince them, therefore, that this is the fact, ſhall be the remaining part of this diſcourſe.

Let us ſuppoſe then that a million, or, if you pleaſe, that twenty millions were to be imported and gained by trade, to what uſes could it be applied? and which would be the greateſt gainers, the landed or the trading intereſt? Suppoſe it to be twenty millions. It

It cannot at all be doubted, that a part of the aforementioned ſum would be laid out in luxury, ſuch as the magnificence of buildings, the plate and furniture of houſes, jewels, and rich apparel; the elegance of diet, the ſplendor of coaches and equipage, and ſuch other things as are an expence to the owners, and bring in no manner of profit. But becauſe it is ſeldom ſeen, that perſons who by great induſtry have gained eſtates are extravagant in their luxury; and becauſe the revenue muſt be ſtill ſufficient to ſupport the annual expence, it is hard to conceive that more than two of the twenty millions can be converted into this dead ſtock; at leaſt eighteen muſt ſtill be left to raiſe an annual intereſt to the owners: and the revenue from the eighteen millions at ſix *per centum* will be little more than one million *per annum*.

Again, a part of the twenty millions is very likely to be converted to increaſe the ſtock of our inland trade, in which is comprehended that upon all our farms. This is the trade which provides for the annual conſumption of our people; and a ſtock of the value of two years conſumption is generally believed to be ſufficient for this purpoſe. If the eighteen millions above mentioned will not raiſe a revenue of more than one million *per annum*, it is certain that no more than this laſt value can be added to our annual conſumption, and that two of the twenty millions will be ſufficient to add to the ſtock of our inland trade.

Our foreign trade is conſidered upon another foot; for though it provides in part for the annual conſumption of our own people, it provides alſo for the conſumption of foreign nations. It exports our ſuperfluous manufactures, and ſhould make returns of bullion, or other durable treaſure. Our foreign trade for forty years laſt paſt, in the judgment of the moſt intelligent perſons, has been managed by a ſtock not leſs than four, and not exceeding eight millions; with which laſt ſum they think it is driven at this

time, and that it cannot be carried much farther, unleſs our merchants ſhall endeavour to open a trade to *Terra Auſtralis incognita*, or ſome place that would be equivalent. It will therefore be a very large allowance, that one of the twenty millions can be added to the capital ſtock of our foreign trade.

There may be another way of raiſing intereſt, that is, by laying up, at a cheap time, corn, or other goods or manufactures that will keep, for the conſumption of future years, and when the markets may happen to call for them at an advanced price. But as moſt goods are periſhable, and waſte ſomething every year, by which means a part of the principal is ſtill loſt; and as it is ſeldom ſeen that theſe ingroſſers get more than their principal, and the common intereſt of their money, this way is ſo precarious and full of hazard, that it is very unlikely any more than three of the twenty millions will be applied to ingroſſing. It were to be wiſhed the ingroſſers were more profitable traders for themſelves; they are certainly very beneficial for the commonwealth; they are a market for the rich in a time of plenty, and ready at hand with relief for the poor in a time of dearth. They prevent the exportation of many neceſſaries of life, when they are very cheap, ſo that we are not at the charge of bringing them back again when they are very dear. They ſave the money that is paid to foreign countries for intereſt and warehouſe room. But there is ſo much hazard, and ſo little profit in this buſineſs, that if twenty millions were to be imported, ſcarce three of them would be applied to the making magazines for the kingdom.

If any of the money ſhould be lent at intereſt to perſons that ſhall apply the ſame to any of the purpoſes above mentioned, it is ſtill the ſame thing. If I have given good reaſons for what I have ſaid, no more than eight of the twenty millions can be applied either to our dead ſtock of luxury, our ſtock in inland or foreign trade, or our ſtores or magazines; ſo that ſtill there will remain twelve millions, which

which are now no otherwiſe to be diſpoſed of than in buying of lands or houſes, or our new parliamentary funds, or in being lent out at intereſt upon mortgages of thoſe ſecurities, or to perſons who have no other ways to repay the value than by part of the things themſelves.

The queſtion then is, What effect theſe twelve millions will have towards reducing the intereſt of money, or raiſing the value of eſtates? for as the former grows leſs, the latter will ever riſe in proportion. For example, while the intereſt of money is 5 *per cent. per ann.* a man lends 2000 l. to raiſe a revenue of 100 l. *per ann.* by the intereſt of his money; and for the ſame reaſon he gives 2000 l. or more to purchaſe an eſtate of 100 l. *per ann.* Again, if the intereſt of money ſhall fall 1 *per cent.* he muſt be forced to lend 2400 l. to gain the revenue of 100 l. *per ann.*; and for the ſame reaſon he muſt give at leaſt 2400 l. to purchaſe an eſtate of the ſame yearly rent. Therefore if theſe twelve millions newly gained ſhall reduce 1 *per cent.* of the preſent intereſt of money, they muſt of neceſſity increaſe every eſtate at leaſt four years value in the purchaſe.

It is ever eaſier to meet with men that will borrow money than ſell their eſtates. An evidence of this is, that we never have ſo good a revenue by buying as by lending. The firſt thing therefore that will be attempted with thoſe twelve millions, is to lend money to thoſe that want it. This can hardly fail of reducing 1 *per cent.* of the preſent intereſt of money, and conſequently of raiſing every eſtate four years value in the purchaſe.

For in all probability, all the money or value now in England, not applied to any of the uſes above mentioned, and which therefore lies dead, or affords no revenue to the owners, till it can be diſpoſed of to ſuch uſes, does not exceed twelve millions. Yet this ſum, whatever it is, is ſufficient to keep down money to the preſent intereſt, and hold up lands to their preſent value. One would imagine, then, if this ſum ſhould be doubled, if twelve millions extra-

ordinary

ordinary ſhould be added to it, they ſhould reduce half the preſent intereſt of money, and double the preſent value of eſtates. But it will eaſily be allowed they muſt reduce 1 *per cent.* of the preſent intereſt of money, and add the value of four years rent to the purchaſe of every eſtate.

To confirm the belief of this, an argument might be taken from what really happened in the province of Holland before the year 1670. I think it is in Sir William Temple's obſervations upon the United Netherlands. The government there was indebted about thirteen millions, and paid the intereſt of 5 *per cent. per ann.* They had got a ſum of money, I think not above a million, with which they prepared to diſcharge ſuch a part of the principal. The creditors were ſo unable to find ſo good an intereſt elſewhere, that they petitioned the States to keep their money, with an abatement of 1 *per cent.* of their intereſt. The ſame money was offered to the ſame number of other creditors with the ſame ſucceſs, till 1 *per cent.* of their whole intereſt was abated. Yet at laſt ſuch a part of the principal was diſcharged. And when this ſum came to be lent to private perſons, it had the ſame effect. There 1 *per cent.* of the common intereſt was abated throughout the whole province, as well between ſubject and ſubject, as between the ſubjects and their governors. And nothing is ſo notorious, as that the value of lands in that country has riſen in proportion, and that eſtates are ſold there for thirty years value of their whole rents. It is not then to be doubted, that twelve millions extraordinary to be lent at intereſt, or purchaſe lands or government ſecurities, muſt have the like effect in England, at leaſt that lands will riſe four years rents in every purchaſe above their preſent value: and how great an improvement muſt this be of the landed intereſt?

The rents of England, according to the proportion of the land tax, ſhould be little more than eight millions; yet perhaps they may be twelve. If there is made an addition of four years value in every purchaſe, this, upon all the rents of England, amounts to

to forty-eight millions. So that, by the importation and clear gain of twenty millions by trade, the landed intereſt gains an improvement of forty-eight millions, at leaſt ſix times as much as all other intereſts joined together.

I ſhould think this argument, which I have endeavoured to ſet in a clear light, muſt needs be ſufficient to ſhow that the landed and the trading intereſts cannot in reality but be friends to each other.

No 77. Tueſday, June 9.

—Certum voto pete finem. *Hor. Ep. 2. l. 1. v. 56.*
—To wiſhes fix an end. *Creech.*

THE writers of morality aſſign two ſorts of goods. The one is in itſelf deſirable; the other is to be deſired, not on account of its own excellency, but for the ſake of ſome other thing which it is inſtrumental to obtain. Theſe are uſually diſtinguiſhed by the appellations of end and means. We are prompted by nature to deſire the former; but that we have any appetite for the latter is owing to choice and deliberation.

But, as wiſe men engage in the purſuit of means, from a farther view of ſome natural good with which they are connected; fools, who are acted by imitation, and not by reaſon, blindly purſue the means, without any deſign or proſpect of applying them. The reſult whereof is, that they entail upon themſelves the anxiety and toil, but are debarred from the ſubſequent delights which ariſe to wiſer men; ſince their views not reaching the end, terminate in thoſe things, which although they have a relative goodneſs, yet conſidered abſolutely, are indifferent, or, it may be, evil.

The principle of this miſconduct is a certain ſhortſightedneſs in the mind. And as this defect is branched

branched forth into innumerable errors in life, and hath infected all ranks and conditions of men; ſo it more eminently appears in three ſpecies, the Critics, Miſers, and Free-thinkers. I ſhall endeavour to make good this obſervation with regard to each of them. And firſt of the Critics.

Profit and pleaſure are the ends that a reaſonable creature would propoſe to obtain by ſtudy, or indeed by any other undertaking. Thoſe parts of learning which relate to the imagination, as eloquence and poetry, produce an immediate pleaſure in the mind. And ſublime and uſeful truths, when they are conveyed in apt allegories or beautiful images, make more diſtinct and laſting impreſſions; by which means the fancy becomes ſubſervient to the underſtanding, and the mind is at the ſame time delighted and inſtructed. The exerciſe of the underſtanding in the diſcovery of truth is likewiſe attended with great pleaſure, as well as immediate profit. It not only ſtrengthens our faculties, purifies the ſoul, ſubdues the paſſions, but beſides theſe advantages, there is alſo a ſecret joy that flows from intellectual operations, proportioned to the nobleneſs of the faculty, and not the leſs affecting becauſe inward and unſeen.

But the mere exerciſe of the memory as ſuch, inſtead of bringing pleaſure or immediate benefit, is a thing of vain irkſomeneſs and fatigue, eſpecially when employed in the acquiſition of languages, which is of all others the moſt dry and painful occupation. There muſt be therefore ſomething further propoſed, or a wiſe man would never engage in it. And indeed, the very reaſon of the thing plainly intimates, that the motive which firſt drew men to affect a knowledge in dead tongues, was, that they looked on them as means to convey more uſeful and entertaining knowledge into their minds.

There are nevertheleſs certain critics, who, ſeeing that Greek and Latin are in requeſt, join in a thoughtleſs purſuit of thoſe languages, without any further view. They look on the ancient authors, but it is with

with an eye to phraſeology, or certain minute particulars, which are valuable for no other reaſon but becauſe they are deſpiſed and forgotten by the reſt of mankind. The divine maxims of morality, the exact pictures of human life, the profound diſcoveries in the arts and ſciences, juſt thoughts, bright images, ſublime ſentiments, are overlooked, while the mind is learnedly taken up in verbal remarks.

Was a critic ever known to read Plato with a contemplative mind; or Cicero, in order to imbibe the noble ſentiments of virtue and a public ſpirit, which are conſpicuous in the writings of that great man; or to peruſe the Greek or Roman hiſtorians, with an intention to form his own life upon the plan of the illuſtrious patterns they exhibit to our view? Plato wrote in Greek; Cicero's Latin is fine, and it often lies in a man's way to quote the ancient hiſtorians.

There is no entertainment upon earth more noble and befitting a reaſonable mind than the peruſal of good authors, or that better qualifies a man to paſs this life with ſatisfaction to himſelf, or advantage to the public; but where men of ſhort views and mean ſouls give themſelves to that ſort of employment which nature never deſigned them for, they indeed keep one another in countenance; but inſtead of cultivating and adorning their own minds, or acquiring an ability to be uſeful to the world, they reap no other advantage from their labours, than the dry conſolation ariſing from the applauſes they beſtow upon each other.

And the ſame weakneſs or defect in the mind, from whence pedantry takes its riſe, does likewiſe give birth to avarice. Words and money are both to be regarded as only marks of things; and as the knowledge of the one, ſo the poſſeſſion of the other is of no uſe, unleſs directed to a further end. A mutual commerce could not be carried on among men, if ſome common ſtandard had not been agreed upon,

to

to which the value of all the various products of art and nature were reducible, and which might be of the same use in the conveyance of property as words are in that of ideas. Gold, by its beauty, scarceness, and durable nature, seems designed by Providence to a purpose so excellent and advantageous to mankind. Upon these considerations that metal came first into esteem. But such who cannot see beyond what is nearest in the pursuit, beholding mankind touched with an affection for gold, and being ignorant of the true reason that introduced this odd passion into human nature, imagine some intrinsic worth in the metal to be the cause of it. Hence the same men who, had they been turned towards learning, would have employed themselves in laying up words in their memory, are by a different application employed to as much purpose in treasuring up gold in their coffers. They differ only in the object; the principle on which they act, and the inward frame of mind, is the same in the critic and the miser.

And upon a thorough observation, our modern sect of free-thinkers will be found to labour under the same defect with those two inglorious species. Their short views are terminated in the next objects; and their specious pretences for liberty and truth are so many instances of mistaking the means for the end. But the setting these points in a clear light must be the subject of another paper.

No.

No 78. Wedneſday, June 10.

——Docebo
Unde parentur opes; quid alat, formetque poetam.
Hor. Ars Poet. v. 306.

——I will teach to write,
Tell what the duty of a poet is,
Wherein his wealth and ornament conſiſt,
And how he may be form'd and how improv'd.
Roſcommon.

IT is no ſmall pleaſure to me, who am zealous in the intereſts of learning, to think I may have the honour of leading the town into a very new and uncommon road of criticiſm. As that kind of literature is at preſent carried on, it conſiſts only in a knowledge of mechanic rules, which contribute to the ſtructure of different ſorts of poetry, as the receipts of good houſe-wives do to the making puddings of flour, oranges, plumbs, or any other ingredients. It would, methinks, make theſe my inſtructions more eaſily intelligible to ordinary readers, if I diſcourſed of theſe matters in the ſtile in which ladies learned in oeconomics dictate to their pupils for the improvement of the kitchen and larder.

I ſhall begin with epic poetry, becauſe the critics agree it is the greateſt work human nature is capable of. I know the French have already laid down many mechanical rules for compoſitions of this ſort, but at the ſame time they cut off almoſt all undertakers from the poſſibility of ever performing them; for the firſt qualification they unanimouſly require in a poet is a genius. I ſhall here endeavour, for the benefit of my countrymen, to make it manifeſt that epic poems may be made without a genius, nay, without learning or much reading. This muſt neceſſarily be of great uſe to all thoſe poets who confeſs they never read, and of whom the world is convinced they never learn. What Moliere obſerves of making a dinner, that any man can do it with money, and if a profeſ-

ſed cook cannot without, he has his art for nothing; the ſame may be ſaid of making a poem; it is eaſily brought about by him that has a genius, but the ſkill lies in doing it without one. In purſuance of this end I ſhall preſent the reader with a plain and certain recipe, by which even ſonneteers and ladies may be qualified for this grand performance.

I know it will be objected, that one of the chief qualifications of an epic poet, is to be knowing in all arts and ſciences. But this ought not to diſcourage thoſe that have no learning, as long as indexes and dictionaries may be had, which are the compendium of all knowledge. Beſides, ſince it is an eſtabliſhed rule, that none of the terms of thoſe arts and ſciences are to be made uſe of, one may venture to affirm our poet cannot impertinently offend in this point. The learning which will be more particularly neceſſary to him, is the ancient geography of towns, mountains, and rivers; for this let him take Cluverius, value four pence.

Another quality required, is a complete ſkill in languages. To this I anſwer, that it is notorious perſons of no genius have been oftentimes great linguiſts. To inſtance in the Greek, of which there are two ſorts; the original Greek, and that from which our modern authors tranſlate. I ſhould be unwilling to promiſe impoſſibilities; but, modeſtly ſpeaking, this may be learned in about an hour's time with eaſe. I have known one who became a ſudden profeſſor of Greek, immediately upon application of the left-hand page of the Cambridge Homer to his eye. It is, in theſe days, with authors as with other men; the well-bred are familiarly acquainted with them at firſt ſight; and as it is ſufficient for a good general to have ſurveyed the ground he is to conquer, ſo it is enough for a good poet to have ſeen the author he is to be maſter of. But to proceed to the purpoſe of this paper.

A Re-

A Receipt to make an Epic Poem.

For the Fable. 'Take out of any old poem, hiſtory 'books, romance, or legend, (for inſtance Geffry of 'Monmouth, or Don Belianis of Greece), thoſe 'parts of ſtory which afford moſt ſcope for long 'deſcriptions; put theſe pieces together, and throw 'all the adventures you fancy into one tale. Then 'take a hero, whom you may chuſe for the ſound 'of his name, and put him into the midſt of theſe 'adventures; there let him work for twelve books; 'at the end of which you may take him out, ready 'prepared to conquer or to marry, it being neceſ-'ſary that the concluſion of an epic poem be fortu-'nate.'

To make an Epiſode. 'Take any remaining adven-'ture of your former collection, in which you could 'no way involve your hero, or any unfortunate acci-'dent that was too good to be thrown away, and it 'will be of uſe, applied to any other perſon, who 'may be loſt and evaporate in the courſe of the 'work, without the leaſt damage to the compoſi-'tion.'

For the Moral and Allegory. 'Theſe you may ex-'tract out of the fable afterwards at your leiſure. 'Be ſure you ſtrain them ſufficiently.'

For the Manners.

'For thoſe of the hero, take all the beſt qualities 'you can find in all the beſt celebrated heroes of anti-'quity. If they will not be reduced to a conſiſtency 'lay them all in a heap upon him. But be ſure they 'are qualities which your patron would be thought 'to have; and to prevent any miſtake which the 'world may be ſubject to, ſelect from the alphabet 'thoſe capital letters that compoſe his name, and ſet 'them at the head of a dedication before your poem. 'However, do not abſolutely obſerve the exact quan-'tity of theſe virtues, it not being determined whe-'ther or no it be neceſſary for the hero of a poem to 'be an honeſt man.—For the under characters, gather

'them from Homer and Virgil, and change the 'names as occaſion ſerves.'

For the Machines.

'Take of dieties, male and female, as many as 'as you can uſe; ſeparate them into two equal parts 'and keep Jupiter in the middle. Let Juno put 'him in a ferment, and Venus mollify him. Re- 'member on all occaſions to make uſe of volatile 'Mercury. If you have need of devils, draw them 'out of Milton's Paradiſe, and extract your ſpirits 'from Taſſo. The uſe of theſe machines is evident; 'for ſince no epic poem can poſſibly ſubſiſt without 'them, the wiſeſt way is to reſerve them for your 'greateſt neceſſities. When you cannot extricate 'your hero by any human means, or yourſelf by 'your own wit, ſeek relief from heaven, and the 'gods will do your buſineſs very readily. This is 'according to the direct preſcription of Horace in his 'art of poetry.

'Nec Deus interſit, niſi dignus vindice nodus
'Inciderit———

'Never preſume to make a god appear,
'But for a bus'neſs worthy of a god. *Roſcommon.*

'That is to ſay, a poet ſhould never call upon the 'gods for their aſſiſtance, but when he is in great 'perplexity.'

For the Deſcriptions.

For a Tempeſt. 'Take *Eurus*, *Zypher*, *Auſter*, and '*Boreas*, and caſt them together in one verſe. Add 'to theſe of rain, lightning, and of thunder (the loud- 'eſt you can), *quantum ſufficit.* Mix your clouds and 'billows well together, till they foam; and thicken 'your diſcription here and there with a quick-ſand. 'Brew your tempeſt well in your head, before you 'ſet it a blowing.'

For a Battle. 'Pick a large quantity of images 'and deſcriptions from Homer's Iliads, with a ſpice

'or

'or two of Virgil; and if their remain any overplus 'you may lay them by for a ſkirmiſh. Seaſon it 'well with ſimilies, and it will make an excellent 'battle.'

For a burning Town. 'If ſuch a deſcription be ne-'ceſſary, becauſe it is certain there is one in Vir-'gil, old Troy is ready burnt to your hands: but 'if you fear that would be thought borrowed, a 'chapter or two of the theory of the conflagration, 'well circumſtanced, and done into verſe, will be a 'good ſuccedaneum.

'As for ſimilies and metaphors, they may be found 'all over the creation; the moſt ignorant may ga-'ther them, but the danger is in applying them. For 'this adviſe with your bookſeller.'

For the Language.

(I mean the diction.) 'Here it will do well to be 'an imitator of Milton, for you'll find it eaſier to 'imitate him in this than any thing elſe. Hebraiſms 'and Greciſms are to be found in him, without 'the trouble of learning the languages. I knew a 'painter, who, like our poet, had no genius, make 'his dawbings be thought originals by ſetting them 'in the ſmoak. You may in the ſame manner give 'the venerable air of antiquity to your piece by 'darkening it up and down with old Engliſh. With 'this you may be eaſily furniſhed upon any occaſion, 'by the dictionary commonly printed at the end of 'Chaucer.'

I muſt not conclude, without cautioning all writers without genius in one material point, which is, never to be afraid of having too much fire in their works. I ſhould adviſe rather to take their warmeſt thoughts, and ſpread them abroad upon paper; for they are obſerved to cool before they are read.

No. 79. Thurſday June 11.

——Præclara et pulchra minantem
Vivere nec rectè nec ſuaviter.

Hor. Ep. 8. l. 1. v. 3.

——I make a noiſe, a gaudy ſhow;
I promiſe mighty things, I nobly ſtrive:
Yet what an ill, unpleaſant life I live. *Creech.*

IT is an employment worthy a reaſonable creature, to examine into the diſpoſition of men's affections towards each other, and, as far as one can, to improve all tendencies to good nature and charity. No one could be unmoved with this epiſtle, which I received the other day from one of my correſpondents, and which is full of the moſt ardent benevolence.

To the GUARDIAN.

SIR,

I Seldom read your political, your critical, your ludicrous, or if you will call them ſo, your polite papers, but when I obſerve any thing which I think written for the advancement of good-will amongſt men, and laying before them objects of charity, I am very zealous for the promotion of ſo honeſt a deſign. Believe me, Sir, want of wit, or wiſdom, is not the infirmity of this age; it is the ſhameful application of both that is the crying evil. As for my own part, I am always endeavouring at leaſt to be better, rather than richer or wiſer. But I never lamented that I was not a wealthy man ſo heartily as the other day. You muſt underſtand that I now and then take a walk of mortification, and paſs a whole day in making myſelf profitably ſad. I for this end viſit the hoſpitals about this city; and when I have rambled about the galleries at Bedlam, and ſeen for an hour the utmoſt of all lamentable objects,

jects, human reason distracted; when I have from grate to grate offered up my prayers for a wretch who has been reviling me, for a figure that has seemed petrified with anguish, for a man that has held up his face in the posture of adoration toward heaven, to utter execrations and blasphemies; I say, when I have beheld all these things, and thoroughly reflected on them, till I have startled myself out of my present ill course, I have thought fit to pass to the observation of less evils, and relieve myself, by going to those charitable receptacles about this town, appointed only for bodily distresses. The gay and frolic part of mankind are wholly unacquainted with the numbers of their fellow-creatures, who languish under pain and agony for want of a trifle out of that expence by which those fortunate persons purchase the gratification of a superfluous passion or appetite. I ended the last of these pilgrimages which I made, at St. Thomas's hospital in Southwark. I had seen all the variety of woe which can arise from the distempers which attend human frailty; but the circumstance which occasioned this letter, and gave me the quickest compassion, was beholding a little boy of ten years of age, who was just then to be expelled the house as incurable. My heart melted within me, to think what would beccome of the poor child, who, as I was informed, had not a farthing in the world, nor father nor mother, nor friend to help it. The infant saw my sorrow for it, and came towards me, and bid me speak that it might die in the house.

Alas!

There are crowds cured in this place, and the strictest care taken, in the distribution of the charity, for wholesome food, good physic, and tender care in behalf of the patients; but the provision is not large enough for those whom they do not despair of recovering; which makes it necessary to turn out the incurable for the sake of those whom they can relieve. I was informed this was the fate of many in a year, as well as of this poor child, who, I suppose, corrupted

rupted away, yet alive in the ſtreets. He was, to be ſure, removed when he was only capable of giving offence, though avoided when ſtill an object of compaſſion. There are not words to give mankind compunction enough on ſuch an occaſion; but I aſſure you I think the miſerable have a property in the ſuperfluous poſſeſſions of the fortunate; though I deſpair of ſeeing right done them, till the day wherein thoſe diſtinctions ſhall ceaſe for ever, and they muſt both give an account for their behaviour under their reſpective ſufferings and enjoyments. However, you would do your part as a Guardian, if you would mention, in the moſt pathetic terms, theſe miſerable objects, and put the good part of the world in mind of exerting the moſt noble benevolence that can be imagined in alleviating the few remaining moments of the incurable.

A gentleman who belonged to the hoſpital, was ſaying, he believed it would be done as ſoon as mentioned, if it were propoſed that a ward might be erected for the accommodation of ſuch as have no more to do in this world but reſign themſelves to death. I know no readier way of communicating this thought to the world, than by your paper. If you omit to publiſh this I ſhall never eſteem you to be the man you pretend; and ſo recommending the incurable to your guardianſhip, I remain, Sir,

Your humble ſervant,

PHILANTHROPOS.

It muſt be confeſſed, that if one turns one's eyes round theſe cities of London and Weſtminſter, one cannot overlook the exemplary inſtances of heroic charity, in providing reſtraints for the wicked, inſtructions for the young, food and raiment for the aged, with regard alſo to all other circumſtances and relations of human life; but it is to be lamented that theſe proviſions are made only by the middle kind of people, while thoſe of faſhion or power are raiſed above the ſpecies itſelf, and are unacquainted

or

or unmoved with the calamities of others. But, alas! how monſtrous is this hardneſs of heart! how is it poſſible that the returns of hunger and thirſt ſhould not importune men, though in the higheſt affluence, to conſider the miſeries of their fellow-creatures who languiſh under neceſſity! But, as I hinted juſt now, the diſtinctions of mankind are almoſt wholly to be reſolved into thoſe of the rich and the poor; for as certainly as wealth gives acceptance and grace to all that its poſſeſſor ſays or does, ſo poverty creates diſeſteem, ſcorn, and prejudice to all the undertakings of the indigent. The neceſſitous man has neither hands, lips, or underſtanding for his own or friend's uſe, but is in the ſame condition with the ſick, with this difference only, that his is an infection no man will relieve, or aſſiſt, or, if he does, it is ſeldom with ſo much pity as contempt, and rather for the oſtentation of the phyſician, than compaſſion on the patient. It is a circumſtance wherein a man finds all the good he deſerves inacceſſible, all the ill unavoidable; and the poor hero is as certainly ragged, as the poor villain hanged. Under theſe preſſures the poor man ſpeaks with heſitation, undertakes with irreſolution, and acts with diſappointment; he is ſlighted in men's converſations, overlooked in their aſſemblies, and beaten at their doors. But from whence, alas, has he this treatment? from a creature that has only the ſupply of, but not an exemption from the wants for which he deſpiſes him. Yet ſuch is the unaccountable inſolence of man, that he will not ſee that he who is ſupported is in the ſame claſs of natural neceſſity with him that wants a ſupport; and to be helped, implies to be indigent. In a word, after all you can ſay of a man, conclude that he is rich, and you have made him friends; nor have you utterly overthrown a man in the world's opinion, till you have ſaid he is poor. This is the emphatical expreſſion of praiſe and blame; for men ſo ſtupidly forget their natural impotence and want, that riches and poverty have taken in our imagination the place of innocence and guilt.

Reflec-

Reflections of this kind do but waſte one's being, without capacity of helping the diſtreſſed; yet though I know no way to do any ſervice to my brethren under ſuch calamities, I cannot help having ſo much reſpect for them, as to ſuffer with them in a fruitleſs fellow-feeling.

No 80. Friday, June 12.

——Cœleſtibus iræ. *Virg. Æn.* I. *v.* 11.

Anger in heavenly minds.

I Have found by experience that it is impoſſible to talk diſtinctly without defining the words of which we make uſe. There is not a term in our language which wants explanation ſo much as the word *church*. One would think when people utter it they ſhould have in their minds ideas of virtue and religion; but that important monoſyllable drags all the other words in the language after it, and it is made uſe of to expreſs both praiſe and blame, according to the character of him who ſpeaks it. By this means it happens that no one knows what his neighbour means, when he ſays ſuch a one is for or againſt the church. It has happened that the perſon who is ſeen every day at church has not been in the eye of the world a churchman; and he who is very zealous to oblige every man to frequent it but himſelf, has been held a very good ſon of the church. This prepoſſeſſion is the beſt handle imaginable for politicians to make uſe of for managing the loves and hatreds of mankind to the purpoſes to which they would lead them. But this is not a thing for fools to meddle with; for they only bring diſeſteem upon thoſe whom they attempt to ſerve, when they unſkilfully pronounce terms of art. I have obſerved great evils ariſe from this practice, and not only the cauſe of piety, but alſo the ſecular intereſt of clergymen

men has extremely ſuffered by the general unexplained ſignification of the word church.

The Examiner, upon the ſtrength of being a received churchman, has offended in this particular more groſsly than any other man ever did before, and almoſt as groſsly as ever he himſelf did, ſuppoſing the allegations in the following letter are juſt. To ſlander any man, is a very heinous offence; but the crime is ſtill greater when it falls upon ſuch as ought to give example to others. I cannot imagine how the Examiner can diveſt any part of the clergy of the reſpect due to their characters, ſo as to treat them as he does, without an indulgence unknown to our religion, though taken up in the name of it, in order to diſparage ſuch of its communicants as will not ſacrifice their conſcience to their fortunes. This confuſion and ſubdiviſion of intereſts and ſentiments among people of the ſame communion is what would be a very good ſubject of mirth; but when I conſider againſt whom this inſult is committed, I think it too great, and of too ill a conſequence to be in good humour on the occaſion.

SIR, *June* 9, 1713.

YOUR character of Univerſal Guardian, joined to the concern you ought to have for the cauſe of virtue and religion, aſſure me you will not think that clergymen, when injured, have the leaſt right to your protection; and it is from that aſſurance I trouble you with this, to complain of the Examiner, who calumniates as freely as he commends, and whoſe invectives are as groundleſs as his panegyrics.

In his paper of the 8th inſtant, after a moſt furious invective againſt many noble lords, a conſiderable number of the commons, and a very great part of her Majeſty's good ſubjects, as diſaffected, and full of diſcontent, (which, by the way, is but an awkward compliment to the prince, whoſe greateſt glory is to reign in the hearts of her people); that the clergy may not go without their ſhare of his reſentment, he concludes with a moſt malicious reflection upon

ſome

ſome of them. He names indeed no body, but points at Windſor and St. Paul's, where he tells us ſome are diſreſpectful to the Queen, and enemies to her peace; moſt odious characters, eſpecially in clergymen, whoſe profeſſion is peace, and to whoſe duty and affection her Majeſty has a more immediate right, by her ſingular piety and great goodneſs to them. 'They have ſucked in,' he ſays, 'this warlike prin-'ciple from their arbitrary patrons.' It is not enough, it ſeems, to calumniate them, unleſs their patrons alſo be inſulted; no leſs patrons than the late King and the Duke of Marlborough. Theſe are his arbitrary men; though nothing be more certain, than that without the king the ſhadow of a legal government had not been left to us; nor did there ever live a man, who, in the nature and temper of him, leſs deſerved the character of arbitrary than the Duke. How now is this terrible charge againſt thoſe clergymen ſupported? Why, as to St. Paul's, the fact, according to him, is this: 'Some 'of the church, to affront the Queen, on the day 'the peace was proclaimed, gave orders for paro-'chial prayers only, without ſinging, as is uſed 'upon faſt-days, though in this particular their 'inferiors were ſo very honeſt to diſobey them.' This the Examiner roundly affirms after his uſual manner, but without the leaſt regard to truth; for it has fallen in my way, without inquiring, to be exactly informed of this matter; and therefore I take upon me, in their vindication, to aſſure you, that every part of what is ſaid is abſolutely falſe, and the truth is juſt the reverſe. The inferiors deſired there might be only parochial prayers; but the perſon applied to was aware to what conſtruction it might be liable, and therefore would not conſent to the requeſt, though very innocent and reaſonable. The caſe was this; the proceſſion of the ceremony had reached Ludgate juſt at the time of prayers, and there was ſuch a prodigious concourſe of people, that one of the vergers came to the reſidentiary in waiting,

waiting, to repreſent that it would be impoſſible to have prayers that afternoon; that the crowds all round the church were ſo great there would be no getting in; but it was inſiſted that there muſt be prayers, only the tolling of the bell ſhould be deferred a little till the head of the proceſſion was got beyond the church. When the bell had done, and none of the quire appeared but one to read, it was upon this again repreſented, that there could be only parochial prayers; a thing that ſometimes happens twice or thrice, perhaps, in a year, when, upon ſome allowable occaſion the abſence of the quiremen is ſo great as not to leave the neceſſary voices for cathedral ſervice, which very lately was the caſe upon a performance of the thankſgiving muſic at Whitehall. So that, had the prayers on this occaſion been parochial only, it had been neither new nor criminal, but neceſſary and unavoidable, unleſs the Examiner can tell how the ſervice may be ſung decently without ſinging men. However, to leave informers no room for calumny, it was expreſsly urged, that parochial prayers on ſuch a day would look ill; that therefore, if poſſible, it ſhould be avoided, and the ſervice ſhould be begun as uſual, in hopes one or two of the quire might come in before the pſalms; and the verger was ordered to look out, if he could ſee any of the quire, to haſten them to their places; and ſo it proved, two of the beſt voices came in time enough, and the ſervice was performed cathedral-ways, though in a manner to bare walls, with an anthem ſuitable to the day. This is the fact on which the Examiner grounds a charge of factious and ſeditious principles againſt ſome at St. Paul's; and I am perſuaded there is as little truth in what he charges ſome of Windſor with, though I know not certainly whom he means. Were I diſpoſed to expoſtulate with the Examiner, I would aſk him if he ſeriouſly thinks this be anſwering her Majeſty's intentions? Whether diſquieting the minds of her people is the way to calm them? or to traduce men of learning and virtue be to cultivate the arts of peace?

But I am two well acquainted with his writings not to ſee he is paſt correction: nor does any thing in his his paper ſurpriſe me, merely becauſe it is falſe; for, to uſe his own words, 'not a day paſſes with him, 'but it brings forth a mouſe or a monſter, ſome ri-'diculous lie, ſome vile calumny or forgery.' He is almoſt equally falſe in every thing he ſays; but it is not always equally eaſy to make his falſehood plain and palpable. And it is chiefly for that reaſon I deſire you to give this letter a place in your papers, that thoſe who are willing to be undeceived, may learn from ſo clear an inſtance, what a faithful, modeſt writer this is, who pretends to teach them how to think and ſpeak of things and perſons they know nothing of themſelves. As this is no way diſagreeable to your character of guardian, your publication of it is a favour which I flatter myſelf you will not deny to,

SIR,

Your humble ſervant,

R. A.

N 81. Saturday, June 13.

Quietè, et purè atque eleganter actæ ætatis placida ac lenis recordatio. *Cicero.*

The calm and ſoothing remembrance of a life paſſed with quiet innocence, and elegance.

THE paper which was publiſhed on the 30th of laſt month ended with a piece of devotion written by the Archbiſhop of Cambray. It would (as it was hinted in that precaution) be of ſingular uſe for the improvement of our minds, to have the ſecret thoughts of men of good talents on ſuch occaſions. I ſhall, for the entertainment of this day, give my reader two pieces, which, if he is curious, will be pleaſing for that reaſon, if they prove to have no other effect upon him. One of them was found in the

the cloſet of an Athenian libertine, who lived many ages ago, and is a ſoliloquy, wherein he contemplates his own life and actions according to the lights men have from nature, and the compunctions of natural reaſon. The other is the prayer of a gentleman who died within few years laſt paſt, and lived to a very great age, but had paſſed his youth in all the vices in faſhion. The Athenian is ſuppoſed to have been Alcibiades, a man of great ſpirit, extremely addicted to pleaſures, but at the ſame time very capable, and upon occaſion very attentive to buſineſs. He was by nature endued with all the accompliſhments ſhe could beſtow; he had beauty, wit, courage, and a great underſtanding; but in the firſt bloom of his life was arrogantly affected with the advantages he had above others. That temper is pretty viſible in an expreſſion of his, when it was propoſed to him to learn to play upon a muſical inſtrument, he anſwered, 'It 'is not for me to give, but to receive delight.' However, the converſation of Socrates tempered a ſtrong inclination to licentiouſneſs into reflections of philoſophy, and if it had not the force to make a man of his genius and fortune wholly regular, it gave him ſome cool moments, and this following ſoliloquy is ſuppoſed by the learned to have been thrown together before ſome expected engagement, and ſeems to be very much the picture of the man.

'I am now wholly alone, my ears are not enter-'tained with muſic, my eyes with beauty, nor any 'of my ſenſes ſo forcibly affected as to divert the 'courſe of my inward thoughts: methinks there is 'ſomething ſacred in myſelf, now I am alone. What 'is this being of mine? I came into it without my 'choice, and yet Socrates ſays it is to be imputed to me. 'In this repoſe of my ſenſes, wherein they communi-'cate nothing ſtrongly to myſelf, I taſte, methinks, 'a being diſtinct from their operation. Why may 'not then my ſoul exiſt when ſhe is wholly gone out 'of theſe organs? I can perceive my faculties grow 'ſtronger the leſs I admit the pleaſures of ſenſe; 'and the nearer I place myſelf to a bare exiſtence

'the more worthy, the more noble, the more celeſ-
'tial does that exiſtence appear to me. If my ſoul
'is weakened rather than improved by all that the
'body adminiſters to her, ſhe may reaſonably be ſup-
'poſed to be deſigned for a manſion more ſuitable
'than this, wherein what delights her diminiſhes
'her excellence, and that which afflicts her adds
'to her perfection. There is an hereafter, and
'I will not fear to be immortal for the ſake of
'Athens.'

This ſoliloquy is but the firſt dawnings of thought in a mind of a mere man given up to ſenſuality. The paper which I mention of our contemporary, was found in his ſcrutoir after his death, but communicated to a friend or two of his in his lifetime. You ſee in it a man wearied with the vanities of this life; and the reflections which the ſucceſs of his wit and gallantry bring upon his old age are not unworthy the obſervation of thoſe who poſſeſs the like advantages.

'Oh almighty Being! how ſhall I look up towards
'thee, when I reflect that I am of no conſideration
'but as I have offended? My exiſtence, O my God,
'without thy mercy, is not to be prolonged in this
'or another world but for my puniſhment. I appre-
'hend, oh my maker, let it not be too late; I ap-
'prehend, and tremble at thy preſence. And ſhall
'I not conſider thee, who art all goodneſs, but with
'terror? Oh my Redeemer, do thou behold my an-
'guiſh. Turn to me, thou Saviour of the world;
'who has offended like me? Oh my God, I cannot
'fly out of thy preſence; let me fall down in it: I
'humble myſelf in contrition of heart. But, alas!
'I have not only ſwerved from thee, but have la-
'boured againſt thee. If thou doſt pardon what I
'have committed, how wilt thou pardon what I
'have made others commit. I have rejoiced in ill,
'as in a proſperity. Forgive, oh my God, all who
'have offended by my perſuaſion, all who have
'tranſgreſſed by my example. Canſt thou, O
'God, accept of the confeſſion of old age, to expi-
'ate all the labour and induſtry of youth ſpent in
'tranſ-

'tranſgreſſions againſt thee? While I am ſtill alive, 'let me implore thee to recal to thy grace all 'whom I have made to ſin. Let, oh Lord, thy 'goodneſs admit of his prayer for their pardon by 'whoſe inſtigation they have tranſgreſſed. Accept, 'O God, of this interval of age between my ſinful 'days, and the hour of my diſſolution, to wear a-'way the corrupt habits in my ſoul, and prepare my-'ſelf for the manſions of purity and joy. Impute 'not to me, O my God, the offences I may give, af-'ter my death, to thoſe I leave behind me; let me 'not tranſgreſs when I am no more ſeen: but pre-'vent the ill effects of my ill-applied ſtudies, and re-'ceive me into thy mercy.'

It is the moſt melancholy circumſtance that can be imagined, to be on a death-bed, and wiſh all that a man has moſt laboured to bring to paſs were obliterated for ever. How emphatically worſe is this, than having paſſed all one's days in idleneſs? Yet this is the frequent caſe of many men of refined talents. It is, methinks, monſtrous, that the love of fame, and the value of the faſhion of the world, can tranſport a man ſo far, as even in ſolitude to act with ſo little reflection upon his real intereſt. This is premeditated madneſs; for it is an error done with the aſſiſtance of all the faculties of the mind.

When every circumſtance about us is a conſtant admonition, how tranſient is every labour of man, it ſhould, methinks, be no hard matter to bring one's ſelf to conſider the emptineſs of all our endeavours. But I was not a little charmed the other day, when ſitting with an old friend, and communing together on ſuch ſubjects, he expreſſed himſelf after this manner.

'It is unworthy a Chriſtian philoſopher to let any 'thing here below ſtand in the leaſt competition with 'his duty. In vain is reaſon fortified by faith, if it 'produces in our practiſe no greater effects than 'what reaſon wrought in mere man.

'I contemn, (in dependance on the ſupport of hea-'ven I ſpeak it), I contemn all which the generali-'ty of mankind call great and glorious. I will no

'longer think or act like a mortal, but conſider my-
'ſelf as a being that commenced at my birth, and
'is to endure to all eternity. The accident of death
'will not end, but improve my being. I will think
'of myſelf, and provide for myſelf, as an immortal;
'and I will do nothing now which I do not believe
'I ſhall approve a thouſand years hence.'

No 82. Monday, June 15.

Cedat uti conviva ſatur— *Hor. Sat.* 1. *l.* 1. *v.* 119.
Let him depart like a contented gueſt.

THough men ſee every day people go to their long home, who are younger than themſelves, they are not ſo apt to be alarmed at that as at the deceaſe of thoſe who have lived longer in their ſight. They miſs their acquaintance, and are ſurpriſed at the loſs of an habitual object. This gave me ſo much concern for the death of Mr. William Peer of the theatre-royal, who was an actor at the Reſtoration, and took his theatrical degree with Betterton, Kynaſton, and Harris. Though his ſtation was humble, he performed it well; and the common compariſon with the ſtage and human life, which has been ſo often made, may well be brought out upon this occaſion. It is no matter, ſay the moraliſts, whether you act a prince or a beggar, the buſineſs is to do your part well. Mr. William Peer diſtinguiſhed himſelf particularly in two characters, which no man ever could touch but himſelf. One of them was the ſpeaker of the prologue to the play, which is contrived, in the tragedy of Hamlet, to awake the conſciences of the guilty princes. Mr. William Peer ſpoke that preface to the play with ſuch an air as repreſented that he was an actor; and with ſuch an inferior manner as only acting an actor, as made the others on the ſtage appear real great perſons, and not repreſentatives. This was a nicety in acting that none but the moſt ſubtile player could ſo much as conceive.

I re

I remember his ſpeaking theſe words, in which there is no great matter but in the right adjuſtment of the air of the ſpeaker, with univerſal applauſe.

'For us and for our tragedy,
'Here ſtooping to your clemency,
'We beg your hearing patiently.'

Hamlet ſays very archly upon the pronouncing of it, 'Is this a prologue, or poeſy of a ring!" However, the ſpeaking of it got Mr. Peer more reputation than thoſe who ſpeak the length of a puritan's ſermon every night will ever attain to. Beſides this, Mr. Peer got a great fame on another little occaſion. He played the apothecary in Caius Marius, as it is called by Otway, but Romeo and Juliet, as originally in Shakeſpeare. It will be neceſſary to recite more out of the play than he ſpoke, to have a right conception of what Peer did in it. Marius, weary of life, recollects means to be rid of it after this manner:

'I do remember an apothecary
'That dwelt about this rendezvous of death;
'Meagre and very rueful were his looks,
'Sharp miſery had worn him to the bones.'

When this ſpectre of poverty appeared, Marius addreſſes him thus:

'I ſee thou art very poor;
'Thou may'ſt do any thing; here's fifty drachmas;
'Get me a draft of what will ſooneſt free
'A wretch from all his cares.'

When the apothecary objects that it is unlawful, Marius urges,

'Art thou ſo baſe and full of wretchedneſs,
'Yet fear'ſt to die? famine is in thy cheeks,
'Need and oppreſſion ſtareth in thy eyes,
'Contempt and beggary hang on thy back:
'The world is not thy friend, nor the world's laws;
'The world affords no law to make thee rich:
'Then be not poor, but break it, and take this.

With

Without all this quotation the reader could not have a juſt idea of the viſage and manner which Peer aſſumed, when in the moſt lamentable tone imaginable he conſents, and delivering the poiſon, like a man reduced to the drinking it himſelf, if he did not vend it, ſays to Marius,

'My poverty, but not my will conſents.
'Take this and drink it off, the work is done.

It was an odd excellence, and a very particular circumſtance this of Peer's, that his whole action of life depended upon ſpeaking five lines better than any man elſe in the world. But this eminence lying in ſo narrow a compaſs, the governors of the theatre obſerving his talents to lie in a certain knowledge of propriety, and his perſon admitting him to ſhine only in the two above parts, his ſphere of action was enlarged by the addition of the poſt of property-man. This officer has always ready, in a place appointed for him behind the prompter, all ſuch tools and implements as are neceſſary in the play; and as it is his buſineſs never to want billet-doux, poiſon, falſe money, thunderbolts, daggers, and ſcrolls of parchment, wine, pomatum, truncheons, and wooden legs, ready at the call of the ſaid prompter, according as his reſpective utenſils were neceſſary for promoting what was to paſs on the ſtage. The addition of this office, ſo important to the conduct of the whole affair of the ſtage, and the good œconomy obſerved by their preſent managers in punctual payments, made Mr. Peer's ſubſiſtence very comfortable. But it frequently happens that men loſe their virtue in proſperity who were ſhining characters in the contrary condition. Good fortune indeed had no effect on the mind, but very much on the body of Mr. Peer. For in the ſeventieth year of his age he grew fat, which rendered his figure unfit for the utterance of the five lines above-mentioned. He had now unfortunately loſt the wan diſtreſs neceſſary for the countenance of the apothecary, and was too jolly to ſpeak the prologue with the proper humility. It is thought this calamity went too near him. It did not a little contribute

tribute to the ſhortening his days; and as there is no ſtate of real happineſs in this life, Mr. Peer was undone by his ſucceſs, and loſt all by arriving at what is the end of all others mens purſuits, his eaſe.

I could not forbear inquiring into the effects Mr. Peer left behind him; but find there is no demand due to him from the houſe, but the following bill:

	L.	*s.*	*d.*
For hire of ſix caſe of piſtols - -	0	4	0
A drum for Mrs. Bignal in the Pilgrim -	0	4	4
A truſs of ſtraw for the madmen -	0	0	8
Pomatum and vermilion to greaſe the face of the ſtuttering cook	0	0	8
For boarding a ſetting dog two days to follow Mr. Johnſon in Epſom wells	0	0	6
For blood in Macbeth - -	0	0	3
Raiſins and almonds for a witches banquet	0	0	8

This contemporary of mine, whom I have often rallied for the narrow compaſs of his ſingular perfections, is now at peace, and wants no further aſſiſtance from any man; but men of extenſive genius, now living, ſtill depend upon the good offices of the town.

I am therefore to remind my reader, that on this day, being the 15th of June, the *Plotting Siſters* is to be acted for the benefit of the author, my old friend Mr. d'Urfey. This comedy was honoured with the preſence of King Charles II. three of its firſt five nights.

My friend has in this work ſhown himſelf a maſter, and made not only the characters of the play, but alſo the furniture of the houſe contribute to the main deſign. He has made excellent uſe of a table with a carpet, and the key of a cloſet. With theſe two implements, which would perhaps have been overlooked by an ordinary writer, he contrives the moſt natural perplexities (allowing only the uſe of theſe houſhold goods in poetry) that ever were repreſented on a ſtage. He has alſo made good advantage of the knowledge of the ſtage itſelf; for in the nick of being

being ſurpriſed, the lovers are let down, and eſcape at a trap-door. In a word, any who have the curioſity to obſerve what pleaſed in the laſt generation, and does not go to a comedy with a reſolution to be grave, will find this evening ample food for mirth. Johnſon, who underſtands what he does as well as any man, expoſes the impertinence of an old fellow, who has loſt his ſenſes, ſtill purſuing pleaſures with great maſtery. The ingenious Mr. Penkethman is a baſhful rake, and is ſheepiſh without having modeſty, with great ſucceſs. Mr. Bullock ſucceeds Nokes in the part of Bubble, and in my opinion is not much below him; for he does excellently that ſort of folly we call *abſurdity*, which is the very contrary of wit, but next to that, is of all things the propereſt to excite mirth. What is fooliſh is the object of pity; but abſurdity often proceeds from an opinion of ſufficiency, and conſequently is an honeſt occaſion for laughter. Theſe characters in this play cannot chuſe but make it a very pleaſant entertainment, and the decorations of ſinging and dancing will more than repay the good-nature of thoſe who make an honeſt man a viſit of two merry hours, to make his following year unpainful.

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